

Rupture Sufferers

Thousands of Former Victims Made Well and Sound by Wonderful New Discovery That Heals Rupture Without Operation, Danger, Pain or Delay

Try this New Way-FREE!



Painful Rupture Will Sap Your Vitality and Shorten Your Life—Don't Neglect It. Ill-Fitting Trusses Only Prevent Healing—Cast Them Aside. No Need For You To Suffer Longer.

Thousands Tell of Their Complete Recovery

Now you can end your rupture troubles—FOREVER. For at last science has perfected a safe, comfortable, inexpensive method that really HEALS rupture. Dancers, athletes, sportsmen, and people who do hard, tiring work, have been entirely healed in this new way. Thousands of men, women and children have been healed of rupture by this marvelous new discovery, after everything else had failed.

No matter how severe, or long-standing your case may be, you can now look forward to a happy, healthy life—free of rupture troubles—free of cruel, gouging, old-fashioned trusses which force their way into the rupture opening in order to help retain it; and by so doing actually prevent its healing.

Trusses Retard Healing

Proper circulation is impossible, and the constant irritation caused by the bulging pad tends to lessen the chances of the separated parts to grow together.

If you resorted to an operation, it would consist of bringing the tissues together—re-wedding the sections, and holding them together until nature could have an opportunity to mend the abdominal wall.

But operations are always painful and expensive—and often fatal. You can avoid the knife, as have thousands who have been freed from rupture suffering, this sane, safe, inexpensive way.

New Method Heals Rupture

The scientific Brooks Appliance—rebuilt, improved and recreated—retains the rupture with ease and safety—and at the same time promotes HEALING. Circulation is free—there are no chafing straps, no cruel steel

hoops. You can run, jump, swim, bend—resume your normal activities. And all the time the Brooks Appliance will be working to heal you.

Here is the secret of this wonderful, new appliance. It lies—not pushes—on the rupture. Its soft air cushion of hygienic rubber gently brings the torn edges together. Nature does its part—the edges knit and your rupture is sealed. You are well and sound.

Working or sleeping—the Brooks Appliance is faithfully hastening your recovery. The patented air cushion, so light and comfortable, is designed so that every movement tends to close the wound, rather than force it open. Absolute cleanliness is assured. The entire appliance, which weighs only a few ounces, can be washed daily.

Heals Young and Old

Rupture strikes everywhere. Little children, young men and women, rich and poor of all ages suffer from this dreaded thing. Many have gone through the better part of their lives, handicapped by cruel, awkward trusses, unable to enjoy the sports and pleasures they desired.

But now that is all unnecessary, as is proved by the experiences of thousands of men, women and children who have been healed of rupture by the Brooks Appliance. Substantial citizens, people prominent in their communities, write of their complete recovery—not only relief, but complete healing of the rupture. They have done away with their appliances—they are well and sound once more.

People Like These from All Walks of Life Praise the wonderful Brooks Appliance. Among the Thousands of Grateful Letters Received Are Expressions of Praise from:

ACROBATS	ENGINEERS
ARTISTS	EXECUTIVES
ATHLETES	FARMERS
BANKERS	GIRLS
BARBERS	IRON WORKERS
BLACKSMITHS	LABORERS
BOOKKEEPERS	LUMBERJACKS
BOYS	MACHINISTS
BRICKLAYERS	MAIDS
CARPENTERS	MASONS
CHAUFFEURS	MECHANICS
CLERGYMEN	PAINTERS
CLERKS	PLUMBERS
DANCERS	SALESMEN
	STENOGRAPHERS

Read What Former Sufferers Say:

Mr. E. W. Morgan, 1425 West 37th Street, Norfolk, Virginia, writes: "I was ruptured severely and had three operations performed on me. Every one of them burst open again, and I spent hundreds of dollars for worthless trusses. Nothing helped me until I tried your appliance, which I can say has entirely healed me. I am a yard brakeman and my work is hard; straining, setting brakes, running and jumping—and my rupture never shows the least sign."

Mr. George Montgomery, Box 23, Marquette, Iowa, says: "I was ruptured for 17 years, and had worn every type of truss made. None of them did me any good. I sent for your appliance, and from the day I put it on my rupture never came out again. I was soon able to discard it."

Thousands of children, too, have been healed of rupture this new way. Read what this grateful parent says: "My little boy was ruptured when a baby. I sent for your appliance and it healed him entirely. He is now six years old, stout and healthy."—C. J. Akers, Box 121, Lilly Brook, W. Va.

Thought He Would Die—Now Well

"I was badly ruptured for more than 17 years, but thanks to your wonderful appliance, I am well and sound," writes Mr. Howard Hilyer, Route No. 3, Bobcaygeon, Ontario, Canada. "I was told I would die of strangulated-hernia unless I had an operation, which I dreaded. Four years ago I sent for your appliance—and it entirely healed me. My work is rough and heavy, but I never have the slightest trouble from rupture."

Rupture Considered Dangerous

Rupture exacts a heavy toll from those who wait too long. No man or woman can look or feel right while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture. Nervous disorders, and a general slowing up and weakening of that resistance needed to battle for life, result from rupture.

You are handicapping yourself if you disregard this condition. Employers, insurance companies and army officials recognize the dangers of rupture, or hernia, as it is scientifically known.

You must not neglect your rupture—because it can be HEALED. Those torn muscle fibers can be knitted together as strongly as before—you can be well and sound once more—but you must not delay too long. The wonderful Brooks Appliance can heal you—just as it has healed thousands of other former sufferers.

Test It Free

We want you to see this marvelous appliance—WEAR it—see for yourself how it retains your rupture and works to HEAL. Only by wearing can you really appreciate its worth.

Because it has proved its power to heal in thousands of cases—because we are confident it will do as much for you—we will let you try it free! If satisfactory—comfortable—if it does all we claim—keep it. If it fails to meet your requirements, the test has cost you nothing.

No need to suffer longer with old fashioned trusses—no need to delay your recovery from rupture. Send today for FREE trial offer of the scientific device that has healed so many.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
134 State Street, Marshall, Mich.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me, in plain, sealed envelope, your Free Trial Offer of your Appliance for Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

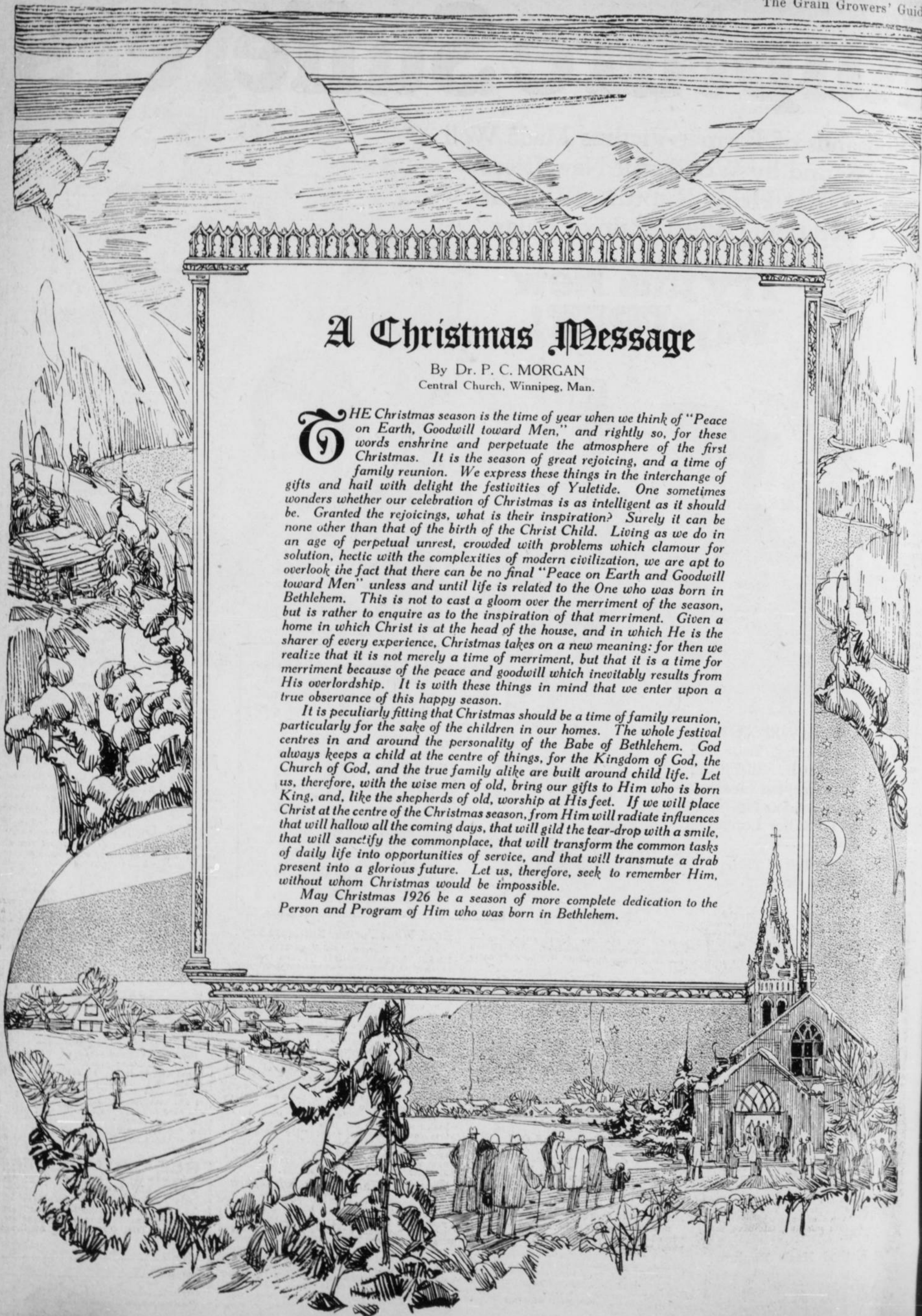
A Christmas Message

By Dr. P. C. MORGAN
Central Church, Winnipeg, Man.

THE Christmas season is the time of year when we think of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men," and rightly so, for these words enshrine and perpetuate the atmosphere of the first Christmas. It is the season of great rejoicing, and a time of family reunion. We express these things in the interchange of gifts and hail with delight the festivities of Yuletide. One sometimes wonders whether our celebration of Christmas is as intelligent as it should be. Granted the rejoicings, what is their inspiration? Surely it can be none other than that of the birth of the Christ Child. Living as we do in an age of perpetual unrest, crowded with problems which clamour for solution, hectic with the complexities of modern civilization, we are apt to overlook the fact that there can be no final "Peace on Earth and Goodwill toward Men" unless and until life is related to the One who was born in Bethlehem. This is not to cast a gloom over the merriment of the season, but is rather to enquire as to the inspiration of that merriment. Given a home in which Christ is at the head of the house, and in which He is the sharer of every experience, Christmas takes on a new meaning: for then we realize that it is not merely a time of merriment, but that it is a time for merriment because of the peace and goodwill which inevitably results from His overlordship. It is with these things in mind that we enter upon a true observance of this happy season.

It is peculiarly fitting that Christmas should be a time of family reunion, particularly for the sake of the children in our homes. The whole festival centres in and around the personality of the Babe of Bethlehem. God always keeps a child at the centre of things, for the Kingdom of God, the Church of God, and the true family alike are built around child life. Let us, therefore, with the wise men of old, bring our gifts to Him who is born King, and, like the shepherds of old, worship at His feet. If we will place Christ at the centre of the Christmas season, from Him will radiate influences that will hallow all the coming days, that will gild the tear-drop with a smile, that will sanctify the commonplace, that will transform the common tasks of daily life into opportunities of service, and that will transmute a drab present into a glorious future. Let us, therefore, seek to remember Him, without whom Christmas would be impossible.

May Christmas 1926 be a season of more complete dedication to the Person and Program of Him who was born in Bethlehem.



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Around the Empire Conference Table

*Equality of Britain and Dominions is recognized---
Many other important questions considered*

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE Imperial Conference of 1926 is now in its penultimate stages and by the time this article appears in print most of the delegates will have sailed for their homes. At present it is exceedingly difficult to pass any judgment upon its results for the simple reason that a cloud of mystery has been deliberately cast over its more important discussions, and the official bulletins issued each day have usually been as unilluminating as the average military communique during the late war. The visiting delegates, as usual, were overwhelmed on their arrival with invitations to numerous functions, public and private, and the burdens on health and time always entailed by the abundant hospitalities which are offered to them could be lightened to the advantage of the real work of the conference. Indeed, General Hertzog, the South African premier, set a very commendable example by refusing most of the invitations which were tendered to him.

Ideal of a United Commonwealth

The conference actually got down to business on October 20, when, beginning with Mr. Baldwin, the British premier, the representatives of the different countries delivered long statements in which they reviewed the position of their respective communities and vied with one another in devotion to their ideal of a united commonwealth. On this occasion there was no separate economic conference as in 1923, but at that time a permanent Economic Committee, which has its headquarters in London and contains representatives of all the Dominions, was established and it has been in continuous session during the present meeting, submitting a number of reports on trade and marketing problems for review by the full conference. The plan of setting up sub-committees to examine special problems and report upon them was again adopted, and the following were the most important of the committees which were brought into existence: (1) Economics; (2) Overseas Settlement; (3) Nationality and Passports; (4) Workmen's Compensation; (5) Research; (6) Forestry; (7) Imperial Air Communications. Most of

these committees were manned by permanent officials who had special knowledge of the problems submitted to them, and the full conference at intervals gave consideration to the reports which they produced. But the most important sub-committee of all was drawn from the personnel of the ministers attending the conference and devoted its attention to the all-absorbing problem presented by General Hertzog's demand for a re-organization of the status of the Dominions.

The fiscal question was less in evidence than at previous conferences, but it was by no means neglected. The British Conservatives who are now in power are still chafing at the barriers raised against any serious extension of the idea of Imperial preferences in Britain by Stanley Baldwin's definite pre-election pledge that he would not interfere with the fundamental principles of the British fiscal system, but ardently protectionist ministers like Mr. Amery, the secretary for the Dominions, and Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister, the president of the Board of Trade, took the opportunities offered by the conference of preaching their pet gospel and stressing the importance of encouraging inter-Imperial trade by every possible means. At the conference of 1923 Mr. Bruce, of Australia, had been their active ally, and while he refrained from pressing with his former energy his concrete proposals for the centralized marketing of the Dominion foodstuffs under a preferential system, he did not conceal his anxiety to secure further fiscal favors from Britain, and at one period had a sharp controversy with Walter Runciman, a prominent Liberal leader and staunch free trader. The position taken by British free traders in regard to preference is that as long as the more important Dominions insist upon maintaining rigidly protectionist systems which are

a serious barrier to the entry of British manufactured goods, there are no compensations in sight which would justify the British people in scrapping a fiscal system peculiarly suited to the needs of a crowded insular community dependent for its prosperity upon its export trade. Mr. Amery, the Dominions secretary, gave a laudatory account of the scheme devised at the 1921 meeting to promote the sale of the products of the overseas countries in Britain; the money voted by the British Government is chiefly being expended on publicity work and advertising, but it is premature to form any appraisal of their fruits.

Defence problems occupied comparatively little of the time of the conference, but they provided material for several discussions, and the delegates were treated to imposing displays of the efficiency of the British navy, army and aircraft service. Special attention was paid to the possibility of the improvement of air communications between Britain and the Dominions, and, aroused to enthusiasm by a glowing forecast of Sir Samuel Hoare, the British air minister, that at no distant date high-powered airships would be able to transport passengers and mail from Britain to Canada within two and a half days. Mackenzie King pledged himself to facilitate the enterprise by providing mooring masts and other necessary equipment for their reception in Canada. There was some discussion about the projected great naval base at Singapore, but, although a contract for its construction has been let to an English firm, the subsidence of the Imperialist spirit in Japan and her recent pledge to check all outflow of immigrants to North America and the Australasian Dominions has strengthened the case of the opponents of the base who contend that it is a needlessly provocative enterprise, and that contribution to its cost should not be made

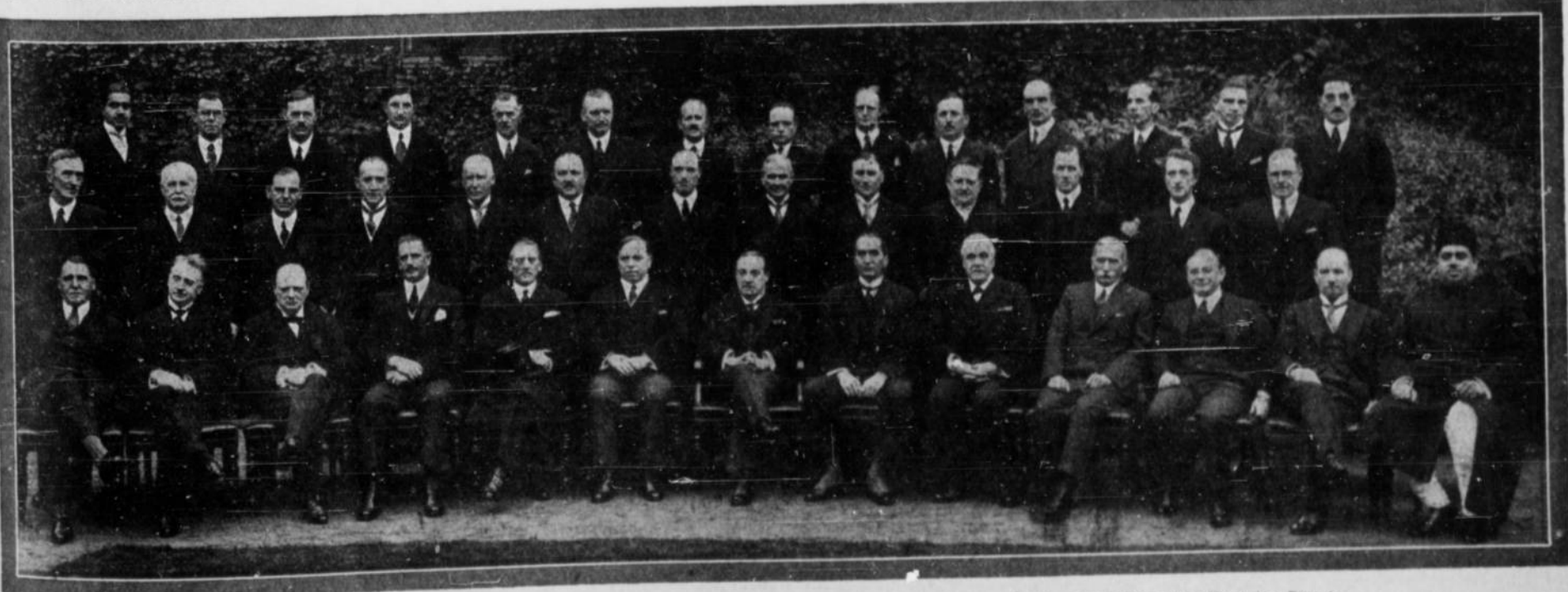
a test of devotion to the British connection.

As usual, a substantial quantity of useful humdrum work was accomplished by the different committees and their findings were in most cases subsequently ratified by the main conference. The Economic Committee devoted a great deal of time to the problem of industrial standardization and produced some interesting information about the extent to which a policy of standardization has already proven of value. In Britain, for example, the standardization in the number of iron and steel sections from several hundred to 113 has resulted in a saving of five shillings per ton in the cost of all sections rolled, and in South Africa the number of types of engines required on the railways has been reduced from 68 to 11. In all the partner states of the Commonwealth, except New Zealand and the Irish Free State, there are engineering standards associations working on similar lines in co-operation with the scientific and other interests concerned, and while in New Zealand and the Free State no such bodies exist, the standards issued by the British Engineering Standards Association are generally used. Great progress has been made in recent years towards the achievement of common standards for the whole Commonwealth, and the committee urged the encouragement of the process.

Research Programs

There was also in operation a Research Committee to which reports upon the program of scientific research now being carried on in the different countries were submitted, and thereby a great deal of useful information was exchanged. This committee offered suggestions about possible methods for bringing the different research programs into vital relation with each other, for providing means of communication between the various research organizations and for communicating the results of research work wherever undertaken to workers in the same or related fields in other parts of the Commonwealth. Among the chief subjects of research

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Representatives of Britain and the Dominions at the Imperial Conference in November, photographed in the garden at 10 Downing Street.

Front row, left to right: Lord Birkenhead, Messrs. Cosgrave, Churchill, Coates, Sir A. Chamberlain, Mackenzie King, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Bruce, Lord Balfour, General Hertzog, Messrs. Amery and Monroe and the Maharajah of Burdwan. Middle row, left to right: Messrs. McNeill, Morine, Chadwick, Higgins, Sir F. Bell, Mr. Lapointe, Sir P. Cunliffe, Sir Neville Howem, Messrs. Habenga, Higgins, Latham, Fitzgerald and Davidson. Rear row, left to right: Maharajah. Kumar of Burdwan, Messrs. Berenson, Spence, O'Hagarty, Watson, Sir C. T. Davis, Sir M. Hankey, Mr. Deane, Dr. Skelton, Messrs. Thomson, E. J. Harding, Carew, Deay and Steyn.

[Messrs. Underwood and Underwood Photo.]

Left: One of the peaks climbed by the Munday party on its first reconnaissance trip. Three of the party are on the summit. On the left a huge billow of cloud. The snow slopes drop to the mighty Coula glacier.

Right: This rock peak, over 10,500 feet elevation, is east of the Mystery Mountain described in this story. The highest of the three summits of Mount Munday is seen in the distance at the left of the picture. The climbers may be seen huddled behind the scant shelter of boulders in the foreground.

Below: Mrs. Munday crossing a raging glacial torrent on a frail bridge of three poles; Don Munday holding the rope. Carrying a 60-lb. pack in these circumstances is a juggler's feat. Throughout the whole expedition so graphically told in this story, Mrs. Munday bore her full share of the back packing.

A. R. MUNDAY

Recounts a Tale

of stout hearts seeking adventure

Above the Clouds

DREAMS do come true. My brother, Don Munday, well-known B. C. mountain climber, had for long cherished secret dreams of the existence of high peaks in the Coast Range, where he had his first instructions in the art of mountaineering. Mountaineers generally discounted the likelihood of any such find. But last year Don himself found his dream realized at last. While climbing on Vancouver Island he sighted, far off on the mainland, a monster peak, towering above its fellows, plainly of very high altitude. Rough compass bearings indicated it as being in the unknown country at the head of Bute Inlet. A trip was made to the head of the inlet and from an 8,000-foot peak the monster mountain was photographed for the first time, though from a distance of about 30 miles.

The great peak had also been sighted from the Chilko Lake country by Dr. Dolmage, head of the B.C. provincial survey, and a photograph taken of the high peaks surrounding it. This party suggested the name Mount George Dawson and estimated its height as 13,000 feet, placing it as a rival with Mount Robson for the honor of B.C.'s highest mountain. Though apparently equalling and possibly surpassing Mount Robson in height, it differs from that splendid peak in this, that while Robson towers above neighboring summits much lower than itself, Mount Dawson rises supreme in a group of a score or more mountains, all of very high altitude.

The Unknown Giant

Inhabitants of the Chilko country know this great peak and its neighboring giants as the Icy Mountains, a name truly descriptive of their ice-hung heights, but so little has been known of the peak itself or of its companions, and the country they are in is so inaccessible and mysterious,

that the mighty summit has become popularly known as the Mystery Mountain. As yet no man has set foot on its slopes, and only six human beings have penetrated the solitudes surrounding it. Yet it lies within sight of tide-water, and is only 150 miles from Vancouver!

A Magnificent Setting

It dominates a country as savage as it is vast, lifting its superb summit from among glaciers unsurpassed for magnitude in B.C. unless in the far north of the province. The Teidemann glacier, whose broad stream of ice has its source on one of the Mystery Mountain's huge flanks, is ten miles in length.

The great Coula glacier, along which lay our route into this wilderness or rock

and gathered innumerable tributary glaciers into its mighty stream, winding away southward out of sight behind low wooded ridges. This daddy of all the glaciers we estimated to cover 80 square miles and it may cover more!

The Fingerprints of Time

Evidence is not lacking that these glaciers, immense as they are today, are but the poor remains of glacial systems of a long-distant day, when these wide valleys and even Bute Inlet itself were paths of ice rivers whose magnitude is almost unimaginable. Old moraine lines are evident on hillsides hundreds of feet above Coula glacier; fully as high above the Homathko River are great polished grooves in the solid rock of huge mountainsides, plainly the work of stupendous glaciers of a by-gone age; while geologists testify that Bute Inlet's beautiful expanse of shadowed waters was once, in the glacial age, replaced by a deeper estuary of ice.

Guarded as the Mystery Mountain is by these great fields of living ice, it has one guardian more savage still. The most direct route to it is from the head of Bute Inlet up the valley of the turbulent Homathko River, long known because of its treacherous current as the "Terror of the North." Varying in width from a few hundred yards to a half-mile or more; filled with immense log jams and shifting sandbars; and—worse yet—teeming with spear-pointed snags; subject to such sudden increases in its torrent of glacial water as transform its always rapid current into dangerous rapids, it deserves its opprobrious title and is one of the greatest obstacles on the way to the Mystery Mountain.

The Explorers Set Out

The party which made its way up this stream was six strong—Don, his wife,

T. H. Ingram, A. Agur, R. C. Johnston and myself, most of us being members of the Alpine Club of Canada, and five being also members of the B.C. Mountaineering Club.

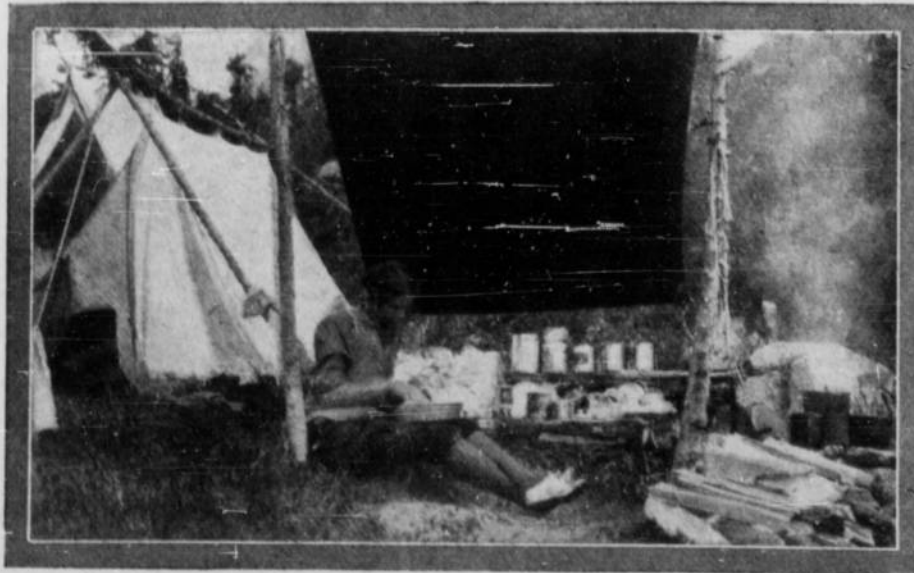
Early in the journey rising water prevented use of the larger boat which brought us up the first four miles, and our water transport was from then on by canoe only. We were often compelled to portage the hundreds of pounds of supplies five and six times a day, and for ten consecutive nights we slept on islands in mid-stream. Once when the river rose over three feet in a single night we just escaped being caught with all the supplies on a low island bar nearly awash, it being almost all under water when the last pack load of supplies was taken off. Once, too, to avoid being drawn under a log jam by a whirling eddy the canoeists shot down stream through a mere gash between the logs, so narrow that their out-thrusted butts scraped the paint from both sides of the canoe.

The large glacial tributaries of the river caused delay. A protruding end of log was used at one of these as support for 60-foot poles which we skidded by hand from the bush, thrusting them outward one by one until three had spanned the surging rapids. A rope was tied to a tree at the water's edge and with its help (as Don said, for moral support only!) carrying the 60-pound packs, we crossed our flimsy bridge, throbbing with the impact of that terrific current. Another we bridged in two spans, a giant rock in mid-stream serving for pier, but the afternoon rise of water was spurting over the rock before the last man crossed.

Mrs. Munday No Passenger

Through all this Mrs. Munday took her share and more, as is woman's way: not only sharing man's work, but regaling us, in her capacity as chief cook, with such dainties as nut bread and steam pudding; and even, once when we backpacked until nine o'clock p.m., with real honest-to-goodness doughnuts—these and the others, cooked over a camp fire, in a temporary camp, and with the irreducible minimum of utensils!

Finally, after punching two holes in the bottom of the canoe and nearly breaking its back, it had to be abandoned, and progress from then on was by backpacking only, carrying forward the supplies in relays of about a half-mile each. Owing to this relaying, when the party



Mrs. Don Munday, the chief cook of the party. She is mixing the ingredients of a steam pudding, a dainty which is not common at such altitudes—about 5,500 feet.

and ice, is a good 12 miles long, its maximum width being about five miles; while from its source among high peaks at 9,500 feet above sea level to its mile wide snout at 1,500, it has a drop of 8,000 feet—the height of a small mountain—and an area of some 30 square miles lies buried beneath its glittering mass of ice.

From the pass at the head of this glacier (itself huge enough) we discovered another that Don called the "daddy of them all," which rose behind the Mystery Mountain

reached Coula creek—some 30 miles from the mouth of the river by the route travelled—each member of the party had walked more than three times that distance, or some 100 miles.

At the mouth of Coula creek we cached the small store of provisions which could be spared for the return trip, and headed upstream towards its glacier. For two days our course was on and beside this huge winding stream of ice, finally pitching camp in a pouring rain between snow-drifts on the south side of a grove of spruce, in a patch of heather barely large enough to accommodate the three tents. From here we pushed forward again, establishing High Camp in a desolate valley just below the 3,000-foot ice-fall of a glacier which I possessively named "my little glacier," I having been its discoverer.

Here the desert bloomed like the garden of an expert horticulturist. Literally hundreds of acres in this wild valley and its adjoining mountain slopes were covered with the blooms of the white adder's tongue, three, four and even six florets to a stem. Here, too, since seeing is believing, I came to believe that these flowers really do grow through the snow. On an old glacial moraine not far away we found over 20 different varieties of flowers, some of rare and exquisite loveliness.

This High Camp, established at timberline, was the nearest we could camp to the great Mystery Mountain, but still ten to 12 miles distant from it, while intervening was a whole mountain range exceeding 10,000 feet in height. From here, however, we had to make our attack on the mighty mountain. Leaving at eight p.m., we climbed the gleaming ice above camp and the glacier slopes higher still, the full moon bathing snow slopes and towering peaks in indescribable brilliance. Reaching the summit of this glacier we ate lunch on the shattered granite fragments at the base of a jagged rock tower, and then dropped down steep slopes to the neve of Coula glacier. Dawn found us winding in and out among the giant crevasses of the stiff slopes leading up to the pass where it has its source, reaching the pass itself in full daylight.

To our right rose the triple peaks of the 11,000-foot mountain which may be named Mount Munday in honor of our leader, unnamed peaks thrusting up their huge buttresses on the left. Behind us stretched for miles the majestic Coula glacier, here a good five miles wide; while dropping from our very feet lay a long valley whose floor was solid glacier, the unbroken whiteness of its snow covering contrasting vividly with the incandescent brilliance of its deep blue crevasses. Huge cliffs of ice rose in shimmering seracs to the out-jutting rocks of the ridge-crest on the one side of the valley; on the other the brown cliffs rose abruptly from the snow, their gaunt faces streaked with steep streams of ice.

At the far end of the valley, rising superably in battlement and tower from its base of glacier, those great cliffs spangled with glittering masses of ice, the unbelievably beautiful Mystery Mountain lifted aloft the nearly vertical walls of its final slender spire, crested with fantastic featherings of ice and draped with shining white sheets of new snow, its tremendous height dwarfing into insignificance the gigantic peaks of its train. This was our first view of it; we gazed entranced.

Cheered by its apparent nearness we descended into the valley, eating a shivering breakfast in the White Lunch, a chill hollow in the eternal snows; then on, and down, hour after hour; now, in the heat of the day, knee deep in soggy, wet snow. Hours of hard plugging brought us only within five miles of the huge mountain. In that blank whiteness distance was deceptive; at five miles we seemed to stand almost beneath the massive cliffs, yet intervening were the

effort were required to surmount the stiff slopes leading up, deeply crevassed and avalanche swept. We reached the small patch of rocks on its summit only to find further progress blocked. A very high turreted peak intervened; its steep cliffs on the one side hanging with masses of new snow, utterly impassable; the other pitched from our very feet in nearly vertical precipices some 4,000 feet down to the Tiedmann Glacier.

Though mid-afternoon, with an un-

clouded sun, the south wind at that 10,000-foot altitude chilled us to the bone. The exposed col, only a dozen feet wide, afforded no protection from its blast; our only shelter was a too-small rubber ground-sheet. Propping this up on our ice-axes, and weighting it down with stones, we crouched in this small shelter and ate hungrily.

After taking photos of the great peaks around us, now seen at close quarters for the first time, and collecting specimens of rock for the provincial geologist, we began the return trip. We had been tramping then for 22 hours with little rest, for all one night and nearly all one day; it was now six p.m. and the whole distance we had come must be retraversed before rest was possible. Of that return trip it is difficult to write. The snow was still soft; we were worn out and unendurably sleepy; the way was long. There was an orange glory of sunset light reflected from rock and ice below the Mystery Mountain; an intense whiteness of moonlight on the vast expanse of Coula glacier; then the rose hues of dawn as we reached the ice-fall of "my glacier," and full daylight as we straggled into camp. We ate, slept, woke and breakfasted at noon.

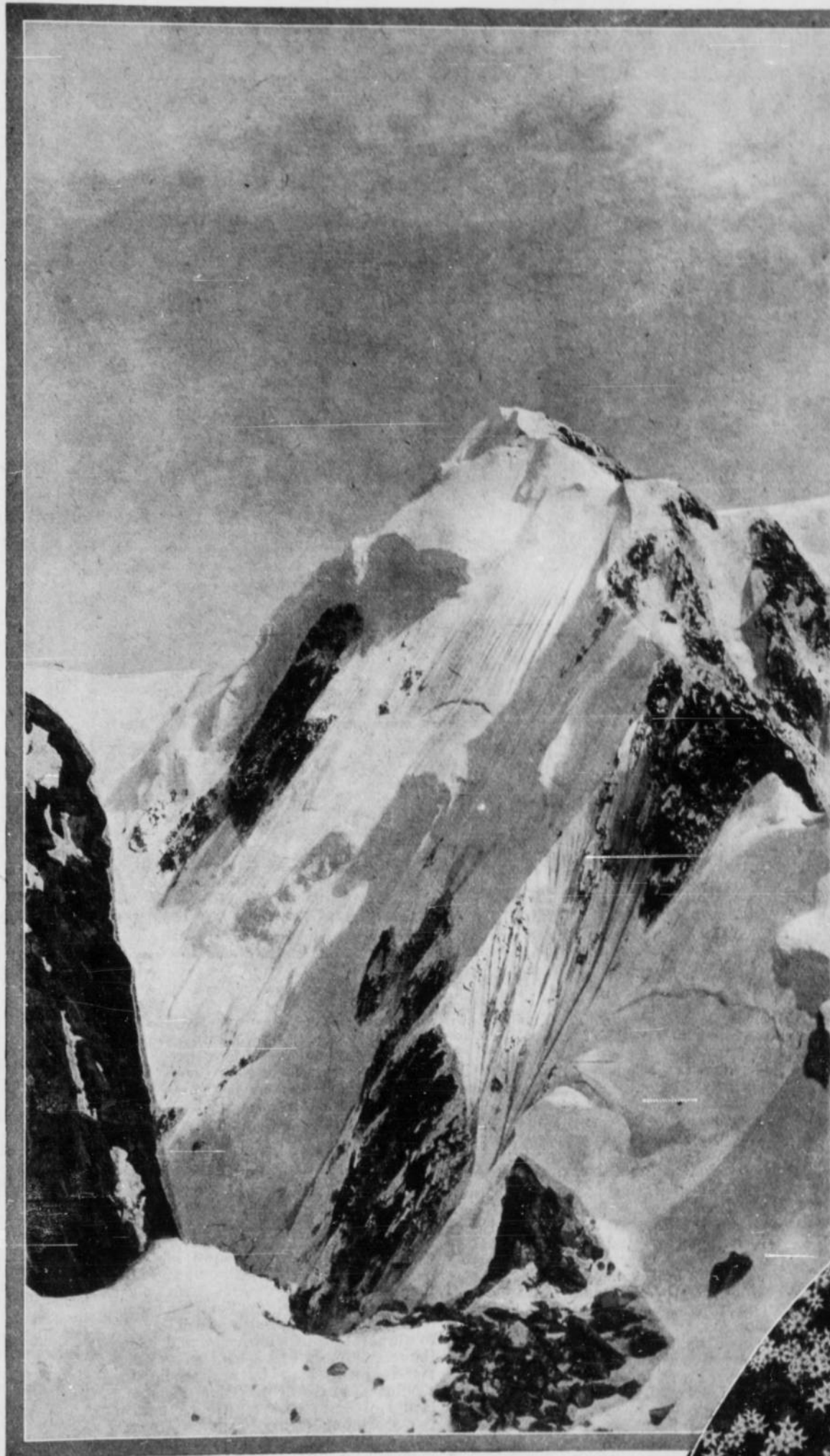
We had tramped all one night, all the next day, and the whole following night—32 hours in all. In that time we had climbed up altogether some 9,000 feet and climbed down again; we had travelled over parts of three large glacial systems; reached the summits of three high mountain passes, all in the region of eternal snows; we had been constantly on snow and ice, only twice putting foot on rock; and we had been roped together for 25 of the 32 hours!

Camp was broken the next day in a pouring rain, thus beginning the Odyssey of our retreat to Bute Inlet. Shortage of food compelled us to make the Coula Creek grub cache in one day—a trip which had taken three days coming up! The rain, which had increased in volume as we descended and soaked us to the skin and drenched our packs, mercifully let up as we reached that camp. Held up for a half day each at two creeks and hampered by high water, our scant food supplies threatened to give out. We began a race against famine, with hunger already possessing us. We were on less than half rations then and were compelled to pick blueberries to eke out our too scanty diet. Fortunately we found some supplies at a trapper's cabin just as our own gave out altogether and these, such as they were, kept us going until we reached our boat.

Even then our adventures were not to end, for the boat having been cached in the bush for a month, leaked badly, and the outboard motor stopped several times, once at a treacherous bend of the river, whose dizzily whirling eddies brought us within a few feet of

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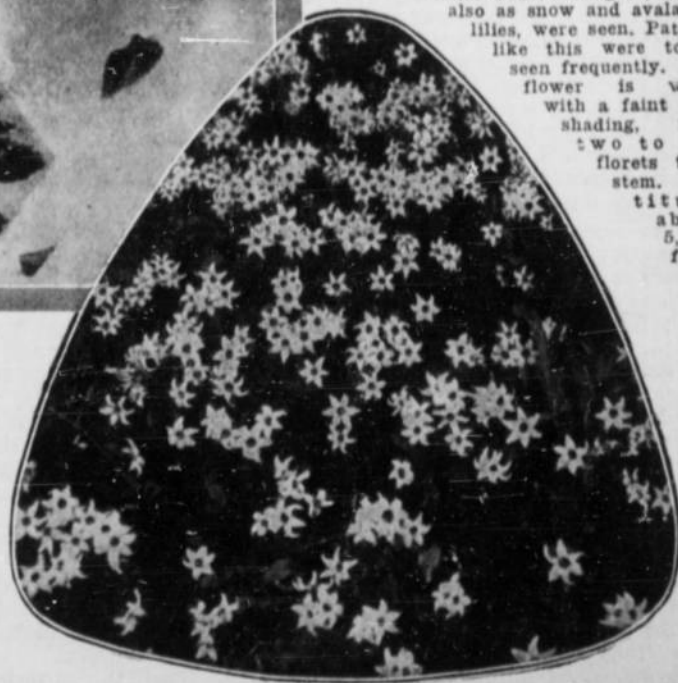
Hundreds of acres of these white adder's tongues, known also as snow and avalanche lilies, were seen. Patches like this were to be seen frequently. The flower is white with a faint pink shading, from two to six florets to a stem. Altitude about 5,500 feet.



long, billow-like folds of the glacier, and a wide intersecting valley, also glacier-filled. In those extensive fields of soft snow distance could not be measured by the miles from one point to another, but by the time needed to cross the intervening snows. Although we took turns breaking trail, it was gruelling work and progress seemed pitifully slow.

Finally we reached a point below a high pass or col from which we hoped to be able to traverse a rocky ridge leading to an apparently accessible slope of the Mystery Mountain. More hours of

This is the north peak of a triple summited mountain which it is suggested will be called Mount Munday, in honor of the leader of the first expedition to scale its heights. Its altitude is close to 11,000 feet. The photo was taken from a 10,000-foot elevation, the highest point reached by the Munday party.





THE Patron movement which, like a prairie fire, swept over the Province of Ontario in the early nineties of the past century, as was the case with the Populist movement in the United States, owed its origin to economic conditions.

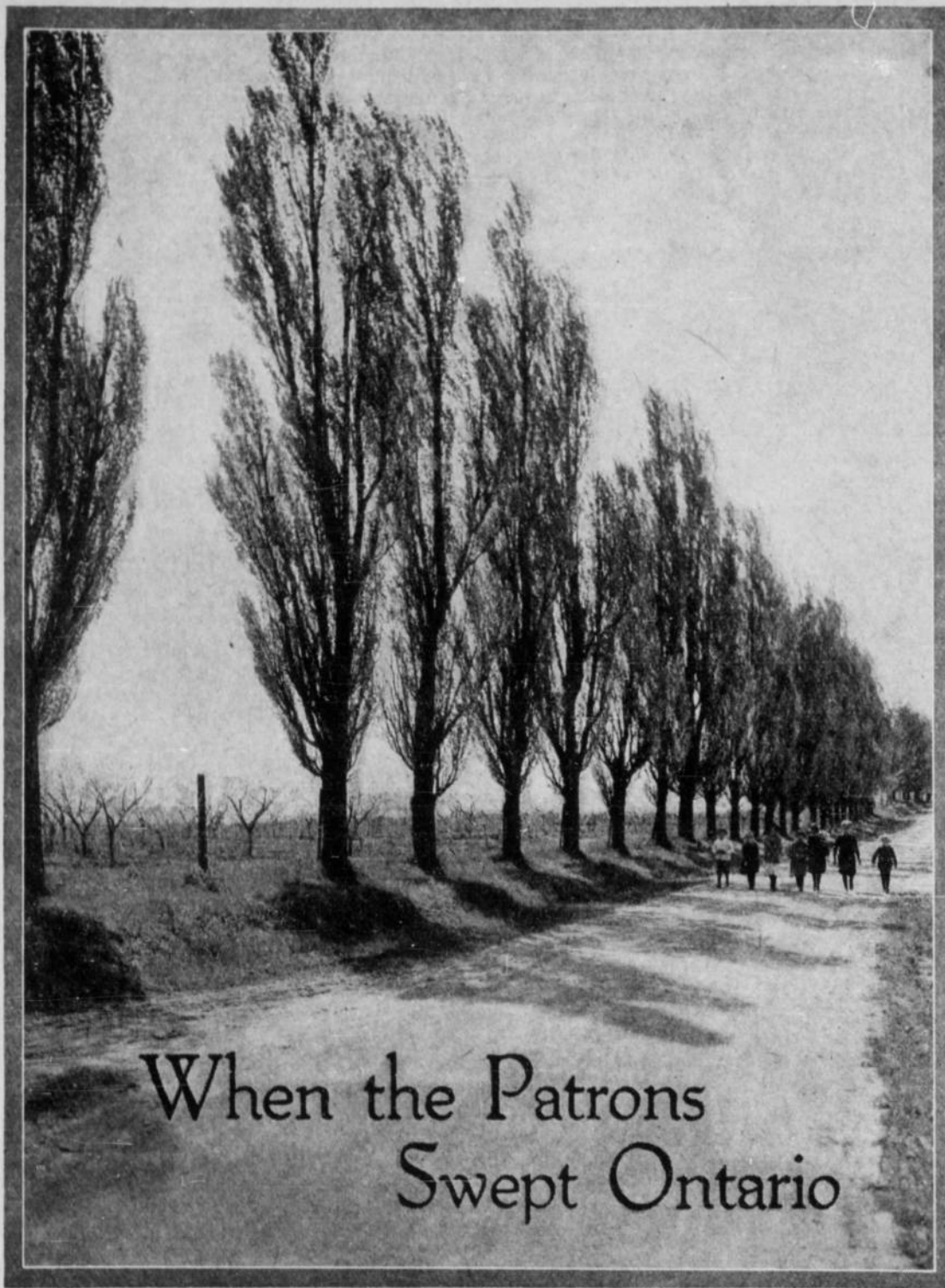
Potatoes, transported by rail from Ontario farms to Toronto, and then passed through the hands of wholesalers and retailers, each of whom exacted their toll, were at that time selling to city consumers at prices which sometimes went as low as 25 cents a bag. It can be imagined how much farmers received for their share. Butter sold in the same way at around 15 cents a pound. Apples, beautiful Snows, of full flavor and without blemish were placed in cellars at a cost to urban consumers of a dollar a barrel. Two-year-old butchers' cattle fetched around ten dollars per head. Prices of other farm products were in proportion.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that land on which these foodstuffs were produced had come into the hands of the then holders at valuations based on the more prosperous period ante-dating the enactment of the McKinley tariff. Some of the pioneers had taken over homesteads at around \$100 per acre, promising to pay other members of the families their shares of the general inheritance out of this hundred. By the time the shares of the other members of a family had been paid over by the holder of a farm, with land values down to \$60 per acre and less, he found his share of the family inheritance had vanished into thin air. Other farm holders of that day, who had bought on part payments during the old "barley days" in Ontario, saw their equities disappear as well when land values collapsed. Ontario farmers generally were experiencing distress more acute than anything ever before known, save in the earliest days of the pioneer period.

It was at this stage that the apostles of the Patrons of Industry appeared on the scene. Never was an economic gospel more eagerly received by any people than was that preached by these apostles to the suffering farmers of Ontario. Patron lodges sprang up everywhere overnight and rural Ontario was soon dotted with these as thickly as it was with the little red schoolhouses of a past generation.

First Economic—Then Political

At first the movement was mainly economic. Patron stores were in some cases established at "The Corners". In others the lodges bought molasses, coal oil, tobacco, boots and shoes, clothing, etc., from a central supply house and distributed these articles among their members. Naturally the business of privately-owned rural stores was adversely affected by this new form of competition. How seriously village and small town merchants were affected may be illustrated by an incident I once heard of during an election campaign in the county of Haldimand. Years after the Patron movement had subsided a good lady in the county named, wife of a village store-keeper, was trying to recall a date in the then comparatively recent past. Her memory failing she could not name



When the Patrons Swept Ontario

From the soil prepared by the Patrons of Industry has sprung the United Farmers of Ontario

By W. L. SMITH

the year as recorded in the almanac, but stated that "it was the year in which the Patrons were so bad." The period lingered in her memory as the year will linger in the memory of Alberta farmers "when the grasshoppers were so bad," or as there lingered for so long in the memory of Ontario pioneers that awful year when the scourge of cholera passed like a shadow of death over their province.

Shortly after the inception of the Patron movement a political turn was given to the crusade. About this time a vacancy was created for the provincial legislature in the constituency of North Bruce and a by-election was called. The Patrons met the challenge by placing a candidate of their own in the field in the person of D. McNaughton. A three-cornered fight developed, Liberal and Conservative candidates being nominated as well. I was in the office of the old Daily News of Toronto as returns from the voting began to come along. It was then that I first met J. Lockie Wilson when he drifted in to hear the news. As usual, the first returns to arrive were from Warton and other urban centres, and these showed the overwhelming majority of votes going either Tory or Liberal. I remarked to Lockie as we looked over the despatches that it appeared as if his man had got caught on the wrong side of a landslide. "Wait until you hear from the townships," was the quiet reply. We had to wait until next morning for these, but when the township returns did arrive they showed Tory and Liberal candidate alike up to the neck in the Patron ballots by which both had been swamped.

Then things really did begin to move

and in the general provincial election that followed shortly afterwards, some 15 Patron candidates were elected and Oliver Mowat was placed in one of the most difficult positions experienced in his long career. During the ensuing summer Patron picnics were held all over Ontario, with Caleb Mallory, Joe Haycock, Lockie Wilson, Gifford, of Meaford, and T. O. Currie as the chief speakers.

Farmers in thousands flocked to these picnics. At one, held at Sand Banks, in Prince Edward County, 12,000 were present and Currie was the orator of the day. Currie was really one of the most magnetic speakers of that or any other time produced in Ontario. He stood six feet in his socks, was built in proportion, and his voice, clear as a bell, carried to all parts of his audience seated under the trees. T. O. had a habit of pressing his elbows to his sides and raising his shoulders with each of his numerous flights of florid oratory; "and," one of the spectators of the event afterwards told me, "every time Currie's shoulders went up every other shoulder among that great mass of people went up in unison."

The Discovery of Duncan Marshall

Duncan Marshall was the "boy orator," as T. O. was "the old man eloquent," of the movement, and Duncan's mastery of his audience was second only to that of Currie himself. My first meeting with Marshall was in the County of Lanark, in the Dominion election of '96. I was in the upper part of the county at the time and, days before meeting with Marshall, I heard of him everywhere. In every cross-roads village, and from every farmer in a buggy met on the side lines, I was told of Marshall's whirl-wind eloquence

and convincing power. If a real whirlwind had passed over the county, levelling everything in its train, it could not have been a more general subject of conversation. The skin is still tender where the lash was laid on by Duncan, figuratively of course, when we met at Almonte a few days later.

What Currie and Marshall were in eloquence, Joe Haycock was in homeliness of illustration and aptness of story to fit the occasion. One of Joe's touches, given at a much later date, at the time of the monster farmer protest against conscription, will serve as an indication of his quality. Joe was speaking in Massey Hall to the big farm delegation that had just returned from Ottawa, and the censorship was in full rigor. "We have been warned," said Joe, "that we must be exceedingly careful in what we say. We have been more particularly warned that we must not be inadvertently led into saying that we have a rotten government in this country. But," Joe went on, as a quizzical smile curled his upper lip, "that is not at all necessary, anyway. All you have to do to convince yourself of the fact is to turn your nose towards the East." And one could almost imagine that roaring audience with hats and arms waving in the air,

inhaling a whiff from far-off Ottawa. Ninety-six was high water mark in Patronism and the organization thereafter fell to pieces almost as rapidly as it had come into being. Several causes tended to bring about this result. Trading operations, confined mainly to small articles, proved disappointing. The Patron delegation in the legislature failed to realize the hopes held out in the beginning and suspicion arose as to an undue leaning towards the Liberal side of the chamber. These suspicions were strengthened when a document, prepared by Edward Farrer, the greatest editorial writer Canada has ever had, was made public. This document pointed towards a union of Patron and Liberal forces in the then pending Federal election of 1896. The result of this, and other causes it is not necessary to go into here, was that although the Patrons had the only acclamation in that election, in the return of Davy Rogers in Frontenac, they elected very few members to the Dominion parliament and all their chief leaders suffered defeat. Less than two years later all but one Patron candidate for the legislature also went down.

Important Economic Results

Nevertheless the Patron movement did not fail. Its economic activities completed the work begun by the Grange in destroying old-time long credits and longer prices at country stores and put the farmers' store business on a cash basis. It prepared the way for a change from destructive all-grain farming to the bacon industry and dairy farming and thus laid the foundation for the present agricultural prosperity of Ontario. The political activities of the Patrons started farmers thinking as they had never thought before and thereby forever ended the "disgrace" attached to a change of political allegiance. Forty years ago it

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THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

Organization - Education - Co-operation

Equal Rights to All and Special Privileges to None

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The Council of Agriculture

The report of the meeting of the Council of Agriculture, held in Winnipeg a few weeks ago, and reported in the last issue of the Guide, should be carefully read by every farmer who has any interest in the things that affect his calling beyond the actual day-to-day work on his farm. The pronouncements and suggestions of the council upon such important matters as Farm Credits, Income Tax, Banking Reform and Tariffs are of the first importance, for composed as it has been of representatives from farmers' organizations in the three prairie provinces, Ontario and Quebec, it can claim to speak with some considerable authority for Agriculture. We make bold to say that there are very few farmers indeed in these provinces that have any adequate idea of the great service rendered to agriculture in the past by the council, or of the possibilities of service in the future that it holds. A few of its achievements might be mentioned. It organized the monster delegation that went to Ottawa early in December, 1910, which, with temperate language, but convincing force, urged upon the government of the day the pressing need of tariff reductions and broader markets in the interest of agriculture. It is not too much to say that this had an important effect in bringing about the reciprocity arrangement with the United States a few months later, which afterwards, unfortunately, was rejected by the Canadian people in the general election in the autumn of 1911, a rejection which has cost the farmers of Canada dearly.

Early in 1917 the council successfully opposed a proposal of the government to fix, under its war powers, the price of wheat for that year at \$1.30 per bushel, basis One Northern grade, Fort William, when government authority was not then being exercised to fix prices on anything else. The price actually realized under the Board of Grain Supervisors, appointed in the summer of that year, was \$2.21, basis One Northern, Fort William. It has kept up a steady agitation on the matter of mortgage loans to farmers, and the long-term loan legislation now on the statute books of the prairie provinces, which, with whatever defects it may have, has nevertheless been of much value, is in large measure the result of its influence upon public opinion. When the abrogation of the Crow's Nest rates was being urged by the railways with all the immense powers at their command, the council took its place with other interests in opposing the wiping out of the statutory protection Western Canada enjoyed, and spoke for the farmers of Western Canada in a way that no other organization could. Such reductions as we have had in the tariff in the last four years, and they have been considerable on farm implements and automobiles, can be attributed to the educational work of the council more than to any other thing.

These are only a few concrete illustrations of what the council has done. Notwithstanding this, however, the council has been the object of much ill-informed and unfair criticism during the last three or four years from some leaders in farmers' organizations, the only effect of which has been to weaken its influence in every sphere it touches. Happily there are signs that the differences excited in the farm organizations during the past few years, usually over comparatively trifling matters,

are dying down. Reason and common sense are asserting themselves over passion and prejudice. At any rate, we hope the time is near at hand when the leaders of the important farm organizations, and by this we mean the provincial wheat pools, the U.G.G. and the provincial United Farmers' organizations can get together like sensible people and put the council in a position where it is adequately staffed and financed to effectively speak for and represent agriculture.

Take the work of the Tariff Board alone. This board is simply a fact-finding board and it is altogether likely that the facts it discovers in relation to any particular article in the tariff will have some weight with the finance minister and the government. The hearings of the board are public, as they should be. Any persons or interests affected has the right to appear before the board and present their case. Should not the agricultural interests of Canada be represented before the board when matters affecting agriculture directly or indirectly are before the board? And how can they be more effectively represented than through the agency of the council? Six years ago the Council of Agriculture had a position of influence on public opinion in Canada second to no other similar organization. Because of internal differences it has admittedly slipped somewhat from that position. The need is to get it back again and each should pull his share of the load to do it. If agriculture is to speak effectively it must speak as a whole, and the common voice cannot be found in the dominance of any one province, or the views of any one province. Conflicting views, if any, must be threshed out in the conferences of the council in fair argument and debate. This was what enabled the council to function so effectively in past years, and it is certainly the wise course for it to follow in the future.

The British Coal Strike

The coal strike in Britain, which has now lasted for over six months, is nearing its end, and the result is almost total defeat for the miners. The story makes sorrowful reading. During the war and the years immediately following it miner's wages rose to a point that had never been dreamed of. When the deflation came, intensified by the stupid policies pursued by some of the European countries following the war, the coal owners wanted a reduction in wages which the miners naturally opposed. Further, the owners wished to bring about what was known as "district settlements," in other words, that in each coal mining district wages and working conditions should be settled as between the miners of that district and the owners. The men stood out for a national wage scale and conditions that would be applicable to all districts. Early in 1925 when a stoppage of work was imminent the government came through with a subsidy plan, whereby the miners were bonused for a time from the public treasury, and also appointed a Royal Commission, headed by Sir Herbert Samuel, to enquire into the differences that threatened the peace of the industry. This commission presented a report early in the present year, which was generally regarded as a thorough and impartial survey of the whole matter, and which made recommendations for the solution of the difficulty. While these did not go the whole length of the miners' demands, they did go a considerable distance in that direction. The Miners' Federation, however, rejected the report, and by doing so, undoubtedly, played into the hands of the mine owners, who thought the report altogether too favorable to the miners side of the case. The government refused to continue the subsidy, the coal owners refused to meet the demands of the men and the fight was on.

In their eagerness for the battle, the counsel of experienced labor leaders like Thomas and Clynes and Hodges were brushed aside and fiery radicals like Cook, with a fluent gift of

speech, assumed the direction of affairs. The general sympathetic strike was called and proved, as always, a monumental blunder. Public opinion was speedily enlisted against it on the ground that it struck at the very foundations of democratic government, and it was soon abandoned and the miners left to fight it out alone. Their funds were soon exhausted. The Baldwin Government, whose sympathies were apparently largely with the owners, professed itself unable to do anything, or at any rate took no effective action to find peace. The resisting power of the men was steadily worn down, and weeks ago they began drifting back to work on the terms of the coal owners. A large number of the miners, especially in South Wales, are still holding out, but it appears only a matter of time until they, too, will have to give in. Had they taken the advice of their experienced leaders and accepted the findings of the Samuel Commission, it is generally conceded public opinion would have forced the coal owners to an acceptance of it, either voluntarily or through pressure from the government. They listened to the spellbinders, however, who had the gift of words but not of reason, and they have landed in the ditch. The following extract from an editorial in The Manitoba Free Press of November 17, sums the matter up thus:

The miners played right into the owners' hands. They had a fine slogan devised by A. J. Cook, the secretary of the Federation, who had been elected to this position a year before over Frank Hodges, a tried and experienced leader, because he promised them more militant leadership and greater returns. The slogan ran thus: "Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day." Purely as a slogan it left little to be desired; and the miners stuck to it and fought for it until they lost their statutory right to a seven-hour day, the wage levels which the Samuel report really sought to control, the national wage fixing agreement upon which they put a very high value, and all the recommendations with respect to improvements in the organization of the industry made in the report. Incidentally, the fight for the slogan precipitated the general strike which has impoverished the labor unions of Great Britain, and has done great injury to the trade union movement.

The mine owners were quick to take advantage of the mistaken course of the men. Now flushed with victory, they will likely proceed to press their advantage to the utmost limits, while the men, dispirited by failure and embittered by the differences in their own ranks, have to pull their organization together again. May our farmers' organizations in Canada not learn some useful lessons from the British miners' bitter experience?

Uncle Sam's Party Muddle

The line of cleavage between the Democratic and Republican parties in the United States is becoming more and more indistinct. No great national issues now divide them, with the result that the outcome of the recent election is hard to analyze. It is known how many Democrats and how many Republicans were elected, but just what effect the election will have on national policies is enigmatical. Agitation for agricultural relief through legislation has come mainly from the midwest Republicans and has been strenuously opposed by the standpat Republicans from the industrial east, while the hope has never been abandoned of lining up the southern Democrats behind it. The hope has been strengthened as a result of the crisis in the south where an overproduction of cotton has demoralized the market and temporarily bankrupted the planters. It is probable, therefore, that a combination will result, cutting right across party lines, in which the agricultural south and midwest will be aligned against the eastern standpat Republicans, who have a sky-high protection on their products, but oppose suggested measures of agricultural relief, feasible or otherwise, on the ground that they would raise the price of food and precipitate demands from the workers for higher wages.

The personality of candidates is still a big factor in elections. In New York, for instance, the picturesque Governor, Al. Smith, a product of east-side New York City, carried the State

Democratic ticket to victory on the same day that every Republican congressman from the state was re-elected. Thousands of electors voted for Democratic state candidates and for Republican federal candidates.

No third party is being projected out of the muddle. There are groups and blocs but their members continue to carry the old party labels. The party machinery for running elections also remains intact. The object of the progressive element in the Republican party is not to break away and form an independent party or group, but to stay inside the party and secure control of its machinery as the non-partisans did in North Dakota. One of the reasons for adherence to the old party is undoubtedly that the cabinet is purely administrative and performs no legislative functions. There is much greater scope for insurgency therefore than in British parliaments, where cabinets have legislative as well as administrative functions, where ministers are members of one of the houses and where the dominant party has a strong whip-hand over its followers owing to the fact that it stands or falls on its ability to command a majority in the popular assembly.

On the other hand, the British system, on the whole, is better adapted to getting things done than the American system as it is at present. In domestic matters as well as in external affairs the houses of Congress have, during the last few years, been badly hampered by their warring factions in pursuing clear-cut national policies. Compared with conditions at Washington the political atmosphere around British capitals is comparatively clear.

Western Winnings at Royal

Canadians who do not keep in touch with news reports of the agricultural shows will not realize to what an extent our great national fall exhibition has grown. Not many years ago the Chicago International stood without a near rival, but of late years Canadian exhibitors, both east and west, have attached increasing importance to wins at Toronto for the very apparent reason that American livestock standards differ widely from our own in some notable respects. The consequence is that western entries at Toronto have grown year by year. At the inauguration of the Royal

Show just closed, President E. M. Carroll was able to announce that it had grown to be the largest on earth. Over 1,700 horses were exhibited and some 1,600 cattle went before the reviewers. Sheep and swine to the number of 200 each were turned away. The spacious barns were filled to overflowing, many box cars left standing on the railway tracks being pressed into service for emergency shelter.

It is properly a matter for self-congratulation to western showmen to be able to come home with the lion's share of the prizes in those divisions in which western stock was entered. The horse show, so far as the top prizes are concerned, was almost a clean sweep for animals owned in the West. The University of Alberta carried off the coveted grand championship for steers, while in the breeding cattle classes nine championships went to three western men, Collicut, Boggs and Warren.

As in former years, western butter stood very high, in one particular class—for October prints—all the ten prizes, save fourth prize, coming West. The highest award of the dairy show goes once more to the Shoal Lake, Man., creamery. One remarkable feature of the western winnings on butter was the large number of creameries that got awards, indicating a high average ability among prairie butter makers. The steady educational work of the agricultural colleges through their dairy short courses have had a great deal to do with this. Coupled with the butter-makers' skill is the improved quality of the raw material provided by farmers, a direct outcome of the educational value of the cream grading system.

The Passing of the Pioneers

The late seventies and the early eighties saw the beginning of railway construction in the West. During these years the first inrush of settlers to the West took place. The Selkirk settlers had arrived two generations before, but the story of their migration and settlement, one of the most romantic in the annals of the country, is like a preface to the agricultural history of the West. With the advent of the railway real settlement began. Within a few years some of the best farming sections of Manitoba and part of Saskatchewan were opened up and the foundations for the development that has taken place since then were securely laid.

It is nearly 50 years since this epoch in the

history of the West. That means that the youngest of those who came in on their own responsibility at that time and are still living are well advanced in years. In fact, only a comparatively few of them remain. Scarcely a day passes in which the press does not contain a tribute of respect to one of the pioneers of those early days who has passed from the scene. In the course of human events it will not be many years until none of them are left.

Much of the early history of the older districts exists only in the memories of the original pioneers. A large proportion of it will be irretrievably lost unless steps are taken to collect and preserve it. A commendable effort along this line is now being contemplated. At one time the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society was active in such work and the provincial library contains much valuable historical data collected by it. The society, however, became dormant in 1913. An attempt is being made to revive it and a program of work is being mapped out. It is proposed to have organizations formed wherever possible in the older districts for the purpose of reviving local interest in the early days and collecting whatever historical material can be obtained from first sources. If the society receives the support it deserves it will render a valuable public service. Many of our histories contain too much about governors and generals and business magnates and too little about the common, everyday people who did the real work of building up the country. One of the first duties of a young country like this is to see that historians are provided with records giving a true picture of the sterling qualities of the men and women who, amidst incredible hardships, laid the foundations of its existence. The work is one to which the provincial government could well lend assistance.

The country is being saved the trouble and expense of by-elections for cabinet ministers. No complaints about it have been made and it is evidently becoming recognized that the custom of holding by-elections for newly elected ministers is more honored in the breach than in the observance. All that remains to be done is to give the outworn practice a legal burial.



Christmas Morning in Merrie England



SOME OLD-TIMERS FOREGATHER AND DISPENSE

Humor from Homestead Days

Tell It Not in Gath

I LEFT Watford, Ont., for the wild and woolly West in April, 1904, beating my way in a car load of settlers' effects belonging to a friend of mine. The car contained an old cupboard or chest which was to be my hiding-place on the occasions when the railway people were sure to search the car for dead-beats.

While in the Toronto yards I made the acquaintance of an old man over 60 years of age who was in the next car to ours. He had quite a lot of livestock in his car which he watered from three barrels that he had therein. These barrels had to be filled at each of the divisional points by the laborious job of hauling the water in buckets from tanks or other convenient sources of supply. I did not like to see the old man doing all this heavy work, so at each of the divisional points after Toronto I did the old man's work for him.

When we came to Dauphin, believe me or not, 125 men came out of those 27 cars of settlers' effects and the old man to whom I had been so condescending produced three lusty sons of his own who, from their hiding place within the car, had gleefully watched my solicitous care of their father.—A. F. M., Penzance, Sask.

The Herder's Tale

One of my winters was spent herding a bunch of cattle in the forest reserve near the headwaters of the Red Deer River. My nearest neighbor was ten miles distant. I lived in an A tent in the shelter of some willow brush. In this same brush, in fair weather or foul, the passers-by—had there been any—would have seen a suit of "store" clothes draped from as fine a clothes-hanger as ever came out of a Toronto hotel. It was an outward sign of civilization.

My sole companion was a collie dog, sent me to assist in herding the cattle, but as useless a cur as ever scratched a flea, for when ordered to drive a beast, he invariably went to its head. However, he was company of a sort, and very welcome, too, for there were bears and other wild prowlers in the mountains, and Shep's noisy warning gave security to my sleep.

One stinging cold night I awoke with that impending sense of disaster which all solitary dwellers have known. Through the flap of the tent in the faint light, I could see two tremendous streams of congealing breath issuing from widely distended nostrils. I strained my eyes in the uncertain light to make out the nature of the thing that was not more than two feet from my toes. A bear's head would have made a black splotch against the frosted white of the tent. But no such outline could I discern. I dared not make a quick move for my loaded rifle for the advantage lay with the creature snorting so menacingly above me.

In the course of a few moments I realized that the intruder was an enormous whiteface bull. Before I had time to yell at him, Shep, for the first time in his life, got in behind and nipped him in the heel. With a thunderous bawl the bull charged through the tent. Ropes snapped, canvas ripped, a cloven foot ground the saddle blanket at my ear. My whole domestic establishment went careering down the Red Deer valley on the back of the frightened bull, whose strange appearance sent the herd stampeding while I looked up at the blinking stars and softly swore.—"Stewie."

The Bronks that Grinned

When I was 15 years old and still a newcomer to the country, an Englishman with lots of money took quite a fancy to me. Said he was going to ranch and wanted a cowboy. So we made a deal that I was to be the cowboy at \$14 per month. Oh, boy, will I ever forget that feeling. A cowboy! However, I did not know what was ahead of me.

We both went to Grenfell, and the next day he bought a car load of western broncos, some were broken, he was told. So we picked out a matched team, and with the help of half of the male members of Grenfell we hooked them up with new harness and a brand new wagon and headed them north on a 40-mile trip. I was given the lines and told to feed 20 miles out. That 20 miles was made in record time for a wagon. But it took three days to get home, and we could not take the bits out of those horses' mouths so fed them hay as they were, and when we arrived home the hay was wrapped around their bits so bad that their mouths were wide open and they appeared to be grinning at the people that we passed.—Thomas Forster, Duff, Sask.

The Ambulating Hotel

After about five days wagon travel from Qu'Appelle we finally reached our home-



The mercury might freeze in the glass but his bread never failed to rise

steads. Luckily we had a good neighbor about three miles distant who came along and found the corner stakes and made sure we got on the right land. My father went back to Lipton to work and the whole responsibility was on me. Before this I had never had any responsibilities. However, the first thing to do was to put up a 12 x 12 kitchen that we used as a stable for the three horses, my mother, sister and self living in a wall tent, 12 x 16. A friendly neighbor gave me a load of frozen hay for the horses until I could get time to cut some. This I wedged in between the tent and the kitchen stable.

I used to make the trip to Craven in one day and the return trip in two days. One night, after returning from town I was very tired and soon fell asleep. During the night a patter was heard on the roof of the tent by my mother, but she did not wake me as I was so tired. Getting up first in the morning, she opened the tent flap and was astonished to see everything black for miles. A prairie fire had gone through in the night, and what we took for rain was the dead embers of the grass pattering on the canvas. Fortunately we had ploughed a good fireguard and burnt inside before starting to build the stable. The big wonder was that some sparks did not fall on the hay and burn us out entirely.

Another time I was nearly home from a trip to Craven but there was a shallow creek ran across the corner of my land that it was necessary to cross. My horses started to cross, but stopped to drink, and so the wagon stuck. I left it there for the night and next morning I took the refreshed horses and tried to hitch up from the horses' backs as there was a scum of ice on the water. Needless to say, I fell in. However, I finally got the load home. As I had not as yet brought the boxes from town containing the spare clothes, I had no more dry

trousers, so I had to go around in one of my mother's skirts. As this was Sunday, of course, a couple of homesteaders had to drop in on us. After a hearty laugh at my expense one of them said I could borrow a pair of trousers of his father's, who had returned to England. I got them, but as I was not very big, and as the owner of these pants had a wonderful chest measurement, the trousers nearly went round me twice, causing more laughter at my expense.

We had lots of exciting times when the tent blew down on us sleeping on the floor. One time in particular, I remember, I was sleeping on the floor next to a cupboard which had a sealer of pickled beets sitting on the top. During the night the wind arose and the tent roof flapped against the cupboard, knocking off the sealer, which struck me on the head, breaking the sealer. My mother got the scare of her life when she lit a match. What with me hollering and the beet juice vinegar all over my face and bed clothes, she thought the Indians had got my scalp for sure.

As I said before, money was very scarce. When I made these trips to Craven, to save livery charges I used to put the team in a box car at the loading platform, and roll myself in the blankets at the other end of the car. I had done this several times without mishap, but one night I awoke with a jump to find the car moving. I grabbed the horses and tied them to the platform railing, jumped back in the car and started throwing the harness, my boots, blankets and things all along the track, whilst the car was moving, finally jumping out myself. After gathering up my belongings I camped between the elevators and never risked a car again.

We had a neighbor just out from England, who built a sod granary, and invited me over to admire it. He had put poles on the roof and then a thick covering of long grass and sod on top of that. I told him that it looked very good, but before starting building I should have burnt the grass from the floor, which was about two feet high. He said, "that's soon remedied." He was lighting his pipe at the time, so he threw the lighted match in this grass. Before we could do



He grabbed the shotgun and fired a broadside at the leader of the nocturnal chorus

I could move in. They sure had raised Cain with everything I had left behind. Even after I had moved in they bothered me in the night. They would run across my face and bed. Nothing in the shack was safe from them. After a while I got tired of this. I got up and lighted a light took my shot gun and went back to bed to wait for the intruders to come back, which, of course, they did. I took a good aim at one and pulled the trigger. The noise of that shot gun made in the shack was something awful. You would think it had lifted the roof off. I had to open the door to let the smoke from the shot out. The mouse was killed all right. After that I got some peace. I must have scared them for they didn't come back.—Jos. Prechtel, Fielding, Sask.

The Bitter Truth of Experience

I dug a well near my homestead shack, and an incident which happened to me while working at it I will never forget. I had a young fellow helping me who chewed more tobacco than any man I have ever seen. One afternoon as I was about to lower him down the well, he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and said, "Bill, this is my last chew. It is killing me and I am going to stop it right here." Then taking a big bite of it, he threw the remainder of the plug on the ground and I lowered away.

The well was about 30 feet deep then. He was a wiry little fellow and was sending the dirt up good and lively all afternoon. I had begun to weaken on the job about four o'clock. I was getting hungry, and as I passed by the plug of tobacco lying on the ground on my way to empty a bucket of dirt, I picked it up and took a small bite of it. I had tried a chew when I was a little fellow and it had made me sick. I had never tasted it since.

I had not been chewing long when I began to feel a little dizzy. I had just hauled up a bucket of dirt and thinking if I had a drink of water I would be all right. So, depositing the chew on the ground, I made a bee-line for the shack which by the time I had got to it, was



This old Hereford bull turned out to be a worthy scion of his grandfather, the great champion, Disturber

a thing the roof was a blaze, and the whole thing was soon in ruins. This same man used to take the dough to bed with him when he was baking to keep it from freezing.—Samuel R. Voss, Melita, Man.

Took Severe Measures

When I returned to my shack after working on the railway to Edmonton, I had to chase out hundreds of mice before

running rings around me so fast I could hardly find the door. But I got in somehow or other and to the water pail, but when I started to drink, mother nature threw in the reverse lever and the pump started.

After some few minutes I was able to drag myself up on to the bed and what happened then I know not. One thing I

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A Christmas Story



But when Isabella went on to the Peraltas and their fabled glory, Bill sat spellbound, his pipe held six inches from his open mouth

*"I saw three ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning."*

THERE was no form of Christmas graft that Isabella had not sampled and found good. Even before she could spell out Christmas stories she knew enough to press her engaging little nose against a toy-shop window, and many a benevolent sucker was sent home rejoicing in the joy he had given. At six she had written her first letter to Santa Claus, explaining what would be most acceptable to herself and "my pore mama who sows all day and is very tired," and though letters sent to Santa Claus by the mail had not yet become an organized infant industry, she did so well by it that she helped to put the business on its feet. Before she was ten no religious denomination, however vigilant, was safe from her presence at its Sunday-school Christmas tree.

"Everybody admires my Isabella and wishes to give her presents," her mother explained it, the shadowy eyes of old Spain caressing her child. Isabella's eyes and her straight hair were sandy and she gave a general effect of coming from the State of Maine. Behind her alert gaze squatted a cheerfully democratic spirit, on the lookout for possible openings—openings for any one. Her native gift was at the service of the world.

Her fourteenth Christmas did not promise well. Her "pore mama" had "sowd" till her eyes were becoming perilously "tired," and by a crooked collar here and a twisting sleeve there she was losing what customers her racial pride had left her. Isabella had long ago dropped Santa Claus and gone in for Christmas baskets, with a turkey and a bunch of celery sticking out and a piece of holly tied to the handle; but one basket would not take them very far this year. She had thoughts of trying to figure as "Patient little Isabella B." in the Hundred Neediest Cases, but that involved being investigated, and Mrs. Briggs had a Spanish obstinacy about putting her best foot forward. The investigators would have found a self-supporting widow in a spotless room, gay with red on the bed and table, and they would never have discovered from her that a room in the East Forties went for almost nothing because

of the smell from the packing-houses. When the wind came that way, she met the stink with the proud patience of queens in exile. Isabella met it by frying onions.

Early in November, having plenty of time on her hands, Mrs. Briggs took her aching eyes to a free clinic and sat awaiting her turn as though the other patients were so much rather polluted air. That separation of herself from her surroundings was a passing, a religion; it gave her almost her only high moments. Her child's blue blood was tempered, for there was no denying that Camilla Peralta had eloped from her Spanish home with an American sailor; but the Peralta inheritance, joined to the tales of past grandeur, ought to have wiped out any intrusion from the side of a mere Bill Briggs. Bill had vanished early in the story—possibly drowned at sea, possibly not. When he had been gone the necessary number of years, Mrs. Briggs had privately achieved her legal freedom; and yet every time she told the story of his glorious death at sea—standing by his ship to the last—genuine tears streamed down her cheeks. Born in the right environment, she would have been a "best seller."

Mrs. Briggs left the clinic with a Peralta courage that was still in force when Isabella came hoppity-skip from school. The wind was east that day and the packing houses were strongly represented. Isabella had salvaged an onion on her way home—one could be very sure that she had not stolen it, and even more sure that she had not paid for it. She would have started her back-fire at once, but her mother motioned the onion out of the scene.

"My poor child, I have bad news for you," she said. "I have been to the clinic."

"Whadeesay?" It came in one breathless word.

What the oculist actually had said was: "Six months of absolute rest or you'll go blind. Use this as directed and come to see me in ten days. Next!" Mrs. Briggs had to embroider:—"lose the sight of those beautiful eyes, for I see, madam, that you are of a different class from my usual clinic patients, even though you may have the misfortune to be poor." Tears—in the oculist's voice.

Isabella, as usual, had fastened tightly on the essential facts.

"Absolute rest," she repeated blankly.

Louis Ignace Peralta was a merchant prince and a distinguished chemist. We had 50 rooms, all with polished floors and real lace curtains, and ten servants, and my mother never had to lift her finger—"It would have gone on for an hour, glory piled on glory, but Isabella, knowing it by heart and backward, broke in:

"Mightn't Louis Ignace be living yet?"

Mrs. Briggs thought not, but Isabella added up the years and proved him not much more than 60. His wife had died soon after the infatuated Camilla had slipped out, and the outraged father had refused equally forgiveness to his daughter and cash to Bill Briggs.

"But if his long-lost child came to his door on Christmas day, with her little girl," Isabella worked it out in practical business tones, "he'd fall for it. You can put over almost anything on Christmas. And if he should be dead, all those other children would be your brothers and sisters. Mama, it's a cinch!"

Mrs. Briggs seemed depressed by the idea, and the more Isabella talked it the deeper her depression grew. Tickets to Spain were impossible, and a Spanish parent never forgave. Isabella's bright lexicon contained neither "impossible" nor "never." She talked it until the wind changed and the smell went away unnoticed. They ate bread and raw onion for supper, and when they went to bed she was still talking it—against a blank wall of refusal.

The next day she went by herself and talked it to the Spanish consul, who advised her to write first and see if the visit would be welcome. Which showed all he knew about landing things. After that she pressed her nose against the windows of all the trans-atlantic steamship companies she could find, offering to compromise on one ticket, even going to the length of promising payment later from the rich and powerful merchant parent, but they invariably wanted cash down.

Next she tried a general wandering about the wharfs, on the chance of what might turn up, and made hosts of acquaintances. It was a friendly longshoreman who directed her to Bill's Place. Bill might know some sailing-ship's captain who would take a lady as supercargo. So she hunted up Bill's Place, and found it the dirtiest, darkest little shop in the world, its one window piled high with what it called "Ship Supplies." Binoculars were there, and sou'westers, and coils of tarred rope, and compasses, and canvas,

Safe Harbor

By
JULIET
WILBOR
TOMPKINS

And then: "Blind!"

Mrs. Briggs put out comforting arms. "I am not afraid, my little one," she said beautifully.

"Well, you'd better be," said Isabella, ignoring the gesture. "Six months—gee whiz!"

"I can die," Mrs. Briggs pointed out.

"So can anybody," was the impatient answer.

"We've got to show some gumption and live."

She was unsatisfactory if one's ideal was a scene of clinging tenderness, and yet the very way she sat, squeezing thin arms,

thin legs thrust out with the toes touching, gave a sense of a stout plank in heaving waters. Mrs. Briggs sighingly gave up her drama and waited.

"And all this time," said Isabella suddenly, "there's our family living in a castle in Spain—"

"Not a castle," her mother interrupted. "A palatial residence in the finest quarter of the city."

Isabella began with the eyes, drawing from him grunts of sympathy, but when she went on to the Peraltas and their fabled glory, she produced a surprising effect. She had often dazed her school-fellows with that tale, but never had its impact been so tremendous. Bill sat spellbound, his pipe held six inches from his open mouth, his little reddish eyes boring into hers. At last the pipe so burned his hand that he jumped and dropped it, scattering hot coals in the rubbish behind the counter. He was down there several moments, seeing that all was safe, and when he came up he did not look at all well.

"That's the queerest!" he muttered. "Well, I'll be dinged!" This went on for some time in a hushed undertone.

"Come up and see my mother if you don't believe me," Isabella offered.

The suggestion galvanized him into a more normal mood. "No, no—I believe you—that's all right," he said heartily.

"Why, sure, we must get your mother that ticket. The sooner the better. Get her off tomorrow! Now let's see how we can work that." He went into a deep study, and Isabella, thinking it a good chance to prove her powers of being useful, took a survey of the chaos in the window, then fell to rearranging it. For nearly an hour neither spoke, though his eyes were often on her.

"Now come and look," she said at last.

He started and obeyed. She had produced a surprising effect of order and seamliness; the stock had risen from junk to merchandise.

"Only your window's so dirty they can't see in from the street," she pointed out. "If you'll give me the things to wash it—"

He jumped again. He seemed to be full of nervous starts. "Oh, never mind—I'll do that later," he said, then sent out a loud hail after a man who was passing: "Hi, Mr. Purser!"

A neat and official-looking person turned on his heel and came back. "Well?" he asked, obligingly enough, but with no time to waste.

"Mr. Purser, this young lady's mother wants to get back to her folks in Spain before Christmas," Bill explained. "It's a real hard-luck story; eyes given out, folks there—" He stopped and choked.

"Rich but estranged," Isabella put in. "She's so pretty, my mother—she's a Spanish lady; they'll fall for her when she gets there. And then she can send back for me."

The purser considered. "Would she ship as a stewardess? I'm one short. Sailing in three days and she'd have to have references."

Isabella promised everything, rapturously, and agreed to bring her mother down for an interview the next day. When the purser had gone on his brisk way, she placed her two palms on the counter and kicked up gloriously.

"I'll come down here every day after school and work for you," she promised.

and every sort of flotsam that could be salvaged from the sea.

The door, opening, rang a bell, and a Yankee voice called "Coming!" from another dark hole in the rear. Some moments passed before its owner appeared.

"Had to put my leg on," he explained cheerfully, stumping toward her. "Well, little lady—like a nice anchor today?" And his hand caressed an enormous black iron flange.

That was Isabella's own kind of joke. She was not much giving to smiling, but she had a dry little grimace that could mean liking or amusement, and that meant both as she looked up into the lean and leathery face. There was something in her blood that warmed to long narrow men, humorous and big-jointed and deliberate.

"I want to get a ticket to Spain, cheap," she began. "I'd rather have two tickets for nothing, but I could do with one, and I'd work after school to pay for it."

The man considered her, his big knuckle pressed on the counter.

"Well, I guess that's about the one sea-going article I ain't got," he said at last. "You couldn't make a ship's log do?"

"Not unless you can ride on it," Isabella said, settling on a capstan for a good visit.

He also sat down and filled a pipe. "Tell us about it," he suggested.

Isabella began with the eyes, drawing from him grunts of sympathy, but when she went on to the Peraltas and their fabled glory, she produced a surprising effect. She had often dazed her school-fellows with that tale, but never had its impact been so tremendous. Bill sat spellbound, his pipe held six inches from his open mouth, his little reddish eyes boring into hers. At last the pipe so burned his hand that he jumped and dropped it, scattering hot coals in the rubbish behind the counter. He was down there several moments, seeing that all was safe, and when he came up he did not look at all well.

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A Reluctant Santa

By JOHN F. SLATER



"CHRISTMAS EVE!" exclaimed Sarah, indignantly. "And I believe you two big lazy men were just settling down to do nothing at all!"

"And why not?" I asked. "The cow is milked, the oxen fed, and the two ponies have an extra sheaf, with the compliments of the season. How could we spend the evening better than before the glowing stove?"

"You've made the place so comfortable, you see," said diplomatic Bill, her husband.

Comfort is not a word usually associated with a shack on the prairie, but as my eyes travelled lazily around the long low room, and my memory evoked a picture of the same interior before the coming of my sister, I felt very proud of Saucy Sarah. It was not that she had made drastic alterations. I had built the cupboard with the glass doors the previous winter, and Bill's ingenuity had devised the disappearing sink, and the lounge, which, if one heaved tremendously upon a hidden lever, would reverse to assume the outlines and proportion of a bed. True, its metamorphoses were somewhat erratic, and the chance visitor who fell asleep trustingly upon the bed sometimes awoke alarmed and prematurely beneath the lounge; but as a piece of furniture it was impressive, and my brother-in-law was justified in his pride. Sarah's touch showed in more subtle things; the geraniums which flowered amazingly in the deep window openings, flaunting gay defiance to the frost crystals which glittered without the double panes of glass; in the dainty curtains, and the quaint stencil which turned the building-paper on our walls into an efficient background for her cheerful pictures; and, more elusively but not less surely, in a certain arrangement or disarrangement of our few possessions, which no mere man could hope to describe.

"Bill," Sarah said, suddenly, "Do you remember a year ago, tonight?"

Her face was hidden from me, where she stood at the window as though looking out into the night, but I saw that Bill glanced at her with an expression of deep concern.

"Do I?" he exclaimed, jovially. "Considering that I had just recently quitted the charming society of your young brother here, and had travelled some thousands of miles to tie the knot which—"

"Do you remember," Sarah continued in an unnaturally level tone, "how when we'd finished decorating the church we took lanterns and tramped through the snow to sing carols outside the house where the vicar lay sick?"

"The poor helpless old man!" Bill intoned.

"I wonder what our new neighbors are doing," said Sarah, scratching the frost from the pane. "I don't see any light from their window."

As the deer sniffs the huntsman from afar, I realized to what she was leading. "Look here, young lady!" I exclaimed, loudly. "You can't drag us out in the cold to serenade the man who filed on Randolph's abandoned homestead. If you had gone over there with me, this morning, you wouldn't think of it. It was obvious, as I approached, that some slight difference of opinion was troubling the heads of the household, and, not to appear to eavesdrop, I thumped on the door, asked if I could be of any help, and told them that you wished them to take their Christmas dinner with us. The door opened a couple of inches, and I believe the lady's voice was commencing to say how delighted they would be, when the upper portion of a man's head appeared

in the opening, a voice grated, 'I don't be needing any help, and thank you, we aim to spend the day tidying up, tomorrow.' He's got the brand of savage breast that no music's charms could soothe!"

"You've told us before, Geoff. But you heard a woman's voice in the shack, and is she to be denied all human interest and sympathy through the unsociableness of that brutal man? Besides—" she turned suddenly from the window, and spread out her hands, appealingly. "Oh, boys, don't you understand? It's Christmas Eve, my very first one away from home. Unless we do something—find someone even more homesick, perhaps—I shall just sit down on the floor and howl!"

She looked very forlorn, standing there, with the lamp catching golden tints in her ruddy-brown hair, and her grey eyes shining suspiciously bright. I did not wonder that Bill took a long stride toward her, while he flung back over his shoulder:

"For the love of Pete, Geoff, throw the old tent over the sleigh-box and put the oil-stove inside, and let's be off a-carolling before this girl of ours washes us out of the shack!"



She was interrupted by the door slamming open with a loud crash and a large fur-coated man stamping uninvited into the room.

We were off presently, half smothered between the folds of the sagging tent and the fumes of kerosene from the stove; I wrestling with the indignant oxen to prevent their return to their barn; Sarah on a pile of blankets in the rear; and Bill by the stove in the centre, hugging his precious violin to protect it from the cold. As the dark mass of the Randolph shack loomed up against the stars, the oxen plunged out on a new sleigh trail, a circumstance to which I gave no thought at the time, although I remembered it well enough, later.

No light showed within the shack, as we pulled up at the door, but a thin wisp of smoke rose from the dimly seen stove-pipe. With a swift movement Sarah flung back the tent from the rear of the sleigh; Bill raised his violin, poised his bow, and swung into the opening bars of the Adeste Fideles:

"O come, all ye faithful!"

Bill was double-stopping cleverly, and

joy and triumph rang in every note of his sweet-toned instrument.

I raised a corner of the tent, and peered out as I sang. There was yet no sign that the faithful were responding, but I remember thinking that if one could have stood apart from it all he would have beheld a weird sight! The squat silent shack; the dim white snow and brilliant starry sky; the lumpy silhouettes of the motionless oxen; the long black rectangle of the sleigh-box, the rear end sharply outlined by the light of the lantern within; and from the opening streaming out a girl's rich voice singing an old carol, accompanied by the clear sweet tones of a violin, and what Sarah describes as "her brother singing seconds—very!"

"Ping . . . Pang!"

We inhaled the stove fumes, for some time, in growing uneasiness.

"If she isn't out in a minute," said Bill, "I'm going in after her."

We heard Sarah outside, speaking soothingly, and, crawling over Bill's legs, I pushed aside the canvas and felt a long heavy bundle thrust into my arms. "Take it!" Sarah ordered, briskly, and returned to the shack.

"Your sister's on the warpath, all right," chuckled Bill.

It was horror that prevented me from answering. Warmth was entering my arms from the bundle which I held, and from its folds a soft regular sound rose to my ears. Panic-stricken, I crawled to where Bill crouched, and laid the bundle across his knees. His meek acceptance

changed almost immediately to frenzied protest.

"What in the name—" he began.

"Hush!" I warned him, happily. "The little innocent might wake and hear you."

"Geoff!"

Sarah, with an even larger bundle, appeared in the opening. But I had now acquired the necessary technique, and without pause I slid the new bundle beside its mate on her husband's knee. The appearance of a woman beside Sarah halted Bill's comment in mid-air.

She was carrying our lantern, and, as she climbed into the sleigh, she pushed it up before her so that the light fell on her features. I felt Bill jerk beneath his burden, and myself almost dropped the lantern I was taking from her, at the picture of misery which its rays revealed. She was young and dark; that much I caught in the brief glimpse; with black hair and eyes, and the dusky flush of some warmer than Anglo-Saxon blood in her tear-stained cheek.

Sarah entered behind her and seated herself between the woman and the light, pressing her down gently to a seat on the blankets.

"These are my brother and husband, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Wiltshire—Mrs. McKellan and her two sons, Miguel and Pat." Sarah performed the ceremony of introduction in a quiet tone, then suddenly burst out:

"Mrs. McKellan's husband has deserted her—on Christmas Eve, of all nights! I found her alone in the dark! What brutes men are!"

"Your brother, he is not a brute!" the woman exclaimed, surprisingly, leaning forward and flashing her white teeth at Bill. I know by his kind face, and the way that he nurses my boys, that he could never be cruel like my man."

"That is Mr. Wiltshire, my husband," Sarah explained, coldly. "My brother is the one driving the oxen."

Bill cleared his throat, twice, before his question became audible—

"Why did your husband desert you and leave you in the dark, Mrs. McKellan?"

"He did not know that I should be left in the dark. I did not discover that Miguel had thrown a pinch-bar into the lean-to and knocked a hole in the oil-can until I went to fill the lamps. As to why that cruel man went away: This morning we had a tiff, oh, the slightest leetle tiff! Then when your charming brother came

It was a sound I had been subconsciously awaiting. I saw Bill jerk his head back as the strings flipped his face. He continued to play, however, but the triumph had fled from the tone, and the long shifts he was forced to make gave to the music a somewhat wailing note.

"Sing choirs of angels,

Sing in exaltation,"

went sadly, and came to an abrupt close; for the door opened at last with a frosty cracking, and a wraith of frozen moisture hung suspended above the doorway.

Gradually, I made out a white blur, as though of a face pressed close to the door-post, and a faint sound came to me, at which I dropped my corner of the tent, and Sarah uttered an exclamation and swung from the sleigh.

"What is it?" asked Bill, who, down in the body of the sleigh, had neither seen nor heard.

"Someone—a woman—sobbing," I muttered.

Bill pulled the tent down over the open back and we waited together without speaking. Presently the canvas was pushed aside, and Sarah stooped in the opening.

"The lantern!" she said, briefly, and left us in the darkness.

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The Heart of Richard Verrell

By BRUCE GRAEME

What Has Happened So Far

All London was wondering who was the mysterious gentleman adventurer, known as Blackshirt, who wore while on his daring expeditions a black suit of evening clothes and a black silk shirt. On the eve of the wedding of Sir Allen Dunn's daughter, a beautiful string of pearls, her father's gift, mysteriously disappeared under the very eyes of Marshall, a retired superintendent of Scotland Yard C.I. Department, who had been especially called in to guard them. It was later proved that Blackshirt was no ordinary thief, but rather one who stole from the love of adventure. The valuable string was returned again to their place of safety in the large safe in the baronet's home, again under the eyes of Marshall.

Blackshirt was in reality Richard

Verrell, a novelist, who moved in London's elect social set. He was in search of plots for his novels. Following the disappearance of the pearls from Sir Allen Dunn's house he was called on the telephone by a lady. He was astounded to hear her call him by both his real name and that other by which he had puzzled the police for so long. Later at a dinner at which Sir Allen was telling of Blackshirt's exploits, McTavish declared that it would be impossible for Blackshirt to get into his house to steal anything of value, and if he did so that he, McTavish, would donate \$1,000 to a hospital. Blackshirt's mysterious lady of the telephone dared him to take McTavish at his word. Blackshirt by note accepted McTavish's challenge.

years, began his description of the electric detective.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, "I will inform you more fully of the plans I have made tonight for the capture of Blackshirt."

"First of all, I should explain that there is no one else in this house at the moment with the exception of we four who are in this room. In order that there should be no possible leakage I have sent away for the night everyone of the servants."

"Later, at any moment now, in fact, my sister Jean will join us. She is out visiting a friend."

"It is practically 10.30, so it's beginning to near the time when Blackshirt is likely to begin operations. Consequently, I shall now switch on the current which sets my detective on guard."

He rose from his chair, and, approaching the board, pressed down a small lever at the bottom right-hand side. Just above it one of the bulbs lit up.

McTavish continued. "This light, gentlemen, means that my detective is on guard."

"From this moment, until I switch off again, no one can move in any portion of this house, with the exception of this room itself, or even approach the grounds in which it stands, without every movement being registered on this board."

"You will see, gentlemen, if you come nearer, that a complete plan of the house, drawn to scale, is painted on the board. For instance, you see here the dining-room, and next to it the drawing-room, which, to my mind, is likely to be the ultimate destination of Blackshirt, it being in these two rooms that there are the most valuables. This line," he said, pointing to the board, "represents the northeast wall, and there you find two windows—here, and here. Just above them on this board you will notice two little bulbs. Should Blackshirt raise either one of these two windows the slightest portion of an inch, this light will glow. Just inside the window, and dotted all around the room, you will see there are other small globes. As Blackshirt walks about the room, so whichever portion he is in will cause the corresponding globe on this board to light up, and thus from this room we shall see exactly what Blackshirt is doing, from the very moment he sets foot inside."

"Moreover, the moment he is in he will find it impossible to get out, for I have only to touch this second switch here, when not only will every window and every door be automatically locked by special bolts which I have had put in, but from above there will be dropped a netting of fine wire, through which a powerful current will be playing, sufficiently strong to cause whoever touches this net to have an unpleasant shock. Therefore, beware, gentlemen. It is not, however, strong enough to cause any permanent harm, but merely to act as a deterrent to anybody attempting to force their way out of this house."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" congratulated Sir Austin.

Sir Allen was about to speak, but suddenly from the board there was a buzzing sound.

"That, gentlemen," explained McTavish, "means that someone is approaching this house."

The three visitors looked at each other, but McTavish, catching their significant glances, laughed.

"Do not get excited, gentlemen," he urged. "I have no doubt but that is Jean. However, keep your eye on the board."

The buzzing ceased, and suddenly one of the small lamps glowed.

"The front gate, gentlemen, as you will see. It must be Jean, for I scarcely imagine that Blackshirt would come quite so openly. See, whoever it is is now at the front door."

A second after he had spoken there was a knock at the door, and a peal at the electric bell.

"It is Jean. Excuse me, gentlemen, while I let her in."

He was only gone for a moment, and a few seconds later he ushered in his sister.

Later, when they were all settled once again, he turned to Jean. "We are all set up now, Jean, for the capture of Blackshirt. Within a few hours this elusive criminal will be safely handcuffed and on his way to jail; that is, of course, if he carries out his burglarious intentions. Maybe it was all bluff."

"I'm quite sure he will come," burst out Jean impulsively.

McTavish looked at his sister strangely. "Really, Jean, have you met this man that you are so certain of his movements?"

She colored. "Certainly not, Ronald. How could you suggest such a thing, but I have heard what Sir Allen and others have said about Blackshirt, and I'm quite sure he is a man who would carry out his promise, whatever happened. Besides, my woman's intuition tells me that he will come tonight."

"I am inclined to agree with Miss McTavish," confirmed Marshall. "I have met Blackshirt, though in disguise, just long enough to be impressed by his nerve and courage."

McTavish's eyes shone. "Well, then, if he comes he is as good as walking into prison."

Jean's face clouded over. "I think it is hateful, Ronald, the way you are trapping this man."

"Bah!" he sneered. "It will give me a lot of pleasure to capture him."

The others looked at him and mentally agreed.

The clock struck eleven.

"We will now await developments, gentlemen. They are liable to happen at any moment."

There was a dead silence in the room, broken only by the small crash of a falling log and the slight tie-toe of the clock on the mantelpiece. It would appear hopeless for Blackshirt to carry out his boast.

McTavish had made one mistake when talking to his visitors. He had said, "There is no one else in this house at the moment with the exception of we four who are in this room."

He was wrong. There was one other, and one who was but a matter of two yards from him when he said that, and that was Blackshirt himself.

Underneath the big table in McTavish's study, securely hidden from unsuspecting eyes by the big Eastern tablecloth, Blackshirt was enjoying himself immensely, especially as he had borrowed two or three cushions to lessen the hardness of the floor.

He was, as usual, dressed all in black, and hiding his face was a black mask. He wore no coat, only a soft black shirt and black tie, not unlike the Fascisti wear. His trousers belonged to an evening-dress suit; his feet were clad in silk socks and dancing pumps. This was so that he could, in the street, pass as a man about town, for he would wear a light-weight rain-proof which, upon entering whatever building it was he was about to rob, he would fold up into a small compact roll, which he could slip into a large pocket of his specially made trousers.

He had a reason for wearing all black, for this meant that when the occasion arose, as it had done several times in the past, and doubtless again would in the future, when it was necessary for him to make a quick retreat, he knew that he had only to dart into the black shadows of the night to be comparatively invisible to those who were on the lookout for him.

Two nights ago he had had no inkling of any possible plan for entering McTavish's house until it occurred to him that his time and labor would not be lost by having a rehearsal.

Therefore, unknown to McTavish or anyone of his servants, Blackshirt had entered and thoroughly explored the house. He had entered room after room, with the exception, of course, of the bedrooms, learning by heart the geography of each.

On penetrating the study in which he was at the moment, he had glimpsed the electric detective in the course of construction, and it needed little imagination for him to perceive his plan of action.

As he stood in that room that night the tiny pin-point of light from his electric torch had come to rest upon the large table, and Blackshirt had immediately been intrigued by the possibilities of this as a hiding-place. There and then he made up his project.

So it happened that as McTavish opened the door to the first of his guests, Sir Allen Dunn and Marshall, Blackshirt, who had climbed outside the study window, seizing this opportunity, snapped back the clasp of the window, and in another second was inside the room.

Replacing the window as he found it, he darted underneath the table, and here made himself comfortable, to await the time when he should put the second part of his scheme into motion.

He was still hazy as to what he should do next, but his intention was to give the men enough time to get sleepy and be off their guard, and then to spring out from underneath the table, seize something of value, and retire gracefully through the window, albeit quickly.

He had heard all the conversation which had taken place between the men and had smiled to himself, but when the clock struck eleven and McTavish had announced that events were liable to develop at any moment, he shook his head in silent negative. If he knew anything, nothing was going to happen for another couple of hours.

Then suddenly his face sobered, for McTavish was speaking again.

"Now, gentlemen, just to prove that I am taking positively no chance that Blackshirt should escape, I have laid in a store of armoury." He laughed harshly. "I have in my desk four revolvers, though doubtless you, Marshall, already have one."

The detective nodded and patted his hip pocket.

"In that case we shall not need all

Turn over to Page 49



"No, don't move, please, Mr. McTavish," said Blackshirt, sharply, "I have a few words to say."

FOUR men sat round a blazing log fire in McTavish's private study the following Thursday evening. There were besides McTavish himself, Sir Allen Dunn, Sir Austin Lavers, and Marshall.

It was a fairly large room, in the centre of which was a large square table, covered entirely by a magnificent tablecloth, which had obviously come from the East; on one side of the room was a large desk, littered with papers of all kinds. This was where McTavish did most of his business. Beside it stood a small safe of one of the latest designs.

Usually, on the other side of the room, the wall was concealed by a gorgeous piece of tapestry, for which McTavish had several times received offers of over four figures, but tonight this was not on view, for the wall was covered by a large white board, containing innumerable tiny electric bulbs. This was the instrument which McTavish called his "electric detective," and which was to be the means of capturing Blackshirt.

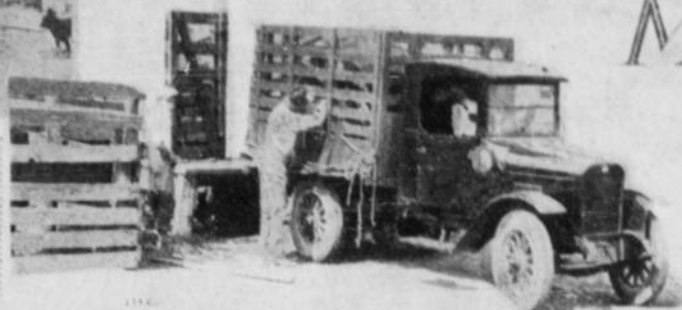
Sir Austin had just arrived, and Sir Allen and Marshall, who had been eyeing the board with considerable curiosity, had been compelled to wait for the full explanation of its capabilities until the last member of the quartette arrived.

Now that they were all present, McTavish, who was more than satisfied with the role he was playing tonight, and was probably in a better humor than he had been for many

The Farmer Goes to Market



Part of the Belgian policeman's duty is to see that the dairy farmers have not patronized the pump.



It looks as though this Greek grape farmer is up against a hard bargainer.



The old bull, having served his time on a Nebraska farm, finds his way to market. He is at least having the satisfaction of a ride de luxe.



Having disposed of his dates, this Mesopotamian farmer returns home with three bales of merchandise and a smile. His conveyance is made of reeds and pitch.

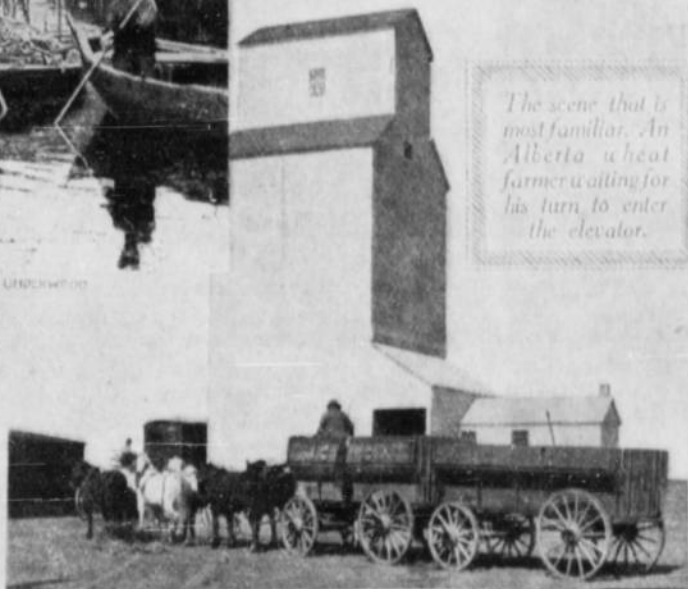


Sailors? No, farmers. They raise bulbs behind the protection of Holland's dykes, and this is their means of transport.

Like his forefathers for ages past, the Egyptian farmer depends on the camel for all draft purposes. This cotton is destined for the mills of Manchester.



The scene that is most familiar. An Alberta wheat farmer waiting for his turn to enter the elevator.



Count the oxen in this team. And every one of them is needed to get this load of cotton over the South Africanveldt.



The Philippino farmer makes a raft out of his coconut crop and floats it many miles to market.



This Cuban fruit farmer has stopped on the way to market for a drink of—well we'll say Coco-Cola.

The Magazine Tax Hearing

Some of the arguments presented before the Tariff Advisory Board

By R. J. DEACHMAN

TO a man with any sense of humor there is a good kick in fighting cases before the Tariff Advisory Board. I fight only upon one side. Not for worlds would I accept a case where the applicants sought to add a brick to the tariff wall now staggeringly high. Far be it from me in this to arrogate to myself any special virtue. I am not virtuous. I may, like Moses, drop the commandments and break them all at once, but never, never for my country's sake will I bring myself to defend protection!

The protectionists are a morbid group. Death is their main theme. They are poor no matter how rich they are. I have before me as I write copies of applications for increased tariffs from corporations which fairly ooze with fatness and dividends and bonuses and prosperity yet pleading for the blessed privilege, which they deem a right, of taxing the Canadian people for their special benefit. When the magazine makers had their ease before the board, one publisher said that he paid \$364,000 in taxes last year. Poor man! The chap who pays that much in taxes may be worrying where his next million is coming from, but he is in no trouble about a winter coat for his wife. It's the man without a coat for his wife I'm feeling for, or maybe it's the wife.

On with the Task

But let us get on with these advocates of a tax on magazines. They are a mild



450 Telegrams arrived protesting against the tax

lot. All they asked was a tax of ten cents a pound on magazines coming from the States, plus a few other restrictions that would make it harder to sell American publications. Under these conditions the Saturday Evening Post, which now retails for five cents, would sell in Canada for 30 cents a copy. The tariff, therefore, would increase the price 500 per cent. above the present selling price. Not too bad for a start! Eh, what? Of course, when the Post reached that level you would pay more for the Canadian magazines you bought and so the publishers might in the end get so rich that a tax bill of three or four hundred thousand dollars would not call for the wink of an eye.

The arguments advanced by the magazine publishers were astounding. Their first and, of course, their best was the claim that all their raw materials were taxed. Paper, ink, engravings, presses, even the buildings they are in cost more because of our present protective tariff. But not a word was said in favor of the removal of these barriers. The fact is that the magazine publishers are scared of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. When they meet these gentlemen their hearts flutter in their bedroom slippers. Instead of asking for the removal of duties which hamper them they asked for protection for themselves. It is bad form to make threats against the goose that lays the golden eggs, but it's a mighty fine thing to know where the nest is located. All the magazine publishers sought was to be dead sure of the golden eggs.

Then came the second line of attack. The publishers of magazines were anxious about our morals. They asserted that many magazines came in from the United States which were not fit for good young girls to read—the board now rests for a few minutes while the publishers hide their blushes! Then the story goes on. But why did they not mention the

British publications? Surely some of these are salacious. The English periodicals, however, do not compete very much with Canadian publishers. So they were silent on that matter. They were anxious that we should be saved from American salacity at so much per, while we were to be permitted to go to the devil by the English route because it did not pay them to save us. Nor did they have a word to say of the prurient stuff of France. The jingle of the pocket-book was the thing that really did stir their morals.

Tom Moore, representing the Trade and Labor Congress, also supported the tax. Of course, that is natural. Mr. Moore has always been the bosom friend of high protection. With the utmost solemnity he assured the commission that he supported the application subject, however, to this reservation: "That the minister of customs or the governor-general in council shall have power to exempt publications of a non-commercial character." Charming little joke that, isn't it? It would permit the admission of the organs of the Trade Unions without taxation. Protection, thy name is selfishness! Fortunately, however, all representatives of Labor in the House of Commons are free traders and the voice of Mr. Moore will not have much influence.

Our Boards of Trade

The publishers also read some resolutions by different Boards of Trade. A Board of Trade is primarily an organization formed for sticking a finger in things it knows nothing about. They are parochial in life, spirit and thought—that is if they ever think! George Bernard Shaw remarked one time that he thought this world was the lunatic asylum of other worlds and that Boards of Trade were the padded cells.

There was one other argument advanced that was perhaps a little sillier than the rest. They tried to tell the board that Canada was in a sorry state, a terrible condition, due, of course, to our failure to exclude American reading matter. Could the reading of even the worst of nonsense make worse reading than a statement like that? If industry is paralyzed as they asserted, would a change of reading matter help it?

Lift the Shades

Of course, there was a touch of light to these scenes of darkness. There were 450 telegrams from news dealers protesting against the tax. These boys know that increased prices check sales and hamper business. And there was one very cheering telegram from the editor of The Grain Growers' Guide. He stated without equivocation the exact trouble with the publishers. They were hampered by duties upon raw materials. The Guide did not ask permission to crawl upon anybody's back. It simply suggested that those who were now perched there should be good enough to get off and that, after all, is the real remedy.

The whole thing gets down to this. The publishing business in Canada is hit, and hit hard, by the tariff. It is not the only industry suffering from that medicine. Relief should be given. It can come in only one way. Take off the tariff on every raw material which enters into the making of a magazine or a newspaper. Freedom gives wings to expression. Brains and not tariffs produce literature. Many a time I have seen children cry for candy when they needed bran muffins. Even so with the publishers. When they want real help let them ask for it in the form of a reduction of duties and I only hope I may be there to stand along the side lines and cheer them on their way.



The real trouble with the Publishing Business



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THIRD TRAIN leave Winnipeg 4.30 p.m., December 2, to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Pennland," December 6, to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Antwerp.

FOURTH TRAIN leave Winnipeg 10 a.m., December 9, to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Letitia," December 12, to Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow.

FIFTH TRAIN leave Winnipeg 4.30 p.m., December 9, to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Baltic," December 13, to Queenstown, Liverpool.

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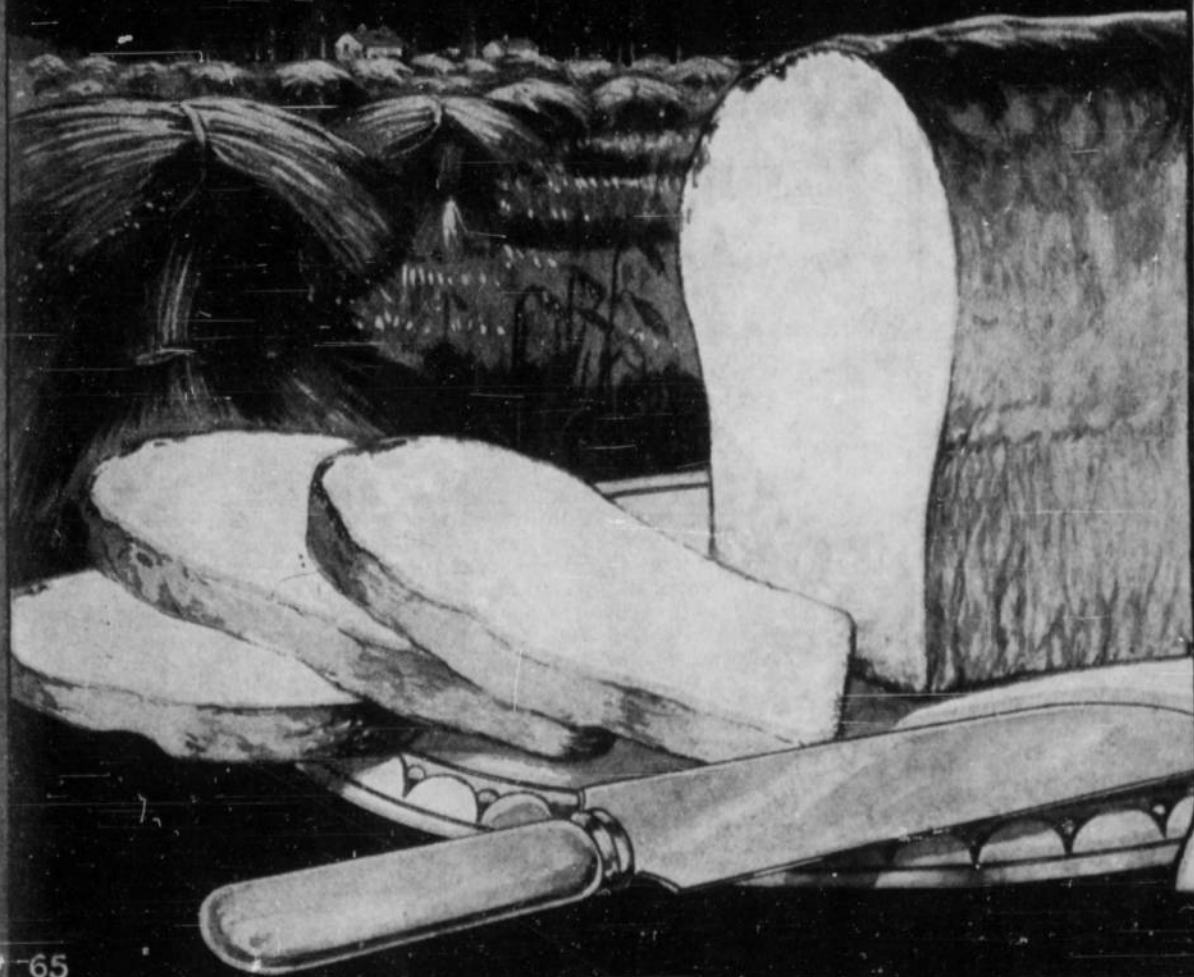
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Back East for Christmas

That was the plan of the Larkin family—It looked impossible until Jean found a way to cut the cost

By BERTHA BOWMAN

JEAN and Tom Larkin had planned a trip down East for Christmas—but when one lives in Vancouver, and "Down East" means Montreal; and when the cost for standard transportation, berths and meals for the round trip for two adults and two children comes to the appalling total of \$648.15—what is one to do? Particularly when two charming, white-haired grandparents change their oft-repeated "When are you coming home?" to "You simply must come home for Christmas. Remember, we have never seen Jack and Peggy."

Jean resolved that the trip must be accomplished; and the state of the family exchequer made it equally plain that, if there were to be any new clothes, any money for Christmas extras, that grand total of \$684.15 must be cut down somewhat—the more the merrier. Early in October Jean made enquiries of the local railway agent as to the various modes of travel, and the relative cost of each.

"Many people," explained the agent, "do not realize that they can travel just as comfortably and far more cheaply, tourist than standard. You realize, of course, that tourist and colonist trains are two separate things. Immigrants only travel colonist. Any agent of our company would be only too glad to give any of our patrons any information as to ways and means of travelling. Arrangements may be made from any of the small stations as well as from the large centres."

By a lucky chance, Jean was able to inspect a tourist section. Instead of the slat seats she had expected, she found comfortable upholstered seats; not the green plush of the standard coaches, to be sure, but a more sanitary, less dusty, leather upholstery.

Her questions elicited the information that the linen and bedding for the berths was of exactly the same quality as in the standard coaches; and the little accessories, such as hat bags, coat and suit hangers, free drinking cups, were also the same. Her inspection of the dressing rooms was highly satisfactory, showing exactly the same equipment of mirrors, hot and cold water, liquid soap, individual towels, etc., as were found in the standard section. But the part that captivated her most was the tiny kitchen at one end of the car. Here she found a stove, oven and refrigerator with sink and cupboard space.

"Why," she exclaimed, "one need not go into the diner at all!"

"No, madam," said her guide. "Many people bring all their food with them. On long trips, of course, you will have to renew your supply at towns along the way. Then, too, you can always have luncheon at some lunch counter or cafe in any town when the train stops long enough; or, you can order anything you wish brought to you from the diner."

"How splendid!" said Jean. "It was Peggy's milk that worried me most."

Her tour of the dining car kitchen proved her fears groundless; nowhere had she seen such shining immaculateness, nor such adequate refrigeration space and ice supply. Baby Peggy's pure milk and ice cream supply seemed assured.

"Many people provide their own breakfasts and teas," her guide explained; "and then have some special dish sent in from the diner or else get a satisfying noon meal at some lunch counter along the road. Of course," he added, "the food carried must be of good keeping quality, without strong odor; and, preferably, it should need little preparation."

"I wouldn't dream of bringing fish or onions," Jean laughed.

The relative costs of travelling standard or tourist proved interesting:

	Standard	Tourist
Two full fares and return	\$363.00	\$322.64
One half fare and return	90.75	40.68
Two lower berths and return	102.40	40.60
Meals for 12 days	108.00	27.00
Tips (waiters and porter)	20.00	5.00

Total \$684.15 435.32

Tourist travel showed an appreciable saving of \$248.83 or 36 per cent.—surely worth planning for.

Jean, of course, had to plan to carry the smallest number of utensils in the smallest space. She decided that one extra suitcase was all she could allow for utensils and food. This is what went into it:

A teapot, a small saucepan, a tin for sugar, four cups, two knives, two forks, four spoons, a bread knife, a can opener, two tea towels, a serving spoon, salt and pepper shakers, with paper inside to prevent contents sifting out, one white oilcloth table cover, 18-in. x 24-in.; one dozen paper plates, two dozen paper serviettes, one roll waxed paper.

With these utensils she packed: half-pound tea, one pound sugar, one roast chicken, one loaf bread, one pound butter, one tin marmalade, half-pound cheese, 1 package dates, one dozen oranges, one dozen bananas, one dozen eggs, three dozen cookies, one package Jell-O, two pounds cooked ham, one package three-minute rolled oats.

Jean was surprised to find the variety in meals permitted by this mode of travel. For their first breakfast, apples, three-minute rolled oats cooked in the tiny kitchenette, with milk from the diner, brown bread and butter with marmalade, and coffee for the grown-ups, milk for the junior members of the partnership, proved delightful. If she were making the trip during the summer, Jean thought, she would have strawberries instead of apples, and substitute shredded wheat or grape-nuts for the cooked cereal.

Dinner proved more satisfactory in the middle of the day. A typical dinner consisted of cold chicken, baked potato, cherry Jell-O, with bread and butter, cookies and tea. Tiny Peggy had a soft-cooked egg, instead of the chicken the others enjoyed; and both she and Jack preferred milk to tea. As summer variants, sliced tomatoes and celery or lettuce salad could be substituted for the baked potato.

For supper, a cream soup—either made or a canned soup heated—supplemented by cheese and crackers, oatcakes and jam, with coffee, proved a favorite. Peggy, of course, would eat no cheese.

Sometimes a dessert, like deep apple pie, ordered from the diner, proved a delightful addition to the supper; and an omelette served with potatoes scalloped in the kitchenette, was delicious.

Tom Larkin found that, one noon, the train stopped a full hour in one of the larger towns; and immediately he suggested lunch at the station lunch counter. The motion was carried unanimously.

These are only a few of the many menus easily prepared, that satisfactorily solved the food problem. The Larkin's total food bill was only one-fourth of the amount of a very conservative estimate of food served in the diner; and, in addition, the money that would have provided the waiter's tips, found a resting place in other more profitable goals.

Indeed, the Larkins found that the vacation which at one time had seemed a delightful impossibility, proved, through their use of facilities already provided, to be an even more delightful reality, and one more wonderful Christmas was added to the wealth of their memories.

The P.A.T.A. Movement

Organization for the control of prices in the drug business is being investigated

IN Great Britain they have had for 30 years an organization known as the Proprietary Articles Trade Association, known by its shorter name of P.A.T.A. This is an organization of those engaged in the drug business, manufacturers and wholesale and retail chemists, for the purpose of standardizing prices of such articles as patent drug preparations and doing away with price-cutting. Its moving spirit has been Sir William Glynn-Jones, until recently general secretary of the association.

Early last year Sir William, at the request of certain wholesale and retail druggists in Canada, made a tour of this country to explain the methods used by the British P.A.T.A. As a result a similar organization, with a similar name, was organized. The activities of the association have been investigated by F. A. McGregor, registrar of the Combines Investigation Act who, in a report published by the department of labor, gives it as his opinion that the organization is a combine within the meaning of the Act.

Some idea of the extent of the P.A.T.A. is given in the report which states that according to the latest records available, it is composed of 157 manufacturers, 28 wholesale druggists, counting the branches of one large concern as separate units, and 2,732 retail druggists or between 80 and 90 per cent. of the retail drug trade of Canada. Each manufacturer pays an annual fee of \$100 for the first article which he places on the P.A.T.A. list, and \$3.00 for each additional article. The wholesaler pays \$200 a year for each wholesale establishment operated and retailers \$5.00 annually for each store.

Agreements to Control Prices

On entering the association the manufacturer agrees as follows:

I agree not to sell any of the articles manufactured by me enjoying the protection of the association at prices other than those definitely quoted on the association list or accepted by the council of the association.

I agree not to supply any article on the association's list to any person, firm or corporation named by the council of the said association as either (1) selling any proprietary article enjoying the protection of the association below the stated minimum fair and reasonable prices or allowing a bonus or dividend on the sales, thereby reducing the prices charged below the said stated fair and reasonable price, or (2) supplying to any one who sells at less than such stated fair and reasonable prices.

The wholesaler signs the following agreement:

I agree not to sell any article on the list of the association below the minimum fair and reasonable prices (ex warehouse) to be fixed by the manufacturer with the approval of the association, which prices are not detrimental to the public, whether producers, consumers or others. I agree that the giving of any discount, rebate, bonus or concession in cash or kind off the above prices, either at the time of sale or subsequently, shall be treated as an infringement of the rules of the association.

I agree to withhold supplies of all goods so protected from any person, firm or society named by the secretary of the said association as selling any of them below the stated prices, or allowing bonus or dividend on sales, thereby reducing the prices charged below the said stated fair and reasonable prices, or in any other way attempting to injure the sales of any of them.

I understand that any breach of this agreement will involve the withholding from me all supplies of all articles protected through the agency of the said association.

I agree that when asked for an article on the list of the association I will not make any attempt to sell any other article in its place.

The retail agreement is as follows:

I agree not to sell any article on the list of the association below the minimum prices to be set by the manufacturer with the approval of the association.

I agree that when asked for an article on the list of the association I will not make any attempt to sell any other article in its place.

These are the undertakings or agreements, says the report, which it is alleged constitute a violation of the Combines Investigation Act.

Standard Margins Set

It is the object of the association to establish standard margins of profit for the wholesaler and retailer on all proprietary articles in the drug trade. These profits are to be 33 1/3 per cent. on the sales price for retailers and 16 2/3 per cent. for wholesalers. A reduction in the price of any article on the list will result in withholding of all articles on the list. No rebates or patronage dividends could be returned to purchasers under the arrangement. There is nothing to indicate that manufacturers could not sell direct to retailers, but savings thus effected could not be passed on to the consumer. Allowance is made for discounts to retailers up to 6 per cent. on purchases in quantity but such savings cannot be passed on to the purchaser. Reductions in price to clear out old or slow-moving stocks would not be permitted.



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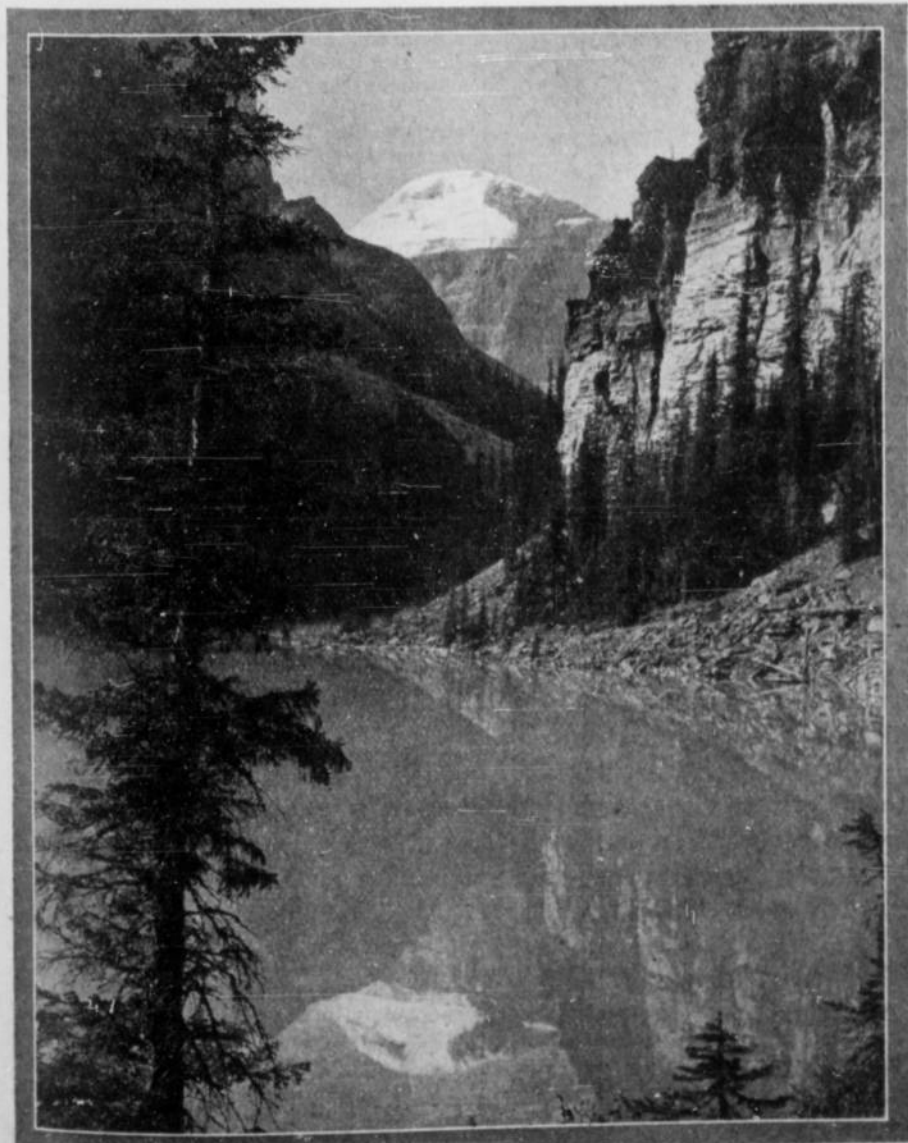
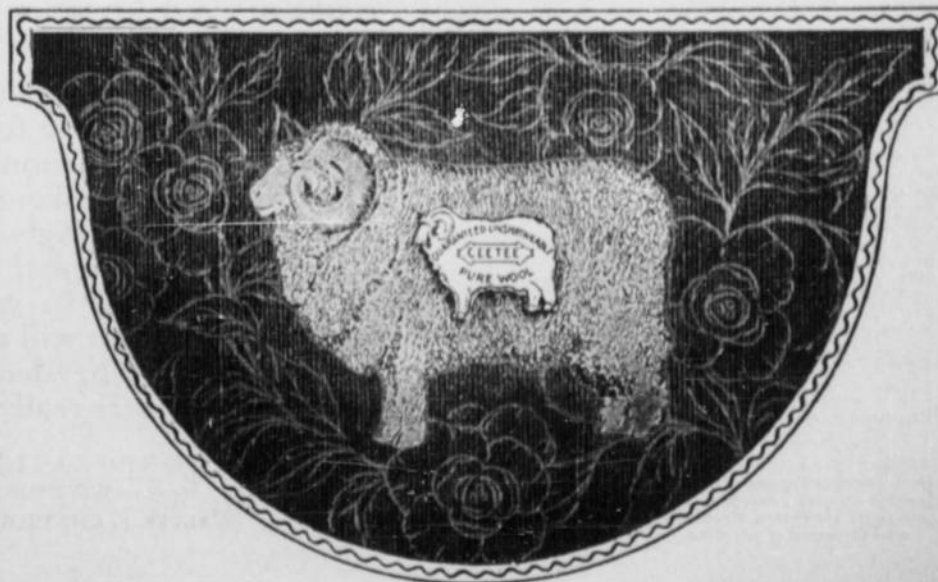
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WALTER P. CHRYSLER, Chairman of the Board

The Grain Growers' Guide

The association made no attempt at the reduction of the costs of manufacture or distribution by massing business in larger units as is done in the case of the formation of a merger. In fact, by establishing margins for retailers at the comfortable spread of 33½ per cent. the result would be to increase the number of such establishments. There are in Canada, with one-fifth of the population of Great Britain, about one-third as many drug stores as there are in the British Isles. We have now a drug store to every 2,624 people, compared with one for every 3,227 people in 1908, and one to every 4,500 people in Great Britain. That many of them find it hard to operate at a living profit is doubtless due to there being too many of them rather than to too narrow margins of profit. By widening the margins of gross profit and guaranteeing them the result would be to increase the number of establishments, and therefore, the number of persons among whom the profits of the drug business has to be divided. The result would, in all probability, be that on the whole the retail end of the business would not be materially helped and that the consumers as a whole would pay more for their supplies. The report states: "... the Proprietary Articles Trade Association proposes a rigid system of price-fixing and price maintenance which would keep trade to the traditional channels of 'manufacturer to wholesaler to retailer to consumer,' compel all dealers to charge the same prices regardless of variations in their operating costs, prevent the public securing full advantage of such improved methods as have developed, and render useless, if not impossible, further experimenting which might result in reducing the admittedly excessive costs of modern distribution."

Retailers Have a Great Grievance

The small retailer has undoubtedly a just grievance in that some large concerns, handling proprietary drug articles as only one line of a wide range of goods, cut prices to attract trade to their store, making up in other departments what is lost on the cut prices. It appears that cut prices on patent drug preparations are widely used to attract business in this manner. Furthermore, there are such devices as the one-cent sale in which two packages of a preparation are sold for the price of one plus one cent; and the two-for-one sale in which two packages are sold for the price of one. Such wide price departures, though they may be welcomed by consumers, and especially bargain hunters, are with justification resented by the small trader who endeavors to give good service at a reasonable profit, and it is no doubt due to such cut-price methods that the P.A.T.A. movement has chiefly been instituted.

In the Old Country there has been a struggle for many years between the co-operative stores and the P.A.T.A. over the question of patronage dividends on articles listed with the association. The stores found themselves interdicted from distributing their profits according to purchases on the pain of having their supplies of well-known and widely used articles cut off.

The report of the registrar of the Combines Investigation Act is distinctly unfavorable to the P.A.T.A. Officials of the organization claim that they have not had a fair chance to present their side of the case. The matter is in the hands of the department of labor, and on November 8, Hon. Peter Heenan issued the following statement:

"The statement I have received from the Proprietary Articles Trade Association—the alleged combine in the drug trade—is substantially an assertion of their claim that prior to the issuance of the Registrar's interim report they did not have the full opportunity which is contemplated by the Combines Investigation Act to present their side of the case. Accordingly, they appeal for further enquiry by a Commissioner or Commissioners to be appointed under the Combines Investigation Act."

"I am satisfied that the report of the registrar was made only after full consideration of both sides of the case. The druggists' organization express doubt on this point. I hesitate to incur further delay, but, rather than take any course which could be considered as in any way unfair to the trade, I would give them the benefit of the doubt. Accordingly, in order to provide the P.A.T.A. with the fullest opportunity for the formal presentation of their case, I have decided to arrange for the appointment of a commissioner for this purpose, and for the completion of the enquiry."

Cozy Cushions

They would make attractive gifts or added touches of beauty in the home.

By JEAN E. SOUTH



of cotton while richer fabrics can be used with mohair, velvet or damask.

Cushions may vary in size and shape, but the most popular shapes are the square, the round, the oblong and the bolster roll. Of these the first two are prime favorites as they fit in so many odd corners, where the bolster or oblong would be too long. Who has not experienced at some time the discomfort of a small chair with a large cushion? An oval cushion is not so easily placed and the triangular shape is unusual but fits in some chairs better than any other shape or can hang on a high-backed chair to fill a hollow.

For general purposes my advice is to keep your cushions small, about 18 or 20 inches is a useful size for the square or round shape; the bolster roll is often made to fit some definite place, but a good size is 18 inches circumference by 20 inches long.

In covering any of the pillows, cut the material at least one inch smaller all round, making two inches in any width. This will ensure a tight cover which will look better and wear better than one that is loose fitting.

Cushions on couches may be any size or shape and a long davenport may have

NEVER has the cushion enjoyed such popularity as it does today, besides being a splendid adjunct to comfort it is a potent factor in creating beauty and in adding to the livable quality in a room.

There never are enough cushions to satisfy our demand for comfort; no matter how many we possess, there is a desire for one more, for—cannot they be used in every room? except perhaps the dining-room, and even there they sometimes find a place on a window seat.

But they must not be over-trimmed with fringes or frills, if they are to suggest the comfort we crave; we must be able to tuck one under an elbow or into a corner without fear of spoiling. At the same time cushions can furnish infinite possibilities in assisting the color scheme. There is no better way of obtaining just the needed color—a bright accent or a darker hue—than by covering a cushion in the desired tone, but too often we see cushions that are made or acquired without taking into account the type of decoration or the dominating colors in a room, and for this reason the color should be the first consideration in choosing the cushion cover.

Take, for instance, a room with brown predominating and with yellow, orange, tan or buff, it seems to need the addition of a cool color, such as blue or blue-green, and how easy to introduce it in the cushions! But it is sometimes hard to decide on the exact shade and it is always advisable to experiment or try out different hues or tones of the color in the room.

When cretonne is used for draperies or slip cover it is a good plan to choose some of the colors appearing in the design and cover cushions in solid colors to match. If the exact shade cannot be obtained it is possible to dye a piece of light-colored or faded material the required color. A black cushion is very effective in most color combinations as it serves to set off those near it. It can be perfectly plain or have a design embroidered in gold or gay colored silks, or it can be appliqued in gorgeous colors of the same fabric. The black cushion is easily cared for and practical and economical as well as being decorative.

The materials used for pillows should have a certain relationship to the upholstery and draperies. This does not mean that only cotton material should be used with cretonne. Some cretonnes are so rich in color as to invite the association of richer materials and there are many mercerized sunfast draperies that are well suited to be used with velour or mohair, but a certain similarity in fabric should exist. Linen, sateen, plain or striped cotton materials are preferable when the draperies and upholsteries are



many cushions, but for the ordinary sized couch three or four are usually enough—a long narrow one in the centre and a smaller one at each end.

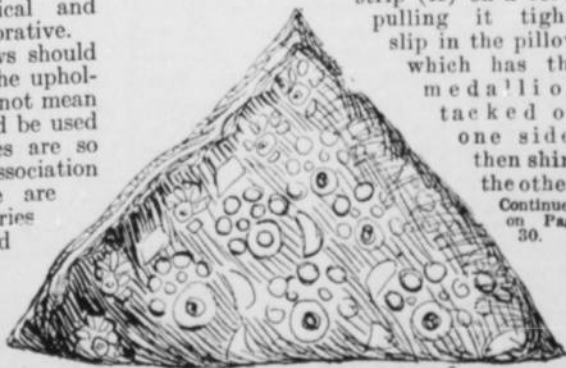
At present our cushions are mostly in plain colors with one or two embroidered to vary the monotony. We all aspire to have one worked in cross-stitch or needle point, which is much in favor nowadays and is a revival of the art of our grandmothers.

This is worked in wool or Penelope canvas (formerly called Railroad), eight or ten meshes to the inch, and as the mesh is coarse the work progresses rapidly.

Designs can be obtained which are easily copied and when worked the background is filled in with soft blue, dull green, brown or black, according to the colors in the room. If velvet or broadcloth is preferred for a background, baste the canvas carefully in place and work the design with wools; when complete pull out the canvas threads one by one. Another charming cushion is on black farmers' sateen and is round, about 18 inches. A circular floral design is stamped and worked in gay colors, using mercerized cottons or silks. If the design is small it can be used as a medallion on one side, the rest of the cushion being covered by shirred material. This is easily done. Cut two long strips of the material 12 inches longer than the circumference, one (A) a little wider than half the radius of the pillow and the other (B) an inch or two wider than the distance from the edge of the cushion to the edge of the medallion, the extra width to allow for finishing. Seam the two together lengthwise on a piping cord for the outer edge of pillow and seam up the short ends.

Shirr the lengthwise edge of the first strip (A) on a cord, pulling it tight, slip in the pillow which has the medallion tacked on one side, then shirr the other

Continued on Page 30.



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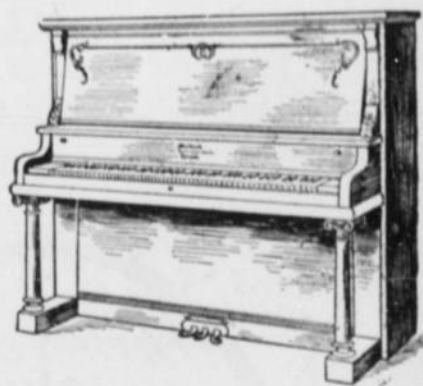
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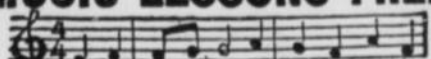
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Housekeeping in the '80s

Some reminiscences of a pioneer farm Woman

By MARY H. GRASSICK

THE housekeeping of today is a very different proposition to that of the '80s. When we think of the labor-saving devices of now and of the work done then without them, we feel that the task today should be light indeed, yet we hear more complaining of women being overworked now than we did in those early days. Then, instead of the present day easily-cleaned linoleum or oiled floor, there was an unpainted board one to scrub, and instead of running the milk through the cream separator there was an array of crocks to keep, or a heavy milk can to draw from the depths of the well.

In trying to compare the housekeeping of today with that of the '80s I asked an old lady who had lived through those early days as a pioneer on a bush farm in Southern Manitoba, which of the present day helps she considered the greatest boon to the housekeeper. Her answer staggered me. Without a moment's hesitation she replied "the yeast cake."

"How do you make that out?" I asked, and then settled down to listen, for I knew a story was coming.

"The preparation of meals is, after all, the major part of the housewife's work, especially on the farm," she began, "and perhaps the most important part of the cooking is the bread-making. Before the advent of the yeast cake, liquid yeast was used.

There was always a danger of this becoming sour, as for each successive batch of yeast a cupful of the previous batch was kept to be used as a starter.

When going in to our homestead I procured a cupful of yeast at the last stopping place, some 20 miles from our home that was to be. This served as a starter for yeast when we reached the shanty. I was most careful of my yeast in the succeeding weeks, keeping it as cool as possible, but in July and August the heat was extreme. There was, of course, no cellar under our sod-roofed shanty. Upon preparing to make bread one night I found to my dismay that my yeast was sour. When we had moved out to the homestead in April, our nearest neighbor was many miles away, but in July two new settlers had come into the district, so my first thought was that I might be able to get fresh yeast from one of them. I walked a mile through the bush to Mrs. A's, only to find that she too was in the same predicament as I. Her yeast had also gone sour. I decided to go on to the other new neighbor, a mile further on, but before I reached there I met her on her way to borrow yeast from Mrs. A., as her's too was sour. What a boon a box of yeast cakes would have been then! What did we do? For weeks we could make only sour bread. Each succeeding baking was sourer than the one before it, so finally we began making scones and biscuits with soda and sour milk, or if milk was lacking, flour and water was allowed to sour and used in-

stead of it, but it was a poor substitute. When at last one of our number went to the nearest town we procured a pint of fresh yeast from some one there, thus giving us a fresh start.

"It seems strange to think of so small an article as a cake of compressed yeast meaning so much to us, but in looking back it was the lack of seemingly small things that made life hard sometimes, and the work of manufacturing them in the home added much to the work of the housewife. For instance, as soon as we had a

few cows, home-made cheese made an appetizing and valuable addition to the menu. It was usually made of skimmed milk, and the making entailed a good deal of work. The press was a very primitive one, just a heavy stone attached to the end of a long pole, the other end being made stationary, but to get rennet to make the curd was a stickler at first. Today, we can get prepared rennet at any drug store, but to get it then we would have to send for it hundreds of miles, and besides it would cost money, which in those days was as scarce as hen's teeth, so the rennet was prepared at home. A calf's stomach was procured and the lining salted and dried. A piece of this was soaked in water and the water was used as rennet, but it not always happened that a calf could be spared, so when poultry was killed in the fall the rough lining

of the gizzards of turkeys and other fowl was cleaned and cured, and served the purpose of making cheese quite as well.

"As today, the farm produce such as butter and eggs was taken to the store to be exchanged for groceries, etc., but the price allowed for the produce was pitifully small, while that asked for the goods given in exchange was exorbitant. Eggs we have sold as low as six cents per dozen, while 10 or 12 cents per dozen was considered a good price. Butter brought eight to 10 cents per pound. For instance, it would take three or four pounds of butter to pay for a pound of laundry starch, consequently, we made the starch. In the fall, pails and pails of potatoes were washed and peeled. A grater was made by punching holes in the bottom of an old tin pan. The punching was done from the inside, thus making it rough on the outer surface. Upon this potatoes were grated and allowed to drop into water. The potatoes and water were stirred a few minutes then strained through a coarse cloth. The water was then left standing for a few hours when the starch would have settled to the bottom of the dish. The water was then poured off and the starch allowed to dry. It made an excellent laundry starch, but we never cared for it in puddings.

"Although the preparation of meals was the major part of the housewife's work, the planning and making of clothes was no small part of the pioneer mother's work. Footwear was



A story of prairie progress is told in these three houses of William Grassick. The upper illustration shows the 12 x 14-foot log shack with sod roof, built in 1883, the first farm dwelling to be erected in that district near Pilot Mound. In 1886, a log house with a shingled roof replaced the shack. In 1903, Mr. Grassick built his present roomy, comfortable house, shown in the lower picture.

perhaps, the greatest problem. The winter footwear of moccasins for outside wear often made of home-tanned leather, and slippers made of cloth for the house were easily provided, but adequate footwear for the wet weather of spring and autumn was a real problem to face.

"Hats and caps were more easily provided. In the winter caps made of skins (home tanned) or of cloth, provided ample protection, and as soon as threshing was finished in the fall preparations were made for the spring millinery. The mother and girls went to the straw-pile and picked out of it great bunches of smooth, even, unbroken straws. These were then sorted over carefully and the finest and best colored ones made into separate bundles. During the winter evenings yards and yards of braid were plaited from them which was later sewn into hats. There was not much variety in the shapes, but the braid made from the finer straws was a little more carefully sewn and were afterwards bleached in sulphur frames, this making a little distinction between everyday and Sunday best hats.

"The mothers who had daughters to dress were often sorely put to it for clothes for them in those days. For instance, word was handed around that the preacher was going to hold a service in a nearby house. At once the thought came to a mother's mind that Jennie, the youngest daughter, had not a respectable dress to wear. This one she now had had been worn in turn by each of the older girls until they had outgrown it, and now it was not only too small for Jennie but it was worn out.

With the aid of one of the older girls, a box was dragged from beneath the bedstead, which place, by the way, was the only store room the little shanty afforded. The supply of bedding was kept in that box, so she looked over the blankets carefully, holding each one up between her eyes and the light. Finally, she came to one which was decidedly thin in the centre. This she laid aside and the box was replaced. With scissors and pattern she started and carefully avoiding the thin parts a dress was cut from the outer part of the blanket and neatly made up. There was still one question of what color it could be dyed to settle. Even then there were many commercial dyes on the market but indigo blue and magenta were the cheapest, consequently the most frequently used. In this case magenta was chosen. Jennie, now grown to womanhood, has since had many handsome gowns, but it is doubtful if she has ever felt prouder or better dressed than she did that night as she trudged along with the rest of the family, wearing her magenta dress."

I Smell Christmas

By Jean Blewett

I can see her in the kitchen, apron on and sleeves rolled up,
Measuring spices in a teaspoon, figs and raisins in a cup.
Now she's throwing apple quarters in that wooden bowl of hers,
'Long with lemon peel and orange, an' she stirs, an' stirs, an' stirs.

Then she takes her knife an' chops it, chops so fast her hand just flies;
Now I know what Ma is up to—making mincemeat for the pies.
I smell Christmas in our kitchen, an' my heart gets big an' glad,
Then, somehow, I fall to wishing that I wasn't quite so bad.

An' I wis—an' wish—I'd always done the very thing I should;
With the gladness comes the longin'—O, to be just awful good!
'Round this time of year it takes me; Pa, he doesn't understand,
Laughs and says: "You sly one, Bobby, you know Christmas is at hand."
But it isn't that; it's something—can't explain it very well—
Takes me when Ma fills the kitchen with this juicy Christmas smell,
When she chops the spice and raisins with the peel and Northern Spices,
Sleeves rolled up above her elbow, making mincemeat for the pies.



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Gift Ideas

A few suggestions for inexpensive Christmas gifts which may be made at home

By ELEANOR G. McFADDEN

WITH a long Christmas gift list, dollar bills must be stretched to the limit of their elasticity. Something must be provided for everyone—and that "something" must be appropriate, attractive—and not too costly. Many useful and altogether lovely gifts can be made at home with the expenditure of very little time, energy or money. Perhaps the following suggestions will serve you in case you need help with your Christmas problems.

Bags are always popular. They can be

pretty designs can be made by skipping certain stitches, and by using different colored yarns. A zig-zag, or diamond-shaped pattern is very effective. When the darning is complete, make up the bag, lining it with a colored sateen to match the wool used, and decorate the handles with blanket stitch.

Laundry bags of any kind make an acceptable and inexpensive gift, but a bag which is a little unusual is the kind one likes to give, or to receive. A little lady bag is very pretty. The bag itself

may be made of a gay chintz, or a plain material such as repp or cotton poplin. Round the corners at the bottom a little, and shape the sides slightly "peg top," but allow plenty of material to be pleated in at the



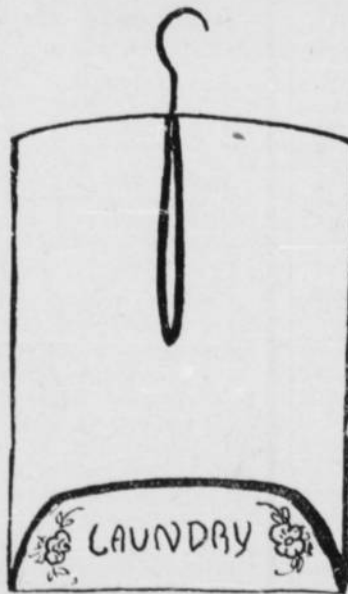
A Book Carrier

made in an infinite variety of shapes, colors and materials—and put to an infinite variety of uses. A marble bag will please the small boy, the debutante will delight in the vanity bag, and the practical housewife would like a knitting bag, a shopping bag, or a laundry bag.

To make an attractive fancy bag for carrying a small bit of work to teas, etc., use black taffeta, or perhaps a blue and gold shot taffeta. Your scrap bag may contain a pretty bright taffeta, or soft satin for lining. Cut two pieces of the silk about 8 x 10 inches. Round off the corners which will form the bottom of the bag. Turn the edges of the taffeta in all around, and baste. Sew a piece of bronze lace (about an inch wide) between the two sides of the bag, letting it extend out beyond the edge. An inch hem is made at the top, and the lace is sewed around the top of the hem. The lining is made to fit, and is stitched in place. Then run a cord through a heading made about an inch from the top. The bag is quite pretty now, but it would be much

more attractive if some bright taffeta flowers were sewed on one side. A little bunch of French flowers, in soft harmonizing colors would be equally good. Evening bags of moire ribbon, or, in fact, almost any heavy silk in a lovely color would delight the heart of a young girl. Let a small, round mirror (the kind that comes in leather handbags) form the bottom. Cut a piece of silk about half-an-inch larger all around, turn in the edges and run two gathering threads close together around the edge. Slip the mirror in, and pull up these threads, so that the back of the mirror is covered. The mirror forms the bottom of the bag, the glass being on the outside. Join the wide ribbon with a narrow French seam, and gather the bottom of it. Sew the gathered part to the sides of the mirror, distributing the gathers as evenly as possible. Make a heading at the top, and run a baby ribbon, or small cord in to draw up the bag. The bag may be trimmed with French flowers, gilt lace, or a little fluffy ostrich feather trimming.

A very different type of bag is made from dish cloths. These may be obtained for 15 cents at the Fifteen-cent store, or most any departmental store. They have a coarse mesh, and some have a blue or red border at either end. The cloth is wide enough to cut off a strip to be used for handles. To make the bag, darn through the mesh, using colored wool. Very



Another Practical Bag

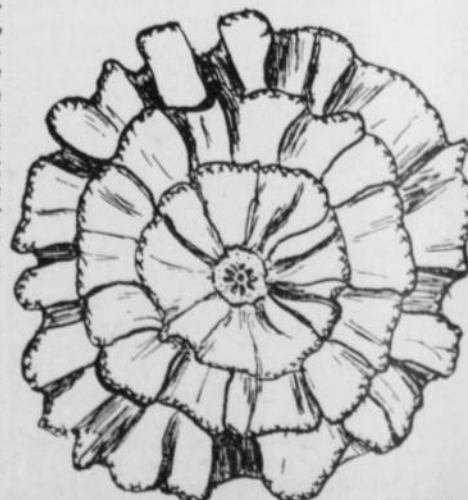
If one is handy with a fret saw, and with the paint brush, a pretty little lady could be cut from beaverboard, or wood. The bag would then form her skirt, and she might be even more attractive than the rag doll, depending, of course, on the ability of the artist.

Another handy laundry bag is the kind that slips over the coat-hanger (see illustration). The soiled clothes are inserted through the slit, and taken out by unsnapping the fold at the bottom. The bag may be made of chintz, but they are even prettier if made of linen or unbleached cotton, bound with colored bias binding, and embroidered in pretty colors on the fold at the bottom.

The woman who can crochet can make a very attractive hanger in a short time. The ordinary wooden coat-hanger has a jacket crocheted for it, using colored mercerized cotton, and a treble crochet stitch. Wrap the handle with colored ribbon to match, and sew a ribbon rosette where the handle joins the wood. The jacket may be crocheted in a flat piece, and sewed together along the top of the hanger, or it can be made



A Gay Laundry Bag



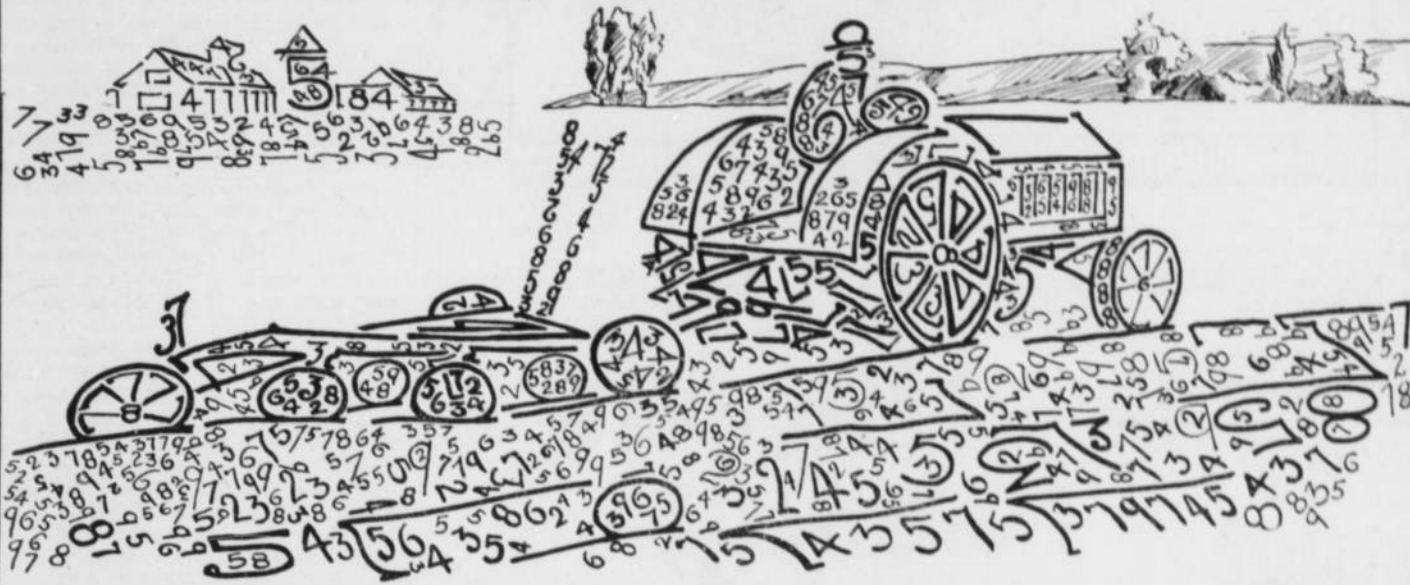
Boudoir Cushions Are Fashionable Now



An Exceptional and Amazing Opportunity to Win Your Choice of these

AUTOMOBILES FREE

How Many Furrows In This Field?



THE PROBLEM?

The problem is to find the sum total of all the figures which, when added together, represent the total number of furrows in this field. Every figure is complete and the drawing is entirely free from tricks and illusions, but like a lot of other things, it is not as easy as it looks. The figures range from two to nine, each standing alone, thus two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine. There are no ones or eights in the chart. The tops of the sixes are curved and opened, while the bottoms of the nines are straight and closed. By looking at any figure carefully you can easily tell what it is. However, to pick out all the figures and add them together correctly is a task which requires both patience and skill. This is one of the most attractive figure puzzles that has ever been produced and it would be worth while to solve it even though no prizes were offered. In the event that no one obtains the exact answer, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solution. Accuracy and patience are the main factors for arriving at the correct or nearest correct count. Those who display these qualifications to the best advantage will solve the puzzle best.

We wish to have it clearly understood that there are no figures in any part of the background, such as the sky, trees, hills, etc. No part of the background is made of figures. There is no trick in this puzzle. Every figure can be plainly seen.

Remember, each figure must be added separately. For example: 379745 is to be counted as 3 plus 7 plus 9 plus 7 plus 4 plus 5, total 35, and it is NOT Three Hundred and Seventy-Nine Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty-Five. In other words simply add them as you would if each figure stood one above the other in a single column.

228 FREE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE

\$2,200 Hupmobile Six-Cylinder Sedan. To qualify contestant must send in \$10 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,700 Hudson Super-Six Coach. To qualify contestant must send in \$7.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,675 Oakland Six-Cylinder Touring Car. To qualify contestant must send in \$6.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,595 Chandler Six-Cylinder Sedan. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,275 Star Four-Cylinder Sedan. To qualify contestant must send in \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,175 Chrysler Four-Cylinder Coupe. To qualify contestant must send in \$3.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,115 Star Four-Cylinder Coach. To qualify contestant must send in \$2.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$1,065 Essex Six-Cylinder Coach. To qualify contestant must send in a \$1.00 subscription.

SECOND PRIZE

\$1,065 Essex Six-Cylinder Coach. To qualify contestant must send in \$10 worth of subscriptions.
\$815 Chevrolet Four-Cylinder Touring Car. To qualify contestant must send in \$6.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$630 Fordson Tractor. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$585 Ford Touring Car. To qualify contestant must send in \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$650 Starr Player-Piano. To qualify contestant must send in a \$1.00 subscription.

THIRD PRIZE

\$630 Fordson Tractor. To qualify contestant must send in \$10 worth of subscriptions.
\$585 Ford Touring Car. To qualify contestant must send in \$7.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$650 Starr Player-Piano. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 worth of subscriptions.
\$300 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in a \$1.00 subscription.

FOURTH PRIZE

\$650 Starr Player-Piano. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$250 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in either \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

FIFTH PRIZE

\$200 Cash. To qualify contestant must turn in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$150 Cash. To qualify contestant must turn in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

SIXTH PRIZE

\$150 Cash. To qualify contestant must turn in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$125 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

SEVENTH PRIZE

\$125 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$100 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

EIGHTH PRIZE

\$100 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$75 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

NINTH PRIZE

\$75 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$50 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

TENTH PRIZE

\$50 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$5.00 or more in subscriptions.
\$25 Cash. To qualify contestant must send in \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 or \$4.00 worth of subscriptions.

Next Twenty Prizes \$20 Each
Next Forty Prizes \$10.00 Each
Next Forty Prizes \$5.00 Each
Next Forty Prizes \$3.00 Each

GENERAL RULES

The contest is open to any person who lives in Canada west of Port Arthur, Ontario, except employees of or those connected with the SASKATCHEWAN FARMER.

Additional puzzle charts on a good grade of paper may be obtained by writing to this office.

Every figure in this picture is complete and the drawing is entirely free from tricks and illusions. If any contestant is in doubt, however, about a figure the contest department will be glad to give a ruling on it. Put a circle around the figure and send the marked chart with your letter.

When you have solved the puzzle put your answer on the coupon and remittance blank. Fill it out carefully and send not less than a dollar (\$1.00) as an entrance fee to the contest and also as a three-year subscription to The Saskatchewan Farmer. \$2.00 entitles you to a seven-year subscription. Renewal subscriptions count the same as new and will be extended from the day the present subscription expires.

Be sure the full amount of the subscription price is sent direct to the Contest Department of The Saskatchewan Farmer.

The contest will close February 15th, but send in your solution as soon as possible, as there are 26 Special Prizes for early solution senders. See "Special Prizes."

Everyone has an equal opportunity. You can win the first prize, an Essex Coach, on a dollar subscription, but note that the value of the first ten prizes increases if you send in more money. (See Prize List.) Aim to win the maximum value of the Grand Prize. Either new or renewal subscriptions collected from friends or neighbors are accepted and the amount will be applied to your answer. At the amazingly low cost of \$1.00 for three years, you can easily persuade a friend or neighbor to subscribe to our journal.

You can submit as many answers as you wish, providing each answer is accompanied by a cash subscription for \$1.00 or more, but if one of your answers is correct the money sent in with your other answers will not increase the value of the prize won by the winning answer.

Don't send an answer unless you send a subscription (see Rule 4). Readers who give their subscriptions to some other contestant and later on want to send in their own answer themselves, may do so, providing they write on the coupon the name of the person they paid their subscriptions to, also the amount paid. No further payment is necessary.

Not more than one person in any household can win more than one regular prize.

In case of a tie for any prize, a second puzzle will be presented which will be as practicable and as solvable as the first. Only those tied for a prize will be permitted to solve Puzzle Number Two. Should two or more persons be tied for any prize, that prize and as many prizes following as there are persons tied will be reserved for them before any prizes will be awarded for less correct solutions.

The Contest Department of The Saskatchewan Farmer, Regina, Sask., reserves the right to alter the rules and regulations for the protection of the contestants or The Saskatchewan Farmer to refund subscriptions and disqualify any competitors whom they consider undesirable, and to finally decide all questions which may arise.

A Tip on How to Win

Take a pencil and put down the numbers as you stroke them out, then add them up. We would suggest that you cut the chart into dozens of pieces, then check them from all sides, or if you wish, try blotting them out with colored ink or pencil. Some think the best way is to pick out all the two's, three's, four's, etc. Any that are missed the first time are found later.

26 - SPECIAL PRIZES - 26

For solutions sent in before December 13th. To encourage contestants to send in their solutions as soon as they have finished them, we have decided to give Twenty-Six Additional Prizes.

The one that has sent in the first correct or nearest correct answer of the puzzle to the contest office, on or before December 13th, will receive a special prize of \$20.

The person sending in the second correct or nearest correct answer on or before December 13th, will receive a special prize of \$10.

The next four persons sending in the correct or nearest correct answer on or before December 13th, will receive a special prize of \$5.00 each.

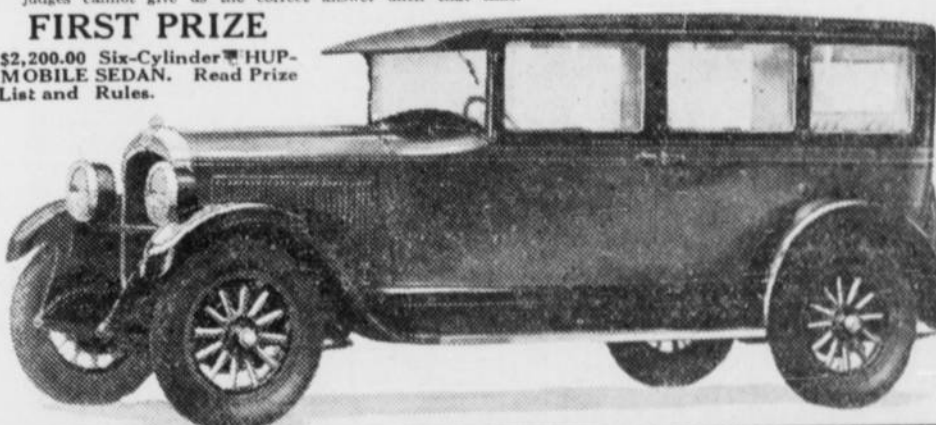
The next ten persons sending in the correct or nearest correct answer on or before December 13th, will receive a special prize of \$3.00 each.

The next ten persons sending in the correct or nearest correct answer on or before December 13th will receive a special prize of \$2.00 each.

The winning of Special Prize does not interfere in any way with your winning one of the other prizes. However, winners of the Special Prizes will not be announced until the contest closes, because the judges cannot give us the correct answer until that time.

FIRST PRIZE

\$2,200.00 Six-Cylinder HUPMOBILE SEDAN. Read Prize List and Rules.



No One Knows Correct Answer

To make sure that no one knew the exact or correct answer to the problem or how many furrows in the field, Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Premier of Saskatchewan, and Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Minister of Agriculture, kindly consented to erase one or more figures from the puzzle chart. This was done at different times, consequently no one knows just what numbers were taken out. Notes of these figures were made by Hon. J. G. Gardiner and Hon. C. M. Hamilton, sealed and placed in a safety deposit box, where they will remain until after the close of the contest. Bear in mind that the Puzzle Contest Department knew the correct answer before some of the figures were erased. After the contest is over the Contest Department will be informed just what numbers were erased. These numbers will be subtracted from the original correct answer, thus giving the present correct answer.

SOLUTION AND REMITTANCE BLANKS TO BE SENT IN BY CONTESTANTS

THE SASKATCHEWAN FARMER.

My answer to the problem is _____ furrows in the field. Please place the sum of \$ _____ to my credit, and if this is a winning answer send the prize to:

NAME	P.O.	Prev.
Name _____	Address _____	\$ _____
Name _____	Address _____	\$ _____
Name _____	Address _____	\$ _____
Name _____	Address _____	\$ _____

If you have sent in any money or any previous answer to this puzzle give date _____ amount, \$ _____ and answer _____ sent in.

IMPORTANT—Be sure to answer all questions.

Address communications to The Contest Department, care of:

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1.00 for three years.
\$2.00 for seven years.

Put additional Names and Addresses on separate sheet

The Saskatchewan Farmer
"SASKATCHEWAN'S ONLY FARM MAGAZINE"
Regina, Sask.

SEND FOR EXTRA CHARTS

Note—If your subscription has been sent in by another contestant, you must give his name and address below.

PLEASE PRINT ALL NAMES AND ADDRESSES

G.G.G.



DINGMAN'S IDEAL BLUE

Save the Wrappers

MAKE WHITE CLOTHES WHITER WITH IDEAL BLUE

Pugsley Dingman & Company Ltd.
149 NOTRE DAME AVENUE EAST, WINNIPEG
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



Warmth in these fleece lined bloomers

TWO or three pairs of Penmans comfortable fleece-lined bloomers are indispensable in bitter winter months. They are warm and exceptionally roomy—protecting the body from waist to knee. A practical garment—good looking and very reasonably priced.

Penmans Fleece-Lined Bloomers are made in many shades and sizes for women and children. Your dealer will supply you

Penmans

102

The Grain Growers' Guide

circular in two pieces, pulled on at each end of the hanger and sewed together at the middle.

Another pretty crocheted gift is a pair of curtain tie-backs. These are made of white slipper cotton. A band of fillet crochet is made about 3½ inches wide and 24 inches long. It is edged with a picot edge in color, and has spray of colored crocheted flowers stitched along the band. A few leaves in a soft shade of green, with pink, blue, mauve and yellow flowers make a dainty and a colorful note in the bedroom.

For the Book Lover

For the lover of books, why not give a book cover with handles, so that a book may be easily carried about, and kept in good condition? This may be made of a pretty tapestry, or other heavy material. Black pebbled oilcloth would make a good cover, too. The lining should be of sateen in some harmonizing color. Cut a piece of tapestry about 20 x 9 inches, and the lining may be cut a half-inch longer, so that it will fit over the raw edges of the tapestry. Put the two right sides together, and stitch along the 9-inch sides. This leaves the lining loose but that will lie flat when it is turned inside out, which is the next step. Now, turn up a 2-inch turning at each end, and bind each side with silk military braid or other suitable binding. This makes a little pocket on each side for the covers of the book to slip into. Now put handles on the top, and the book carrier is complete.

Sachet bags or lavender bags make dainty, acceptable and inexpensive gifts. Use several colors of satin, or ribbon, and make little cushions about 2 x 3 inches. Use absorbent cotton for filling, and sprinkle your favorite sachet powder generously in the filling before the ends are sewed up. Pile about three or four of these dainty colors together, and tie the bundle up with narrow satin ribbon.

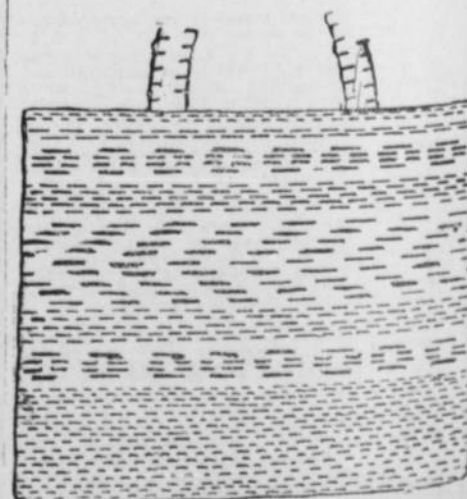
Gifts for Card Players

Bridge pencils could be made by covering an ordinary pencil with colored sealing wax. Let quite a lot of wax drip on to the pencil at the top, and fasten a silk tassel at the top with wax. A bright blue tassel with gold wax and touches of blue wax is very pretty. Pencils may also be wound with bright crinkled paper. Near the top cover the pencil with flesh colored paper and paint features on. Make a little bonnet of the bright paper, and put a bright feather in the top.

A set of table numbers for card parties could be made by the lady who is handy with her paint brush. Cut out large numbers from Bristol board, and paint a little design on each card. Another set which is probably more durable, is made by enamelling the tin numbers which are used for numbering houses, and then painting a little spray of flowers on each number.

Black sateen, embroidered in bright colors, makes a very pretty bridge cover. Bright silk tassels, or colored beads at the corners might give just the right color note in the room.

A mere suggestion is enough to start clever brains and fingers working, so with a little ingenuity many beautiful gifts can be developed from the following list: Boudoir lamps, buffet sets, children's aprons, kitchen aprons, bibs and tray cloths, doilies, doily holders and centre piece rolls, dish towels and hand towels, oven mitts and pot holders, cutlery cases and handkerchief cases, underwear of all kinds, cushions, tie racks, scarfs (embroidered, stencilled, or just hemstitched), stuffed toys, handkerchiefs, sewing kit. All of these offer unlimited possibilities.



A Shopping Bag made from Dish Cloths.



Solve this Great Mystery Message

New 1927 Chevrolet Car \$1200.00 in PRIZES

"WLLWREAE HSOE WRAE LENGRO"

The other day, Mary Anderson was upstairs mending her stockings because her boy friend was calling that evening. The mailman gave little Willie a parcel for Mary. Her brother was always full of fun. He was inquisitive to see what the parcel contained. It was a surprise package of beautiful "Wearwell" stockings with a note on top. Willie wanted to play a joke on Mary, so before giving her the parcel he wrote the note over, jumbling the words written in the message.

HOW THEY DECIPHERED IT

Mary was overjoyed with the wonderful stockings, but she could not read the mysterious message. Her Pa and Ma wanted to know what the message meant but Willie would not tell them. He told them the message contained four words, each little group of letters representing a word. Then place the letters of each word in their proper position and write down the sentence. In order to help them he told them the first word was "Wearwell." Can you help the Anderson family read the message? Decipher the Mystery Message and send your answer right away to compete for the big prizes.

350 POINTS WINS FIRST PRIZE

The magnificent and valuable prizes in this contest will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. The entry gaining 350 points will win first prize. (See rules). Be neat and careful. Comply with the rules and be sure of a prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

Greatest advertising offer ever made—Chevrolet Coach and Hundreds of Dollars in cash given. Someone will get this Car. Why not you?

We are giving away this automobile to advertise our business. We will give this latest improved Chevrolet Coach to some one who answers our advertisement. You may be the lucky one. Just think! You may win this wonderful enclosed car—the ideal car for summer and winter use. You never had an opportunity like this to win for your very own a big new, Chevrolet Coach! Send your answer today.

This is an advertising contest its aim being to make more friends and further the popularity of Wearwell Hosiery, sold from mills through personal service representatives direct to you. Thousands of Canadians already know and wear Wearwell Hosiery, but we want to reach thousands more that may become acquainted with Wearwell Quality and Wearwell Values in pure silk, silk and wool and pure wool hosiery for every member of the family.

WEARWELL HOSIERY CO.

FIRST PRIZE

1927 Chevrolet Coach Value \$910

2nd	-	-	-	Cash \$150.00
3rd	-	-	-	" \$60.00
4th	-	-	-	" \$25.00
5th	-	-	-	" \$10.00
6th, 7th, 8th, 9th	-	-	-	\$5.00 each
10th, 11th, 12th	-	-	-	\$5.00 each
13th, 14th	-	-	-	\$5.00 each

SEND YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY

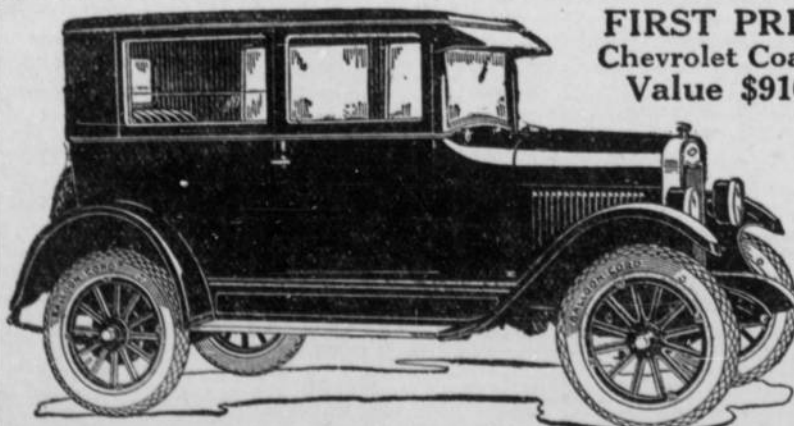
When your answers are received we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards the prizes, and will ask you to allow us to send you a few sample pairs of Wearwell Hosiery to show to a few friends who will gladly become Wearwell Hosiery users as a result. This is a simple and easily fulfilled favor, involving little time, and need not cost you a cent of money, and will qualify your entry to stand for the highest prizes. We agree to pay you extra for every effort you put forth in furthering the sale of Wearwell Hosiery.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Write your answer on one side of the paper, using pen and ink. In the upper right hand corner put your name. State

whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Use a separate sheet for anything other than your answer to puzzle, name and address. Do not send fancy drawn or typewritten answers. 2. Contestants must be 15 years or over. Employees of Wearwell Hosiery Company, friends or relatives of employees and anyone connected with the Company are not allowed to compete. 3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three answers to the puzzle but only one can be awarded a prize. If different members of a family compete only one prize will be awarded in a family or household. 4. The final awards will be made by a committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 350 points which is the maximum will take first prize. 40 points will be awarded for each correct word in the Mystery Message 75 points for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation, style and handwriting of entry, and 115 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contest closes May 30th, 1927, after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be sent promptly. 5. Each competitor will be asked to show samples of Wearwell Hosiery to a few friends or neighbours who might become users of Wearwell Hosiery as a result. For this service the Company agrees to award you in addition to any prize you may win in the contest. **THIS IS NOT A SALES CONTEST. EVERYBODY'S OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING IS EQUAL.**

FIRST PRIZE Chevrolet Coach Value \$910



Dept. 57, 76 York Street, Toronto, Ontario

Sweet Treats for Christmas

No Stocking is Properly Filled by Santa Unless There is Candy In It

By EDNA BAKER

IN those happy childhood years when Christmas Day begins with a rush to see what Santa Claus has brought, is it any wonder that sleep flits away with the first light of dawn? Who could sleep under such a weight of delightful anticipation and pleasant uncertainty? There is no way of knowing what Santa Claus might tuck away in that stocking. Taking down a Christmas stocking is one of the rare joys of life. I remember with what reverence and awe I always unpinned mine in the dim morning light, feeling carefully for hidden treasure, but whatever might, or might not be there, there was always one nice certainty, and that was the candy which filled it from heel to toe. No matter what might have been hidden between the top and the heel, no stocking would have been considered an "honest-to-goodness" Christmas stocking if it had not showered forth a goodly supply of candy. It was one of those things one simply took for granted.

Usually, several days before Christmas I put on the candy pot and I think that right there begins the real joy of candy making, especially if there are children in the house to watch and help, with eyes dancing with excitement and the anticipation of a "pan to clean." As each kind is made, it is wrapped in oiled paper and placed in a tightly covered tin box where it remains, fresh and tempting, until I am ready to pack it into the boxes and baskets which are usually trimmed with holly paper and seals.

I have tried many recipes, some good, some bad, some indifferent, but I generally come back to four foundation recipes which have never failed me. Using these recipes, one for fudge, one for penoche, one for fondant and one for butterscotch, one may make a great variety of candies.

Fondant is the foundation for most cream candies, and it may be cooked or uncooked. I prefer the cooked fondant, for it is creamier and keeps much better, but the uncooked fondant has the advantage of being easier to make. The following recipe is very satisfactory:

Uncooked Fondant

Whip the whites of two eggs together until they are well mixed but will still run. Add three cups of icing sugar, a little at a time, until it is perfectly smooth. Let it set for a few minutes, then add a tablespoon of hot butter, a few drops of vanilla and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of icing sugar. Let it stand for several hours, or until it is stiff enough to mould. As all egg whites are not the same size, it may be necessary to use a little more or a little less sugar. If one wishes to make a fair amount of candy, it is well to double the recipe.

Cooked Fondant

Sift together, twice, two cups of fine granulated sugar and a quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Add one cup of water. As soon as the sugar is thoroughly moistened, cook it over a hot fire for several minutes, until it will form a soft ball, when dropped in water, which can be easily rolled between the fingers. Do not stir the liquid while it is boiling, but it is well to keep the edges of the pan wiped down with a damp swab so it will not stick to the sides and form crystals. Let it cool until you can hold the kettle on the palm of your hand. Then begin beating quickly, always beating in the same direction, and beat until it is stiff enough to be lifted with the fingers. Knead it hard between the hands until it seems firm enough to hold its shape. Should the fondant become too stiff, it may be moistened with melted butter, cream or white syrup, which should be well kneaded in.

Using either the cooked or uncooked fondant, fruit roll, sunshine and shadow creams, peppermint wafers, Neapolitan loaf, delicious hand dipped creams, maple, almond or date creams may be made, very easily.

Fruit Roll

Put whatever fruit you wish to use, cherries, citron, candied peel, seeded raisins, nuts, figs, dates, etc., through the grinder, using the coarse knife. Mix this with the fondant, and shape into a roll about an inch in diameter. When it is firm, cut into slices with a sharp knife.

Sunshine and Shadow Creams

This recipe may be used in two ways: to make candy or a specially nice icing for devils' food cake. Spread a layer of the fondant, one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick, in a pan, lined with buttered paper. Melt three squares of unsweetened chocolate and when the fondant is firm, spread the chocolate over it, smoothly. When the chocolate is firm, cut in squares. Candied cherries are very nice mixed with the fondant layer.

Peppermint Wafers

Flavor the fondant with a few drops of essence of peppermint and mould into thin wafers. Add a few drops of cochineal to the fondant and you have the pretty pink wafers which are used for teas and dinners.

Neapolitan Loaf

Put a layer of the fondant in a smooth pan, lined with buttered paper. Spread over it a layer of the fondant, which has been colored pink with cochineal, then a layer of chocolate fudge. Put an even weight on the candy and let it sit for several hours until it is firm and well pressed together. Turn it out, remove the paper and cut in slices with a sharp knife.

Hand-dipped Chocolate Creams

Melt over steam a half-pound cake of unsweetened chocolate and a piece of paraffin, an inch square. Roll the fondant into any desired shape and dip into the melted chocolate. Nuts or candied fruit may be used inside the chocolate or to deck the tops. In dipping, keep the chocolate barely warm as it will not drip so much. Before you begin to dip, prepare a piece of screen so you can work with one hand underneath and one on top of it at the same time. Cover the screen with waxed paper. For dipping, use a long, fine darning needle, a fine knitting needle or a piece of smooth, sharp wood. Stick the needle into the ball of fondant, dip it into the chocolate, allow it to drip, then draw the needle down through the paper and screen leaving the candy on the waxed paper, without a mark to show where the needle has been.

Maple, Almond and Date Creams

For the maple, flavor the fondant with maple syrup or maple syrup. Make into small candies and place a walnut meat on top, or inside. For almonds, use vanilla or almond flavoring. For date creams, stone nice, firm dates and fill them with the cream. Ground nuts mixed with the fondant and dipped in chocolate make a nice candy.

Chocolate fudge is an old stand-by and when made by the following recipe, is a sweet-bit, fit for a princess:

Chocolate Fudge

Mix together in a good-sized pan, two cups of fine, white sugar, two tablespoons of white corn syrup, two-thirds of a cup of cream or milk, two squares of unsweetened chocolate and a pinch of salt. Place the pan on a part of the stove that is not too hot, and keep the mixture well stirred until all the ingredients are dissolved and blended, then put on to boil. While it is boiling, the candy may be stirred often enough to prevent burning, but it is well not to cook it too fast, as the less it is stirred the better. When it will form a soft ball, firm enough to hold its shape in cold water, remove from the fire and add two tablespoons of butter. Let it cool until the hand can be placed comfortably on the bottom of the kettle, then beat it gently until it is stiff. As it will not pour, it must be taken out and patted down with the fingers into a well greased tin. If you wish a shiny surface, go over it with moistened fingers. Allow it to set until it is firm enough to cut in squares.



Dr. Lee W. V. Wilms



Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

"A dangerous practice—home corn-paring," warns the chiropodist

"Lots of men think because they can use a razor on their face, they are qualified to pare their own corns," is the observation of Dr. Lee W. V. Wilms, a well-known chiropodist of Chicago.

"Did they realize how dangerous a practice corn-paring at home really is, they would never attempt it, but instead go to the chiropodist for treatment."

Should you want to end a

corn safely at home—just apply a Blue-jay corn plaster. For 26 years, Blue-jay has been recognized as the safe and scientific way for removing, quickly and easily, corns at home.

A soft, cool pad fits over the corn, relieving the pressure and pain at once. In 48 hours, the corn comes out—unless unusually stubborn. Then another Blue-jay plaster is all that's required to rout the old offender. At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Christmas Greetings

from

GEORGE WHITE & SONS COMPANY LTD.

Hearty good wishes to all for a Happy Christmas, good health, good luck and prosperity throughout the New Year.

1927 WHITE STEEL THRESHERS

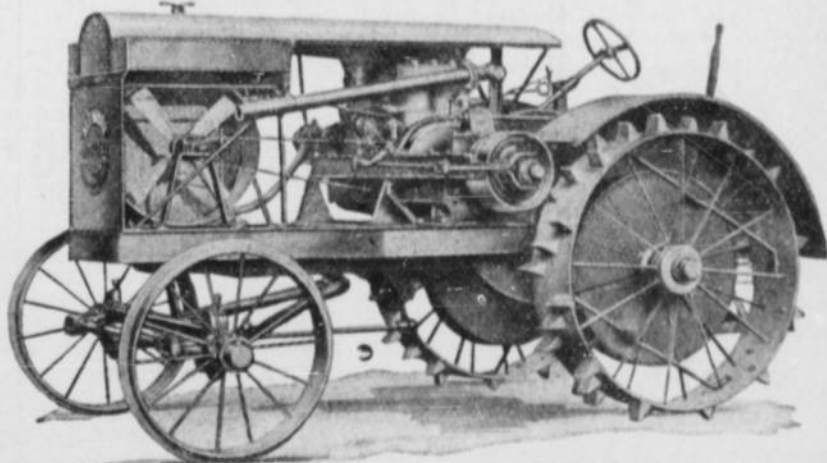
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The Christmas Cake

Some popular recipes and a few precautions to ensure success

By BERTHA BOWMAN

A REAL Christmasy Christmas cake should properly appear on the great day out of a three weeks' retirement. It is then at its best as to richness of finely blended flavor and texture. Now is the time to concoct the most delicious cake that ever caused mouths to water with longing.

Just a foreword as to a few precautions to ensure success. First of all, measurements must be accurately made, and, in modern recipes, these are always level. The day of the "rounded tablespoon" has rounded to its close. Be very careful as to oven temperatures. Rich fruit cakes should be baked from three to four hours at 250 degrees to 350 degrees Fahr., usually an oiled paper over the top is necessary to prevent too rapid browning. An oven thermometer is the only device upon which one may safely rely with the assurance that the cake will be properly baked, yet not burned. Having the oven and pans ready, the flour sifted, fruit and nuts chopped and dredged, all before beginning to combine the ingredients, may not be an essential to success, but is certainly an aid to speed and efficiency.

Combining Ingredients

Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the beaten egg yolk and beat well. Add alternately the liquid and three-quarters of the flour. The baking powder and spices should be sifted in with the last portion of flour added. Dredge the fruit and nuts with the reserve portion of flour, and add to the mixture. Add the flavoring and heat thoroughly. Lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites.

Put the cake mixture into cake tins that have been lined with two thicknesses of oiled paper. Use a spoon to bring the mixture well up to the sides of the pan, slightly higher than the centre, in order that the cake may be level when baked. Tap the tin smartly on the table before baking, to drive out any large air bubbles.

Some Popular Recipes

The M.A.C. cook book gives the following recipe:

1 lb. butter	1 c. strawberry preserves
10 eggs	1 lb. citron
3 lb. raisins	2 lb. currants
1 lb. dates	1 lb. almonds
1 lb. figs	4 tsp. cinnamon
2 tsp. soda	4 tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. allspice	4 tsp. rosewater
4 tsp. cloves	
1 lb. sugar	

Combine according to method given above. Steam three hours and bake two hours at 250 degrees Fahr. This makes a 13-pound cake.

Here is a Christmas cake recipe that comes from the South Dakota State College—and it reads good:

1 lb. butter	1 lb. sugar
10 eggs	1 lb. flour
2 tsp. cinnamon	3/4 tsp. nutmeg
3/4 tsp. allspice	3/4 tsp. mace
1/2 c. cider	1/2 tsp. cloves
2 T. lemon juice	3 lbs. raisins
1 lb. currants	1 lb. citron, thinly sliced and cut in strips
1 lb. figs, finely chopped	
4 tsp. baking powder	

Combine according to the method given above, omitting the citron. Put a layer of cake mixture in the pan, then a layer of citron, and repeat till the cake and fruit are used. Bake four hours at 250 degrees Fahr. or steam three hours and bake one and a half hours.

Nut and Date Loaf

To those who prefer a simpler cake, this delicious creation will prove a delight:

1 lb. dates
1 c. sugar
4 eggs
1 T. vanilla
1 lb. walnuts
1 c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder

Beat the yolk in a bowl, add the sugar and beat well. Add the fruit and nuts, dredged with flour, then add the flavoring, and then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white. Bake one and a half hours at 250 degrees Fahr. If a larger cake is

desired, this quantity may be doubled or trebled. The length of time required for baking the larger cake will be increased to two and a half or three hours.

Dolly Varden Cake

If one desires a less expensive cake, or if one is planning a menu that will not prove too richly indigestible for the tiny tots, simple recipes can be used that when all dressed up in their holiday attire of icing and favors, will still preserve that festive air.

1/2 c. butter	1/2 c. sugar
1/2 c. milk	2 c. sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder	3 egg whites
1 tsp. almond extract	

Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr. When cold cover with an icing made as follows: Beat three egg yolks, add quarter teaspoon vanilla and enough powdered sugar to make it spread well.

Icings

Almond paste is easily made, and it greatly enhances the value of a Christmas cake. To make it, blanch 1 pound almonds and dry in a moderate oven, put the nuts through a food-chopper, adding sufficient powdered sugar to take up the oil. Chop a second time to ensure fineness. Add the remaining sugar (1 pound powdered sugar is used altogether) and the eggs, well beaten. Heat in a double-boiler, stirring constantly. When thoroughly heated through, turn the paste on to a bread board dusted with powdered sugar and knead till the mass is smooth. Roll out to the desired thickness—usually one-eighth to one-quarter-inch—and cut to fit the cake. Lay the paste over the cake, pinching and flattening the edges.

Over the almond paste, any good white icing may be used. It is advisable not to add the white icing too soon before using, as the oil from the almonds is apt to turn it yellow. An icing made of three-quarters of a pound of sugar, flavored with lemon juice with sufficient unbeaten egg white to form the consistency of cream, is good.

Where there are absentee family members to be considered, or where a very large cake—the regular three-storey, for instance—is used, it is a good idea to ice the lower story completely; then place the second story on this, and ice it completely, blending the icing so that the join does not show. Add the third story and ice it in the same way. If this is done, each storey may be removed as needed without exposing the layer beneath to the drying air.

Decoration

The cake may be decorated in various ways. A knitting needle is useful in pricking out a design, which can be followed with white or colored icing prepared as directed above, and applied with icing tubes. Many designs can be originated—geometrical designs, forget-me-nots, holly with little red candies for berries, ribbon designs, seasons greetings, etc.

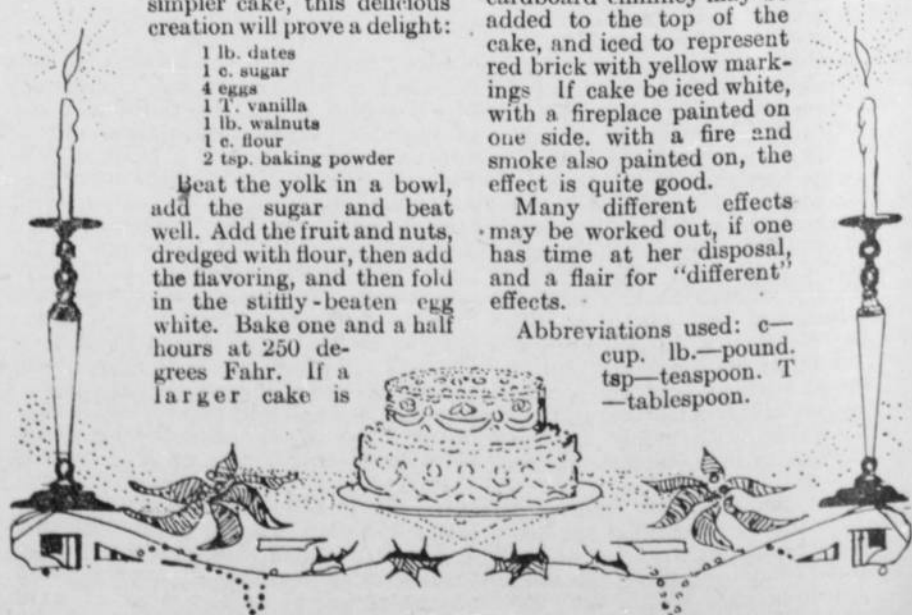
A more sophisticated air may be given to cakes by a bit more elaborate decoration. A bit of a mirror makes an excellent sheet of ice; Santa Claus and his reindeer may be secured as favors at small cost and a pine twig or two will give the appearance of a northern forest.

A ribbon-tied candle, placed on a cake in the midst of a holly-wreath, applied with green icing is also attractive.

More elaborate still, a cardboard chimney may be added to the top of the cake, and iced to represent red brick with yellow markings. If cake be iced white, with a fireplace painted on one side, with a fire and smoke also painted on, the effect is quite good.

Many different effects may be worked out, if one has time at her disposal, and a flair for "different" effects.

Abbreviations used: c—cup. lb.—pound. tsp.—teaspoon. T—tablespoon.



TEAR OUT THESE RECIPES HAVE THEM READY FOR Christmas

Angel Charlotte Russe



ANGEL CHARLOTTE RUSSE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 dozen rolled stale macaroons.
1 pint heavy cream, pieces.
2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries.
1 cup sugar.
1 lb. blanched and chopped nuts.
Vanilla. 1/4 cup cold water.
1/4 cup boiling water.

Soak the gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, and add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream, beaten until stiff, nuts, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and serve with angel cake. Or cut top from cake, remove some of the inside, fill with mixture, replace top, cover with frosting, and garnish with nuts and candied cherries.

-and delightful candy



HOLIDAY DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 1/2 cups boiling water.
4 cups granulated sugar.
1 cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight; turn out; cut into squares, roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar; let stand to crystallize. Any coloring desired may be added and any preferred flavoring extract used.

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Be sure to write for special recipes for holiday treats and Mrs. Knox's recipe books. Sent for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

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It looks now as if we are going to have a white Christmas, for already many sections of the country are covered with a heavy blanketing of snow.

Most of us will be glad that, for somehow or other Christmas seems more Christmasy when we have a white out-of-doors setting. It is as if it more strongly emphasizes the brightness and cheer of our homes.

Christmas, as we celebrate it in this land, is truly the "home" festival of the year. Uncles, aunts, grandparents, sisters and brothers gather around the family board at that time. The person who is forced by circumstances to spend Christmas away from a family circle regards his lot as a hard one indeed.

When Washington Irving was visiting in England he found himself greatly charmed by the English custom of the gathering together of family connections at this season, the "drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and the sorrows of the world are continually operating to cut loose; of calling back the children who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing memories of childhood." We have inherited from our fathers and mothers the old, old custom of making the home the real centre of our Christmas festivities. So many other occasions draw people away from the home that we rejoice in this opportunity to bring them all back. Time has altered many customs, but this has stood the test of time through many generations. It is something which we shall not soon change.

Speaking of winter increasing our sense of enjoyment of home comforts, Irving says: "But in the depth of winter when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratification to moral sources. The dreariness and the desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings from wandering abroad and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more keenly concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other from the deep wells of loving kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms and which when resorted to furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity."

"The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with warmth and glow of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer sunshine through the room and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader more cordial smile, where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent, than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall and claps the distant door, whistles about the casement and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than the feeling of sheltered security with which we look about the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?"

The Christmas spirit does not come unbidden into our hearts. It requires some preparation on our part. We must give ourselves an opportunity to get into the proper mood in order that we may enjoy it to the full. And to help in this we hang gay decorations about our rooms. We fasten up bits of holly, mistletoe, branches of evergreen, or perhaps if we can not secure these, we substitute colored ribbon and gay paper. We feel that we must have color about us at this

time. We light candles for our table or to set in our windows to cheer passers-by. Working with these things, trivial though they may seem to some, we are making a conscious effort to catch a little of the holiday spirit which when it takes possession of us lifts us out of the rut of the work-a-day world and for a little while we forget perplexing cares and worries. We can then resume the regular routine, happier because we have taken time to get a little closer to the hearts of those we love, happier because we have been able to bring joy into lives of others less fortunate.

A multitude of traditions and customs have descended to us from the past and they have been the means of developing the Christmas spirit. We select those which seem to us most in keeping with the spirit of the day. It is a matter of regret to many living in rural districts that there is not the opportunity for church services and outdoor carol singing on Christmas. Scattered settlements make these features difficult.

The burning of the Yule Log on Christmas Eve was one of the notable events in the Christmas of the Middle Ages. It was selected with great care and carried with singing and shouting into the great kitchen. After the Yule songs had been sung it was dragged to the fireplace and soon flames were roaring up the chimney. Some tell us that the new block was lighted by "the last year's brand" and so the fire ran down from Christmas to Christmas. The lighting of the Yule Log was the formal beginning of the feasting and merrymaking. We may not all have the Yule Log, but we can mark Christmas in our homes by singing good old songs and carols.

We do not make such a business of feasting as our ancestors did on the occasion of a holiday such as this, but we may still say with them:

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Their ovens they with bak't meat choke,
And all their spits are turning."

We make this an occasion of gathering around the family board in happy mood. Hospitality overflows in every home and no one must be left without an invitation to join in the feasting.

This is the time for giving. Christmas presents were originally magic charms which assured the recipients a plentitude of the good things typified by the gift. We give gifts to each other, but it is our folly if we let the custom become too great a financial burden. If we do so we violate the true spirit of Christmas. It is not the gift that really matters, but the kind and loving intention of the giver. Christmas affords us an opportunity to do some things which we otherwise would not have the excuse for doing. A mere formal exchange of presents may not express any kind thought. It may be only a hollow-hearted adherence to a social custom from which one has not the strength of courage to break. A letter, if one does not wish to send a gift, may convey our loving thoughtfulness better than any trinket we could possibly buy.

The sending of Christmas cards often prevents us from expressing, in our own way, which for us is the best possible way, the thoughts that lie closest to our hearts at Christmas time. The formal printed message may be beautifully worded, but we could well afford to give some time to cultivating the art of expressing our own sentiments.

Let us keep this Christmas in such a way that it will tighten the bonds of home; bring friends and dear ones closer together.

The Countrywoman



Give the Set That Will Live to Be a Keepsake!

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Parker Duofold Pen Point
—Over-size Ink Capacity

Just whisper, "Send them Parker Duofold" to wise old Santa Claus —and you'll do more to make your loved ones happy than a week of worry on a yard-long list of Christmas ideas.

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Lady Duofold \$3; Over-size Jr. \$3.50;
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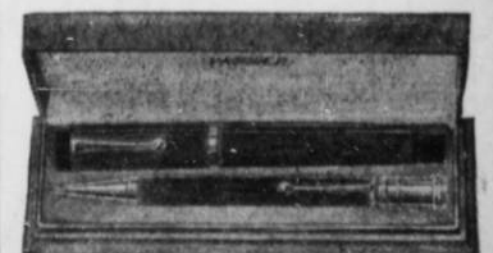
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Covers are
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WHAT DID YOU GIVE LAST CHRISTMAS?

Toys for the kiddies—most of them broken by now. "Something useful" for the grown-ups—now worn out or forgotten. Cash to your employees—appreciated but soon spent. Other presents—hurriedly bought and perhaps ill-chosen. Are they remembered now?

Suppose this year you give them each a Bank Book containing an initial deposit, and urge them to add to it regularly. Could anything be more suitable?

Add "Royal Bank Pass Books" to your list
of Christmas Gifts.

The Royal Bank of Canada

G462

Speed up your egg factory

A HEN, to be really profitable, must produce ten times her weight in eggs every year.

That means that your hens must eat not only enough to keep the egg factory going, but enough to supply the material that goes to egg-making.

Look to the appetite and the digestion. Add Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a to the ration—one pound to every 50 pounds of mash or feed.

Right promptly you will see the difference. Hens will begin to sing and scratch and cackle. You will see the good feeling, the good humor and the red combs and wattles—sure signs of pink of condition and of egg-laying.

Pan-a-ce-a is not a feed. It does not take the place of any feed and no feed can take the place of Pan-a-ce-a.

Pan-a-ce-a is not a stimulant. We want you to get that once for all. It is a tonic which gives good health, whets the appetite, improves the digestion. It has a beneficial effect on the nervous system. It tones up and invigorates the egg organs, so that the right proportion of the feed goes to egg-making and not all to flesh, bones and feathers.

Pan-a-ce-a speeds up the egg factory.

Tell the dealer how many hens you have. Get from him enough Pan-a-ce-a to last 30 days. Feed as per directions. If you do not find it profitable, return the empty container and get your money back. We will reimburse the dealer.

Dr. Hess & Clark, Inc., Ashland, Ohio

DR. HESS POULTRY
PAN-A-CE-A

The Christmas Tree

It was meant for the children; let us make it really theirs this year

By HARRY NICHOLSON

Of course, we are all interested in the annual Christmas tree which is usually held at the schoolhouse a few days before Christmas. The children will be wondering what presents Santa will have for them this year and will probably be busy by now learning a poem or song, or rehearsing for the school play. The parents will be looking forward to having a good gossip and to hearing their young hopefuls say or sing their little piece; whereas the young folk generally—those who have left school and also the younger married folk—will be looking forward to the dance which usually takes place in the evening just as soon as the room can be cleared.

Quite so! Clear the room as quickly as possible. Let's dance! The kids have had their presents; the old folk have had their gossip; we want to dance.

Yes! I've seen it time and again. The children are hurried through their little performances, songs or plays; presents are hastily handed out by some impromptu Santa—usually a very jolly, good-hearted Santa, I grant you, but—let's hurry and get the room clear for the dance.

Let Grown-ups Wait

Please don't think that I am against dancing; I'm not. I venture to state that my wife and I are as fond of dancing as anyone. But here is the point. Why not make the Christmas tree entertainment a real party for the children (not only the youngsters, but the grown-up children as well). How many young children get any pleasure out of watching their elders dance? Yet the amount of enjoyment their elders may get out of the old-fashioned children's games will surprise you. Suppose another night is set aside for the dance. Most folk who want to dance can arrange to leave their children with a neighbor if necessary. So let's make the Christmas tree this year a party for the children—the youngsters. Some of you must surely remember the good times you had at children's parties when you were young; such parties as are now all too uncommon on the prairie. However, it is possible to have one once a year at least. Let me tell you how we managed at Etomami last year.

How Etomami Managed

Etomami, by the way, was originally a settlement reserved for returned soldiers, but is now open for civilian settlement. It is situated eight miles south of Hudson Bay Junction and the main road to town follows a high, dry gravel ridge. The settlement boasts about 50 families who have formed an Improvement Association with a Ladies' Auxiliary.

Last year the ladies decided to give a Christmas party for the children alone and a second party for the grown-ups. As the schoolhouse had not then been erected, two of the ladies volunteered the use of their respective houses for the two parties. Spruce being fairly plentiful in the neighborhood it was no trouble to obtain a tree. The ladies decided to provide, if possible, a present for each child in the settlement, so, in order to raise funds for the purpose and to purchase the necessary decorations for the tree, a series of whist drives was organized at different residences during the fall months. This arrangement met with the success desired, and with the money raised in this way and some private donations the ladies were able to provide a nice present for each child and buy the decorations for the tree, some candies and fruit and small fancy

Christmas stockings and also had a little money left in hand for this year.

The party was called for three in the afternoon. As soon as a fair number of guests had arrived and got thawed out, children's games were started—Turn the Trencher, Oranges and Lemons (with a thrilling tug-of-war), Hunt the Thimble, Passing the Ring, and others.

Supper was served at five p.m. The meal was provided by the ladies, special attention having been given in their choice to the tender digestions of the small people. The children had the first sitting, then the gentlemen and last of all the ladies—but the men had to wait on the ladies and afterwards wash the dishes. (No! they didn't break any!)

There Must be a Santa

After supper the suspense and excitement of the children was greatly increased by a "marconigram" arriving from Santa, saying that he had been delayed by a runner on his sleigh breaking, and that he would be coming on immediately in a borrowed Esquimaux sleigh.

At last he arrived in the approved style with a great jingling of sleigh bells and barking of dogs. The presents were then distributed—not forgetting one or two comic ones for the elder children. Shortly afterwards the tree was disposed of to make more room and when everyone was sticky and feeling happy the games continued, one or two calling for forfeits being introduced. A "lucky brand" tub was the next attraction and chubby little hands dug down into its mysteries to bring forth treasures (some of which took the form of ear-splitting trumpets and whistles).

We had intended to finish the party at eight, but it was 11 before the last happy sleigh load left for home. A more thoroughly enjoyable time cannot be imagined. All the grown-ups present heartily entered into the spirit of the evening and did their utmost to give the youngsters a good time. In fact any stranger looking in would have said they were all children, although some were bigger than others and their hair perhaps a little greyer.

A few nights later the grown-ups' party was held. Instead of a supper a lunch was served at midnight. The party commenced at eight p.m. One room was set aside for card playing and two bridge or whist tables were going most of the time. The largest room in the house was devoted to dancing and—what do you think—children's games and forfeits—just like the previous party, you say. Yes, but with this difference—all the children seemed a little bigger.

Now, how about it? Don't you think some of you could organize a children's party in your district this year? Give the youngsters a real Christmas party for once. Remember, they will grow up quite soon enough.

Christmas parties and celebrations of one kind and another are usually held in most communities. These should not be meaningless and boisterous. Any event, whether planned for adults or for children, to mark Christmas should

reflect something of the real Christmas spirit. It's a time for loving and giving. We get out of anything in proportion as we put ourselves into it. There are a sufficient number of good leaders in any community, no matter how small, to make the Christmas entertainment what it should be. Its success will depend upon the forethought and plans of those who are placed in charge of it as well as the whole-hearted co-operation of every member of the community.



A Fisherman's Paradise

A few observations on the life of fishermen on Lake Manitoba

By MARILLA R. WHITMORE

Lake Manitoba, and the bays that adjoin it, is known far and wide as a hunter's paradise. It is also a fisherman's paradise.

In the winter time, when city people are sitting in their warm homes eating fresh lake fish which have come to them from the lakes not far away, unfrozen, I wonder if they know how the fishermen live and what they must suffer during the winter to furnish these delicious articles of food for them.

On a cold, snappy morning, say 40 below zero, the lake is a scene of great activity. Fishing cabooses putting out at dawn, the tin chimneys smoking furiously; fishermen shouting and calling to one another; dog-teams, perhaps seven fine huskies in a row, racing along with ears cocked and plummy tails waving.

A Picturesque Scene

Once out on the lake there is much activity. The scene is a picturesque one, for the fishermen are garbed in quaint garments of white duck, consisting of wind and water-proof material, full blouse, with a pointed cap that draws up over the toque. This cap is adorned with a bright blue or red tassel, the trousers are bloomers, baggy at the knees. On their hands they wear a thin woolen mitt and when these become wet they are hung in the caboose to dry and a dry pair donned. Rubbers over a light felt shoe or moccasin completes the average fisherman's costume.

They usually work in pairs and set their nets under the ice. Each net is some 400 feet long and some miles of nets are set by each pair. Some of the fishermen set out hundreds of nets and hire men to fish them. A hole is cut through feet of clear blue ice and a kaiser sent under the ice to carry a line to another hole cut the proper distance away. This line is called "the set line" and once that is in it is a comparatively easy matter to draw the nets under and tie them to the sticks that are set in the ice. A bridle is at each end of the line by which the nets are anchored.

When the fish are running good these nets are fished every day, later in the season twice or three times a week is enough.

"Don't the nets freeze?" is the question so often asked. They freeze just enough so that they are easy to handle. Once the fish are taken out the line is pulled and the net set once more. At noon the fishermen stop to eat their lunches in their cabooses and toast their sandwiches on the stoves.

A net is an expensive piece of equipment. They are bought in bunches of different size mesh for different kind of fish. These nets are backed by the women, which means that side line is



Nets drying at a fisherman's lodge near St. Mark's, Man., after the season's catch is over.

sewed on and a lead and cork for float put on every six feet. Once equipped a net is worth \$20 ready to put into the water. The fishermen who cannot afford to buy nets for themselves work out for the big fishermen and draw either a daily or monthly wage. These nets last about three years at the most. The leads and floats are good indefinitely.

Fishermen as well as farmers have their troubles, for rust attacks the nets, rotting the fabric, the bigger fish tear the nets to pieces and water bugs eat the meshes. Sometimes the nets are treated in a solution of lime water to keep the rust away, or tarred to keep the insects from eating them.

Then, too, the ice may move and hundreds of nets be lost in that way. The fishermen need to be strong and alert to meet every occasion that arises. No wonder they are hardy, strong and adventurous.

The cabooses are made on sleighs and are ordinarily covered with beaver board. The fish are put in these to be kept soft, they are then carted down to the nearest shipping point in the heated cabooses. Later they are packed in ice and shipped to New York. They are packed 100 pounds to the box and consist of jack fish, pickerel, tulibees and white fish. Some of the smaller fishermen sell to local buyers who send the fish to points nearer.

Children and Schools

Some of the fishermen move with their families out to the lake shore during the fishing season and back again in the spring. The children are not able to attend school at this time so a summer session is held in most years and the children attend St. Marks, St. Ambrose and the Mission School at St. Lorentz. During the cold weather the children drive to school in small cabooses, some of which are heated. No matter how stormy the day, they are warm and cozy in the small cabooses and their old ponies are so trained that they bring them right to the school door, no matter what the weather. Some of the more hardy children drive their dogs to school, going several miles through the bush to get to school.

As soon as the fishing is over the trapping season starts and all the fishermen turn trappers, trapping hundreds of muskrats in the marsh and getting a good price for their skins. Some of the



Fishing on Lake Manitoba, showing the kaiser or log used to carry the set line under the ice.



Look! What this New De Laval got out of our skimmilk!

SIZES
Hand-Electric-Belt
Sold on
Easy Terms
or
Installments

THESE people were surprised to see a new De Laval Separator skim a quart of rich cream from a can of their skim-milk. They thought their old separator was doing good work, but the new De Laval proved it wasn't. Satisfy yourself that you are not losing cream in this way. Ask your De Laval Agent to bring out a new De Laval and try this simple test:

After separating with your old separator, wash its bowl and tinware in the skim-milk. Hold the skim-milk at normal room temperature and run it through a new De Laval. Have the cream thus recovered weighed and tested. Then you can tell exactly if your old machine is wasting cream, and what a new De Laval will save.

The new De Laval is the best cream separator ever made. It is the crowning achievement of 48 years of cream separator manufacture.

Guaranteed to skim cleaner

The new De Laval has the wonderful "floating bowl"—the greatest separator improvement in 25 years. It is guaranteed to skim cleaner. It also runs easier with milk going through the bowl, and lasts longer.

Send coupon below for name of your De Laval Agent and free catalog.

SEE and TRY the New De Laval
TRADE in your old Separator

The De Laval Milker
If you milk five or more cows, a De Laval Milker will soon pay for itself. More than 35,000 in use giving wonderful satisfaction. Send for complete information.

See Your De Laval Agent

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, LTD.
Montreal Peterboro Winnipeg Dept. 3131

Send catalog checked—Separator ☐ Milker ☐

Name _____ Town _____ Prov. _____ No. Cows _____ R. D. _____

SHIP YOUR FURS TO GEORGE SOUDACK FUR CO. LTD.

We are open to buy the following furs:

WOLVES - WEASELS - MUSKRATS - SKUNKS - MINKS
BADGERS - RABBIT SKINS

Ship small lots by Parcel Post and large quantities by Express.

TAKE NOTICE—Our Canadian Rabbit Skins which have been practically worthless in the past, are now becoming of commercial value due to new processes of tanning and dyeing.

We will pay from 8c to 10c for good rabbit skins; (Damaged at value).

Write for price lists and full information.

GEORGE SOUDACK FUR CO. LTD.
237 McDermot Ave. WINNIPEG, MAN.

FISH FRESH FROZEN

Don't delay. Season open. Order your frozen fish right now. Our stocks are excellent. We ship the finest trade in New York, Chicago, Montreal, etc., so we can ship you. We ship from Winnipeg only.

LAKE SUPERIOR FRESH FROZEN HERRING per bag 100 lbs.		\$3.90
Headless and Dressed Jackfish, fine stock, per lb.	7 1/2c	
Jackfish, round (not dressed), per lb.	7 1/2c	
Lake Winnipeg Whitefish, dressed per lb.	11 1/2c	
Goldeyes, per lb.	6 1/2c	
Best B.C. Red Salmon, per lb.	19c	
Lake Superior Trout, per lb.	18c	
Chicken Halibut, per lb.	19 1/2c	
Finest Finnan Haddie, 15-lb. box	\$2.00	
30-lb. box	\$3.75	
Choice Smoked Kippers 20-lb. box	\$3.00	
Haddie Fillets, 15 lbs.	\$2.65	
Finest Pickerel, per lb.	9 1/2c	
Mullets, per lb.	4 1/2c	
Soles and Brills, per lb.	10 1/2c	
Black Cod, per lb.	15c	
Fine B.C. Pink Salmon, per lb.	12 1/2c	
Tulibees, per lb.	8c	
Smoked Goldeyes, carton, 10 lbs.	\$2.25	

Write for catalogue containing other varieties of fish.

Send Cash with Order. Shipments made on first heavy frost weather. United Farmer Locals please write for special prices. No charge for boxes, bags or packing.

NORTH WESTERN FISHERIES COMPANY

WHOLESALE AND EXPORTERS

PHONE 54 399.

287 JARVIS AVENUE

WINNIPEG, MAN.

MADE IN CANADA



Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING SHINE
MADE IN CANADA

KITCHEN Utensils, Sinks, Bathrooms, Floors are safely cleaned with Old Dutch. It is a natural detergent, and contains no lye, acids or hard grit to scratch or mar the finest enamel surfaces. For economy, comfort and safety's sake use Old Dutch Cleanser. There's nothing else like it.

Old Dutch
for Healthful Cleanliness



Low Round-Trip Tourist Fares

During December, 1926, and early January, 1927, include Holiday Excursions to Eastern Canada, Home Visitors' Fares to the States, Winter Tourist Fares to Florida and other Southern States. All-year tourist fares to California.

Liberal stop-overs, long return limits.

If it is your intention to travel this winter or any time we can interest you with our splendid train service

The Winnipeg Limited

To and From the Twin Cities

The Oriental Limited

Finest Train To and From the Pacific Northwest

Great Northern

A Dependable Railway

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coupon
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W. T. Hetherington, District Passenger and Freight Agent
Great Northern Railway
226 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
Telephone A 6603-A 1123

Please send me cost and other information about a ☐ Eastern Canada ☐ Home Visitors' ☐ Winter Tourist ☐ California trip via Great Northern.

Name.....

Address.....

trappers average from \$500 to \$1,000 a season trapping muskrats alone.

The trapping season over, some of the young men go out to farms and some wait for the haying to start. Much hay is put up in this north country. Then comes the threshing season and all the men are away to go on threshing crews.

During the fall city hunters employ many of the fishermen for guides, for these men of the lake are the best guides to be had.

They make from six to ten dollars a day guiding the city men on the marshes and helping them get their quota of ducks. The father of one of our neighbors guided King George, when he was Prince of Wales, on a trip to this very marsh, and proud he was of it, too. Many of the nobility come to the marsh to shoot and always choose their guides from the fishermen. One of the fishermen boast a family carryall that was once ridden in by the Prince of Wales when he came out to the marsh to hunt.

Once the hunting season is over the fishermen bustle about, busy gathering together leads and floats for their nets and fix their nets to be ready for the coming catch.

The nets are taken from the water after the season is over and hung on poles in the yards until a good rain washes them thoroughly. Then they are spread to dry, mended and stored until the following season. A gay, happy, light hearted bunch are these fishermen, taking life as they find it and enjoying themselves in their own manner. Dog races, dances and good times in general with raffles and parties of all sorts, make up their social life, for although the job of fishing is a cold, arduous task, the fishermen are ever ready for fun. At night when the cabooses come in from the lake it is usually on the dead run with chimneys belching forth sparks and fire, men singing and calling and dogs barking wildly.

Cozy Cushions

Continued from Page 19

lengthwise edge (B) on the piping cord and sew it over the edge of the medallion. The opposite side of the cushion may require some finish in the centre such as a cardboard disc, covered, or a tassel.

The bolster-shaped pillow is popular in the centre of a couch and is quite easy to cover. Measure the circumference and length, cut a piece of material an inch less than the circumference (so as to make the cover tight), but allow a little extra for end finishes. Sew up long side, pull the pillow in, shirr the ends and finish with a covered cardboard disc or a tassel. Many bolsters are made more interesting by a band of embroidery or patterned silk, about nine or ten inches wide, in the centre; the plain material at each end can be shirred on cords at intervals and the ends finished in the usual way.

Pillows for summer use should be neither expensive nor elaborate as their chief requirement is to stand the use and abuse of all sorts of wear, in the porch, at summer camp, in the automobile, at picnics. Burlap, oilcloth, leatherette are durable, can be had in many different colors and can be gaily decorated in the following methods: Burlap, embroidered in wool or colored raffia; oilcloth or leatherette, painted design in oil colors, or worked in big yarn cross stitches; also the straw matting that comes round tea boxes can be used for covering a cushion and a design worked in one corner with colored wools.



Cattle rangers in the hills
From Mrs. W. G. Adler, Upper Hat Creek, B.C.

The Grain Growers' Guide

Satisfaction and Goodwill

to all Shippers of

TURKEYS

SHIP them where they will be appreciated and given an honest valuation!

TURKEYS are messengers of gladness. They bring good-will and a symbolic charm to the happiest of all holidays. They are hard to raise, as all valuable things are, and those who are fortunate in having them owe it to themselves not to hold them lightly. MARKET THEM where they will be prized and appreciated, and where they will be handled and distributed in a way that will bring SATISFACTION and better returns to their owners.

These are our prices GUARANTEED to you for two full weeks from date of this issue.

Young Turkeys, over 14 lbs.	37c
Young Turkeys, 12 to 14 lbs.	34-36c
Young Turkeys, 9 to 12 lbs.	32-33c
Young Turkeys, under 9 lbs.	29-31c
Hen Turkeys, over 8 lbs.	30-32c
Chickens, over 5 lbs.	29-30c
Chickens, 4 to 5 lbs.	26-28c
Chickens, under 4 lbs.	23-25c
Fowl, over 6 lbs.	25-26c
Fowl, 5 to 6 lbs.	23-24c
Fowl, 4 to 5 lbs.	22-23c
Ducks	18c
Geese	15-16c

All prices for No. 1 Stock f.o.b. Winnipeg.

We have loaded numerous cars of live poultry at your different stations. We have trucked thousands of pounds from your very doors in a special trucking service this year inaugurated by us to nearby Winnipeg districts to encourage poultry production. With YOUR encouragement we hope to extend our TRUCKING SERVICE next year to embrace all Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan.

We will meet face to face and we want you to remember and know us as friends. THAT'S WHY YOUR SAFEST and BEST BET is to SHIP ALL YOUR TURKEYS and remaining POULTRY to

The Consolidated Packers

605 DUFFERIN AVE., WINNIPEG

POULTRY

Live and Dressed

We offer for early shipments the following High Prices for Live and Dressed Turkeys. Also note our prices for other stock and ship at once.

	Live	Dressed
Turkeys, 14 lbs. and over.	28-30c	35-36c
Turkeys, 11 to 14 lbs.	26-27c	31-33c
Turkeys, 9 to 11 lbs.	24-25c	29-29c
Fowl, 6 lbs. and over.	20c	25c
Fowl, 4 to 6 lbs.	17-18c	22c
Chickens, 5½ lbs. and over.	20-21c	27-28c
Chickens, 4 to 5½ lbs.	18-19c	22-24c
Geese, 10 lbs. and over.	13c	17-18c
Ducks, 5 lbs. and over.	16c	20c

DRESSED MILK-FED NO. 1 CHICKENS

We will pay 2c more per lb. than prices quoted above. No. 2 and under-weight stock paid for at Highest Market Value. All prices f.o.b. Winnipeg, guaranteed until December 23.

RELIABLE PRODUCE CO.
317 STELLA AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Dressed Turkeys

We require thousands of pounds to fill our Christmas orders and are still paying the highest prices.

Ship at once and get the cream of the market.

Present prices f.o.b. Winnipeg:

No. 1 Young Turkeys, 12 lbs. up.	34c
No. 1 Young Turkeys, 10 to 12 lbs.	33c
No. 1 Young Turkeys, 8 to 10 lbs.	31c
No. 1 Young Turkeys, under 8 lbs.	30c
No. 1 Chickens, 5 lbs. and over.	28c

Other weights and grades according to value.

City Market (Poultry Department)
Harris Abattoir (Western) Ltd.
ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

See pages 32-33 for the big announcement of the \$7,130.00 puzzle contest

Check Up Your Eyes

It is a very creditable thing to have had one's eyes thoroughly examined. It shows an appreciation of the importance of this most valuable sense—eyesight. Yet even as the other organs of our body change so do the eyes undergo changes from one cause and another that matter very much more than do the natural changes of other parts of our body. A change in your eyes means a change in your vision, and you should therefore see that your eyes are examined regularly, at least once a year, so that any changes may be attended to before they cause any bodily ailments as they most often do. The glasses you have worn for so long are possibly not so well suited to your eyes as when they were fitted. Visit your Optometrist now and check up on your eyes. Nothing pays you so well as constant attention to your eyesight. Get good glasses; cheap glasses may injure your eyes instead of help them.

Violin Music Free

Send us names and addresses of three violin players and we'll send you free of cost a 50-cent music book of 16 select pieces for Violin in easy arrangement. We want every violin player to have free our musical catalog, "The Musicians' Mouthpiece," listing easy orchestra Books and Music. Enclose 10c for packing and mailing Music Book and Catalogs.
E. T. ROOT & SONS, 1504 E. 55th St., CHICAGO



Home
Visitors

Excursions

to United States
and Eastern Canada

Dec. 1 to Jan. 5

Round trip tickets at very low fares will be sold from Alberta, Saskatchewan and certain points in Manitoba via Chicago Great Western R.R. to

Chicago Kansas City
Co. Bluffs Omaha
Des Moines St. Louis
Ft. Dodge Waterloo
Dubuque Cedar Rapids

Return limit 3 months—
stop-overs anywhere
on Great Western lines.

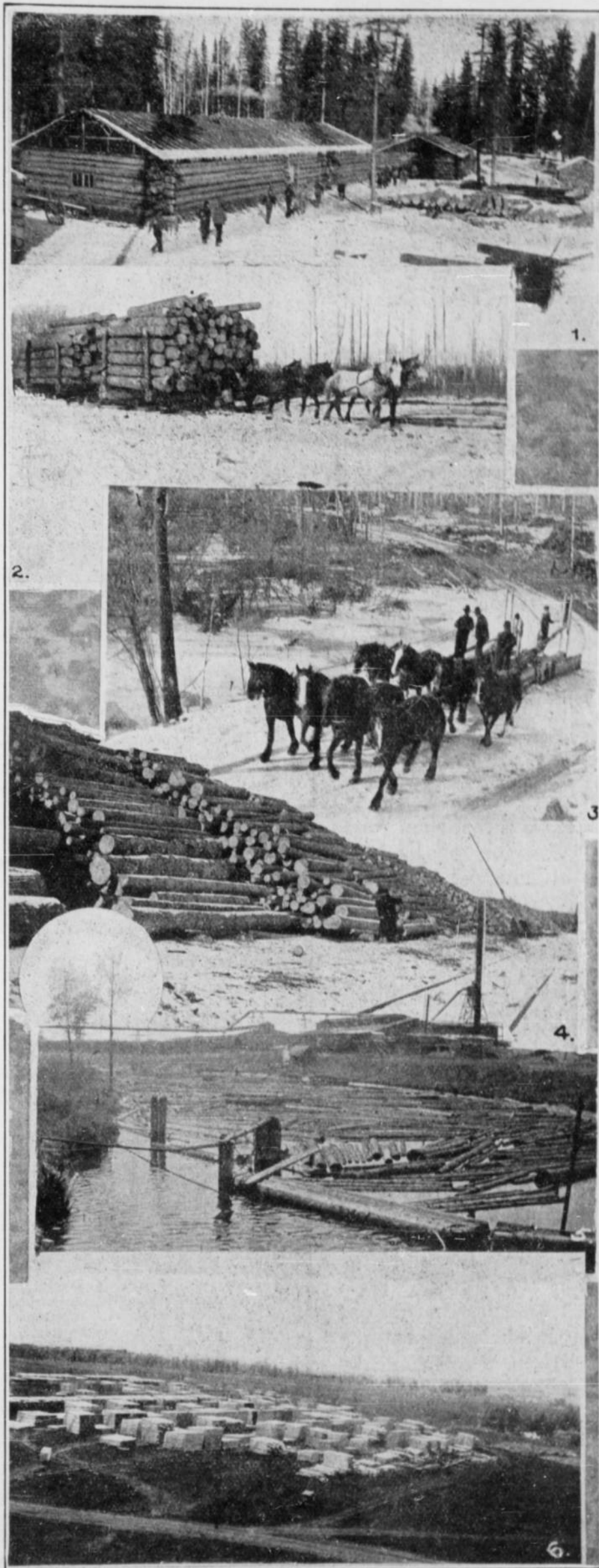
Purchase tickets from local
ticket agents and specify
routing via Great Western.

Full information about fares
and service to many other
points from

CHAS. A. FULLEN, Gen'l Agent
301 McArthur Bldg.
Winnipeg, Man.

**Chicago
Great Western**

From Tree to Plank



Lumbering Scenes in Northern Manitoba

These scenes show most of the important steps in the lumbering business. 1—A lumber camp in the spruce woods. 2—Loads of logs as big as loads of hay. 3—Making the roads which make the big loads possible. 4—Piled at the siding ready for shipping. 5—Sawmill of Burrows Lumber Co., Bowsman, Man. 6—The finished product.



THE winter lay-off softens horses—makes them easy prey for strains, bruises and minor ailments. That's why it's important to keep Gombault's Caustic Balm on your shelf—ready for instant use. For over 41 years it has been famous as a remedy for Sprains, Spavin, Splint, Capped Hock, Curb, Fistula, Thoroughpin, Shoe Boils, Poll Evil, Wire Cuts and Muscular Inflammation.

Apply it yourself. Just follow directions that come with bottle. Much better than firing and doesn't discolor the hair or leave the slightest scar. Don't let your horses suffer from something you can cure yourself. Buy Gombault's Caustic Balm today. \$2.00 at all druggists, or direct from us on receipt of price. The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

GOOD FOR HUMANS, TOO

GOMBAULT'S
Caustic
BALSAM

GIFTS FOR XMAS

Canaries, \$5.00 up; Cages, \$1.95 up; Singing Canary and Brass Cage, \$10; Gold Fish 15c up. Write for special complete aquarium outfit, catalog FREE. Love Birds, Parrots, Pups of all breeds at reasonable prices; Persian Kittens, Chinchilla Rabbits. Order Early to avoid RUSH but will ship date desired.



THE RELIABLE BIRD CO.

405 PORTAGE AVENUE

WINNIPEG

**[It Leads
Them
All]**

The
Brantford
Roller
Bearing
Grinder
is
Guaranteed



THE Brantford Roller Bearing Grinder is the most satisfactory machine of its kind on the market—having features possessed by no other grinder in Canada.

It is the only Grinder equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings. This reduces friction to a minimum. The grinder is perfectly trued and balanced—it will do faster and better work than any other you can buy, without using a Kilowatt more power.

To back up this statement, we give, with each grinder sold, a warranty of quality and satisfaction. If the grinder falls down in any way every cent of your money will be refunded.

Send for our free catalogue illustrating and describing this marvelously efficient grinder. There is no other like it—yet the cost is surprisingly low.

GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO., LTD.
Regina, Sask. Calgary, Alta.
Portage la Prairie, Man.

BRANTFORD
ROLLER BEARING
GRAIN GRINDER

ESTABLISHED 1883

EVERYTHING -IN MUSIC-

**For this Christmas--a
WEBER PIANO**

A gift to your family that will bring years of happiness. The Weber is one of Canada's oldest and best known pianos offering the best value obtainable at its price. Comes in fumed oak or mahogany. Has lovely tone and flexible action. Write for catalog and particulars.

\$450

EASY TERMS

WRITE FOR OUR NEW
Catalog of Musical Merchandise and Accessories

Everything for band, orchestra and home use. Musical merchandise ideal for Christmas gifts.

We have the largest stock of Sheet Music, Popular and Standard Songs, Dance Hits, etc., for your selection. Write stating your requirements.

J.J.H. McLEAN & CO. LTD.

THE WEST'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE
THE HOME OF THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO AND THE VICTROLA
329 PORTAGE AVE. Dept. G WINNIPEG

COAL

COAL from the best mines in the different coal districts is now available at U.G.G. coal sheds.

United Grain Growers is one of the largest handlers of coal in Western Canada, and so is able to make sure of good coal at all times.

If you do not live near a U.G.G. coal shed you can still buy coal from this Company by joining with your neighbors to make up an order for a car load of coal. Worthwhile savings can be made this way.

FLOUR

Many Associations at points where there is no U.G.G. flour shed make large savings for their members by purchasing flour in car lots from United Grain Growers. It would pay to get your Association interested.

BINDER TWINE

This is a good time for Associations to plan their handling of binder twine for the coming year. Reservation of twine may be made now and provisional orders obtained from members during the winter. Associations save money for their members by purchasing U.G.G. twine just the same as individual farmers save money when they are able to buy twine at the U.G.G. elevator.

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.
The Organized Farmer in Business
WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON
EDMONTON CALGARY

War Secrets from the Sea

The Saturday Evening Post of October 23 contains an unsigned account of the manner in which the British navy obtained with such uncanny accuracy its knowledge of enemy movements. It is a story of cool courage and technical skill which out-rials the most thrilling detective yarns.

At the outbreak of the war the British navy had among its ratings a certain E. C. Miller, shipwright, who had been diving instructor at Whale Island, where the school for that branch of the service is conducted. Miller had come into prominence because of his intrepid daring, a thorough technical knowledge of his business, and an unusual ability to withstand the high atmospheric pressure found at deep diving levels. He is described as a thin, pale-faced man, active and wiry. Miller was a man marked by his officers for promotion.

After the early failure of the German High Seas fleet to make a successful sortie, Germany's naval offensive inevitably developed into the wider employment of submarines. The sinking of the Lusitania marked a definite change in German naval policy, and from this time the ruthless hunt for the U-boats began. Shortly after this an enemy submarine was destroyed in comparatively shallow water off the coast of Kent. The British admiralty conceived the idea of sending a diver down to investigate the wreck and Miller was chosen.

A Fortunate Discovery

Making his descent to the pitchy blackness of the ocean floor, Miller groped round for some time, eventually finding the submarine and entering by a huge gap torn in her side by the fatal shell. His powerful electric searchlight cast a weird beam on the scene of death around him. He had no clear idea of what the search would reveal. The door aft of the officers' stateroom challenged his attention. He pried it open. Within was an iron box, fortunately unlocked. It contained books and loose documents, some of which swirled away in the gently moving water. Miller recovered what he could, placed them in the box and made the ascent.

What a priceless find! The books contained the German secret naval code, and the loose papers gave information about the mine field laid by von Tirpitz' sea dogs, only three days previously.

The papers were hustled to the admiralty and their importance at once recognized. A flying squadron was immediately organized so that Miller, his diving attendants and all their paraphernalia could be hurried to reported scenes of submarine sinkings at any point off the British coast.

The Dangers of Deep Diving

They did not have long to wait. In a few days information came of the sinking of a U-boat off the Yorkshire coast and thither the intelligence crew went with all speed. Immediate descent was impossible because there was a high sea running. The crew had to wait for three days before the fury of the storm abated. A trawler dragging for the sunken hull at last spotted her and a buoy was planted to mark her resting place.

Though the sea was far from calm, on the third day Miller put on his diving dress. It is well known that surface movements extend to very deep levels and Miller knew that danger for him lay in being hurled against the torn and twisted wreckage half buried in the shadowy forest of submarine vegetation. But taking his chance, Miller descended and found the submarine. Securing himself against the strong wash, he drew down about five fathoms of air hose and secured it to the hull, telephoning to his attendants to haul taut, so that no loop or bight could be caught in protruding pieces of wreckage. Getting into the submarine was a different matter. The exposed portion of the hull showed only one hole and that too small for him to enter. The only solution was to blow off the top of the conning tower. He had a charge of gun cotton with him and a firing circuit for exploding it. These he laid in place and, after ascending to the surface, gave the order to explode.

Down again into the depths of the sea he went. The conning tower was blown off and the head of a dead German seaman peered out at him, as though on the lookout. Into the vessel the fearless explorer descended. Bodies crowded about him and bumped him at every turn, attracted by the air in his suit. It was necessary to

Turn over to Page 38

"Quality-Service"



The "RED BOTTOM" Line of
Tanks and Troughs
FOR
Drinking--Cooling--Storage
Also **MAX** CORRUGATED TANKS

Ask your dealer or write to
Western Steel Products Ltd.
Amalgamated with The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN.
Regina Saskatoon Calgary
Edmonton Vancouver

CHARGE YOUR OWN
and your neighbors' car and
radio batteries—and light
your home—with the
AERO-ELECTRIC

It turns the wind into
money. Runs day or
night without attention
or expense. Write
AERO-ELECTRIC, Dept. G, WINNIPEG

30 EXTRA SPECIAL PRIZES — WIN ONE!

Those who were unable to enter our Figure Puzzle Contest in November can win a special prize in addition to one of the 100 regular prizes by sending in one of the first nearest correct solutions during December. Full details on pages 32-33

Wouldn't You Like to Own a Good Watch?

NOTE: Over 100,000 men and women have answered our ads and are now proud owners of Studebaker Watches.



21 Jewel STUDEBAKER
The Insured Watch

SENT FOR ONLY

\$1.00 Down!
An amazing offer! Only \$1.00 down brings a magnificent 21 Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. Your choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. 8 Adjustments including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Insured for a lifetime. Sold direct to you at lowest prices ever named on quality watches. Men's Strap Watches and Ladies' Bracelet Watches too! Send coupon for details and FREE BOOK of Advance Watch Styles.

Beautiful Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering an exquisite watch chain absolutely FREE. Write at once for FREE Style Book—while this offer lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.

Directed by members of the Studebaker Family—known three-quarters of a century for fair dealing
WATCHES • DIAMONDS • JEWELRY

Dept. N189 Windsor, Ontario

Mail This
Studebaker Watch Co.
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Please send me your FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1.00 down offer.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City or P. O. Province

SELL YOUR Livestock, Poultry, Seed Grain, Farm Lands and Machinery *through* *The "Farmers' Market Place"*

THE COST IS LOW

- - - YOU SELL DIRECT

- - - YOU GET THE CASH

You can reach more than 100,000 readers with a
"Little Guide Ad." costing only a few cents a word

The Guide makes all our readers your neighbors. Some of these neighbors live in districts where there is a shortage of seed grain, where they cannot afford expensive modern machinery or where money made this year will be spent in building up better flocks of poultry and sheep, and better herds of cattle and swine. This gives you a splendid opportunity to sell these things through The Guide at a profit.

Eighteen years of specialization has made the "Little Guide Ad." the most economical method of **buying, selling and exchanging** things used or produced on the farm. Thousands of bushels of seed grain change

hands every year. Hundreds of farmers buy or sell pure-bred livestock, seeding equipment and other things by this method. Many who are wanting to rent farms or purchase miscellaneous articles find our want ads. a profitable solution to the problem.

Proof that this method is **cheap, quick and profitable** lies in the fact that The Guide carries more classified advertising than any other farm journal in Western Canada. Your chances of success in making your farm a better paying business will begin the day you send us a "Little Guide Ad."

IF WE CAN DO IT FOR OTHERS---WE CAN DO IT FOR YOU

Write for rates or turn to the top of the Classified Section in The Guide for further information.

Ads. Work Every
Month of the
Year

You Can Make 1927 The Banner Year

Read Monthly
Suggestions

Here's the whole year at a glance. Paste this calendar on a piece of cardboard.

JANUARY

Freshening cows, draft stallions, gilts, wolfhounds, foxes, cockerels, hatching eggs, turkeys, ducks, geese, pet stock, fish, seed grain and honey.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
Classified Ads. are the greatest little "Mortgage Lifters."—Try one.

2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

FEBRUARY

Work horses, pure-bred livestock, grain cleaners and picklers, seed wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax, grass seed, clover, farm lands, and all January list.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28					

"Little Guide Ads." sell everything from fence posts to farms.

MARCH

Nursery stock, poultry, hatching eggs, farms to rent, seed grain and grass seed, grain drills, stubble and breaking plows, tractors, miscellaneous machinery, pet stock and foxes.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.

		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Save on your purchases by using a "Want Ad."

APRIL

Grain cleaning and seeding equipment, horses, seed grain, grass seed and seed potatoes, turkey, geese, duck and chicken eggs, cockerels, nursery stock, bees, farm lands.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
This modern method of marketing pays huge dividends.

3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MAY

Baby chicks, feed oats and hay, fence posts, collie dogs, Shetland ponies, bees, summerfallow machinery, pure-bred breeding stock and young stock, in cattle, sheep and swine.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Improved arrangement and classification makes Guide Ads. easy to find.

JUNE

Farm lands, well-drilling, road-making, haying and ensiling machinery, queen bees, fall rye, fence posts, lumber and tractors.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
Sell direct — and increase your income.

5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JULY

Farm lands, fall rye, binders, separators, steam and gas engines, queen bees, honey, Shetland ponies, collie dogs, breeding ewes, swine (fall litters).

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
Readers refer to Guide Ads. to find out how much things are worth.

3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

AUGUST

Engines and separators, sheaf loaders, grain and water tanks, collies, wolfhounds, pet stock, fruit, honey, brood sows, breeding ewes and rams.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

"Little Guide Ads." will help you make 1927 the best year yet.

SEPTEMBER

Sheep, collie dogs, breeding stock and young stock in cattle, sheep and swine, honey, fruit, plowing outfits, lumber, sundry articles.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
Thousands have made profitable purchases, sales and exchanges—so can you.

4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

OCTOBER

Farms to rent, well-drilling equipment, miscellaneous machinery, cord wood, lumber, honey, stockers and feeders, cockerels, pullets and radio sets.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
The cost is small for the returns secured—send for rates.

2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOVEMBER

Sawing and chopping outfits, lumber, freshening cows, sleighs, fanning mills, radios, cockerels, pullets, turkeys and farm lands.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.

		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

If we can do it for others, we can do it for you.

DECEMBER

Breeding stock in dairy cattle, beef cattle and swine, pullets, cockerels, turkeys, ducks, geese, dogs, foxes, pet stock, cord wood and honey.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THUR. FRI. SAT.
Keep this calendar—and make money from it.

4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

WIN FAME, FORTUNE AND H

Which Car Will
You Drive?



First Grand Award
\$2,400

\$1,650 Studebaker Six and \$750 "Extra Cash." We selected this car from among nineteen Studebaker models. It combines airiness with closed car protection. New roller side enclosures at a touch of the hand provide closed car comfort in thirty seconds. Some of its features are automatic spark control, steering gear lock, genuine leather upholstery, improved emergency brake and safety light control, combination stop and tail light, improved tire carrier, oil drain valve, oil filter and waterproof ignition.

**This Contest GUARANTEES
190 Prizes Worth \$7,130**

Second Grand Award
\$1,370

Overland "Whippet" Coach which retails at \$1,040 f.o.b. Winnipeg, or you can choose the \$1,070 Chevrolet Sedan illustrated below. See prize list for details.



Solve the Figure Puzzle--Win \$2,400--a

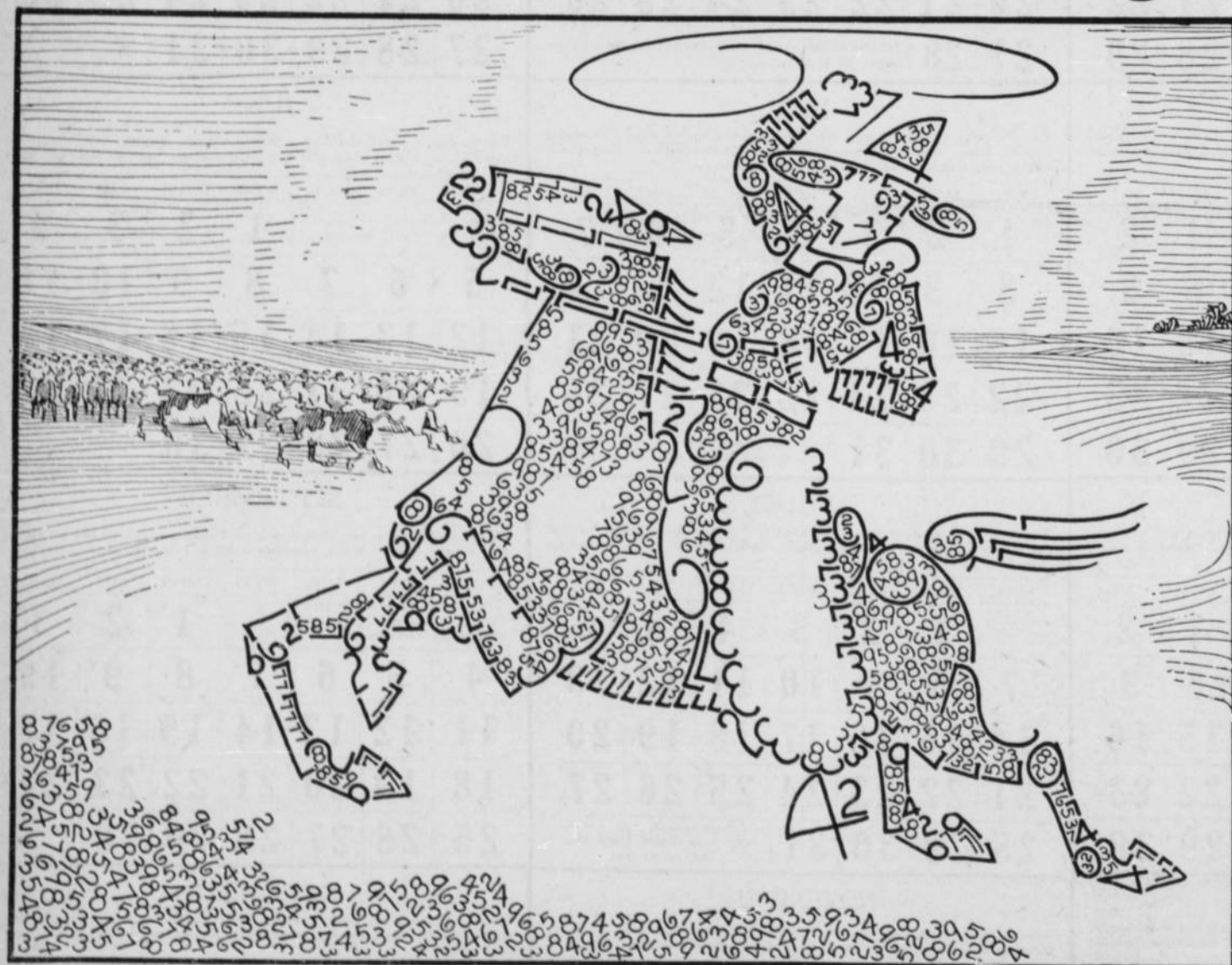
This is an opportunity of a lifetime to make some never was a contest to equal this. An hour or two you a small fortune. Everybody who can add the figures has an equal chance.

817 prize winners have won \$36,800 in 14 former competitions. Surely you can win one of 190 prize Feature Competition.

The Grain Growers' Guide---Canada

190 FREE PRIZES

How Many Cattle on this Range?



HOW TO OBTAIN THE ANSWER

Add together the figures in the picture thus: $6+2+9+7=24$. The sum total of all the figures is the answer to the problem. Every figure is complete and the drawing is entirely free from tricks and illusions. There are no figures hidden in the background. The figures range from 2 to 9, each standing alone, thus, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9. Note that there are no ones (1), nor ciphers (0) in the chart. The tops of the nines are closed and the bottoms are straight. The sixes have a curved top and the bottom is not closed. By looking at any figure carefully you can easily tell what it is. However, to pick out all the figures and add them together is a task that requires a little

patience and skill. This is the most attractive figure puzzle that has ever been produced. It is fascinating and will give you many a thrill. Even were no prizes offered it would be worth while trying to solve it. In the event that no one obtains the exact answer the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solutions.

It must be clearly understood that there are no figures in any part of the picture, except those which form the horse, rider, lariat and shadow underneath. There is no trick in this puzzle. Every figure can be clearly seen. There are no figures hidden amongst the clouds, hills or cattle.

Alternative Award

See Prize List--Alternative First Prize

ESSEX COACH

Retails at \$1,190 f.o.b. Winnipeg. All steel, clear-vision body. Built by Hudson organization. Anyone would be proud to own this car.

Or Pontiac Coach

Pontiac Six Cylinder Coach, \$1,240 f.o.b. manufactured by the General Motors Corporation. Excellence, performance and engineering design.

No One Knows The Correct

Premier Bracken and Mr. Crerar on more figures from the puzzle. They knew what figures the other eras member of The Guide's staff possess. Each official made a note of the figures placed this information in a sealed safety deposit vault, where it will remain until the contest closes. Until these figures were known and Contest Department knew the correct answer the contest closes Premier Bracken and Mr. Crerar make known the numbers they erased. The numbers subtracted from the original correct answer present correct answer. In other words, the answer to the problem is the sum total of the numbers in the picture printed herewith.

Use this Coupon When

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

My answer to the problem is.....
prize to me to the following address:

NAME.....

New or renewal subscriptions as follows:

Name.....

Name.....

Name.....

Name.....

Name.....

Contestants who have previously sent in an answer or

these blanks. Answer sent in.....

IMPORTANT--Answer all questions carefully.

Address corresponding to.....

The Grain Growers' Guide, V

NOTE--If your subscription was sent in by mail

NAME.....

START TONIGHT---Send For Extra Charts

HAPPINESS AT ONE STROKE

and one of the 30 "Special Prizes" offered for best December solutions

easy money. There
your time can win
figures from one to nine

Grain Growers' Guide
this our Fifteenth

Try it now—see how simple it is—no trickery, nothing hidden,
only a matter of adding up figures and keeping track of the figures
already totalled.

There are no strings nor conditions that work a hardship to this
offer—a subscription to The Grain Growers' Guide entitles you to
enter—read the rules.

Greatest Farm Magazine, Guarantees These Wonderful Prizes.

Read the Prize List **VALUE \$7,130**

BEST PRIZE—Total value \$2,400
\$1,650 Studebaker Six Cylinder Duplex Phaeton, plus
\$750 cash extra at the rate of \$50 for every dollar sent
in up to \$5.00, and \$100 cash extra for every dollar sent
in from \$6.00 to \$10. Not more than \$10 in subscriptions
can be applied on one answer. A contestant must send
in not less than \$5.00 worth of subscriptions to qualify
for this prize.

BEST PRIZE—(If the contestant does not qualify as
above) total value \$1,440

Choice of an Essex valued at \$1,190 or Pontiac Coach
valued at \$1,240, plus \$200 cash extra, at the rate of
\$50 for every dollar sent in up to \$4.00. If a contestant
sends in more than \$4.00 he qualifies for the Studebaker
car.

THIRD PRIZE—Total value \$700

\$500 cash, plus \$20 cash extra, at the rate of \$20 for
every dollar sent in up to \$10.

FOURTH PRIZE—Total value \$300.

\$200 cash, plus ten times the amount sent in up to \$10.

FIFTH PRIZE—Total value \$100

\$80 cash, plus two times the amount sent in up to \$10.

SECOND PRIZE—Total value \$1,370

Choice of Chevrolet Sedan worth \$1,070, or Overland
"Whippet" Coach worth \$1,040, plus \$300 cash extra,
at the rate of \$30 for every dollar sent in up to \$10. To
qualify, a contestant must send in not less than \$5.00
worth of subscriptions.

SECOND PRIZE—(If the contestant does not qualify
as above) total value \$1,055.

Choice of a Star car worth \$905 or a "Whippet" Touring
Car worth \$935 and \$120 cash extra, at the rate of \$30
for every dollar sent in up to \$4.00. If a contestant sends
in more than \$4.00 and wins the second prize, he qualifies
for the \$1,370 prize.

FOURTH PRIZE—Total value \$450

\$300 cash, plus fifteen times the amount sent in up to \$10.

SIXTH PRIZE—Total value \$150

\$100 cash, plus five times the amount sent in up to \$10.

EIGHTH, NINTH AND TENTH PRIZES—\$50 each

THIRTY PRIZES—Cash \$20 each.

THIRTY PRIZES—Cash \$10 each.

THIRTY PRIZES—Cash \$5.00 each.

Get Into this Fascinating Instructive Competition

The Judges

The manner in which the details of the contest were handled
last year gave such general satisfaction that the same pro-
cedure will be followed this year. Hon. John Bracken and T.
A. Crerar have erased one or more figures from the puzzle, so
that no one knows the correct answer. This is explained more
fully elsewhere. Three other officials have been appointed
to examine the contest records, award the prizes and look
after the interests of the contestants. J. H. Evans,

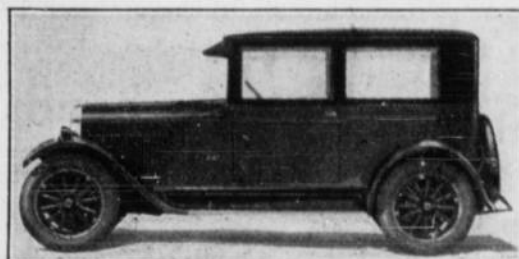
Deputy Minister of Agriculture for
Manitoba; R. S. Law, Secretary of
the United Grain Growers Limited,
and K. Drennan, Managing Director
of John Scott & Co., Chartered Ac-
countants, are the men selected for
this part of the work. Their awards
gave unanimous satisfaction last
year and we are glad to have them
represent contestants again this
year. Every contestant is assured
of fair and impartial treatment.



Winnipeg. Manufac-
turers, size, appear-

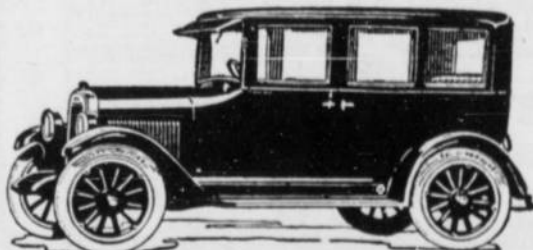
Answer

erased one or
other of them
nor does any
this information.
he erased and
hope in his own
until after the
erased the artist
total. After
Mr. Crerar will
These will be
over, giving the
the correct
of all the figures



Chevrolet Sedan

Retails at \$1,070 f.o.b. Winnipeg.
See Prize List governing the
winning of \$300 extra cash.



Overland "Whippet"

Second Prize car \$935
f.o.b. Winnipeg. This
new light weight car
embodies many improve-
ments.

No Freight to Pay

No matter which car
you win, you will not
have any freight to pay.
The car will be delivered
free of charge to your
nearest station or town.



"The Star"

See Prize List for
conditions governing
winning of this \$905
touring car, equipped
with wings and
bumper.

See Next Page for
"SPECIAL PRIZE" Offer

HOW TO ENTER

1. Everyone living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta
can take part in the contest except:

- (a) Employees, their immediate families and anyone connected with
The Grain Growers' Guide.
- (b) Residents in towns or cities with a population of over 2,500,
not owners of farm land.
- (c) Prize winners in the 1924-25 and 1925-26 contest who won more
than \$100.

2. Additional puzzle charts, on a good grade of paper,
may be obtained by writing to the Contest Department, The
Grain Growers' Guide. They will be mailed free of charge.

3. Every figure in this picture is complete, and the drawing
is entirely free from tricks and illusions. If any contestant
is in doubt, however, about a figure the Contest Department
will be glad to give a ruling on it. Put a circle around the
figure and send the marked chart with your letter.

4. When you have solved the puzzle, put your answer on
the coupon and remittance blank. Fill it out carefully and
send not less than \$1.00 which pays for both the entrance
fee and a three-year subscription to The Grain Growers'
Guide. \$2.00 entitles you to a seven-year subscription; \$3.00
to an eleven-year subscription. Renewal subscriptions count
the same as new and will be extended from the day the
present subscription expires. A subscription for more than
\$3.00 will not be accepted. Every dollar sent in must repre-
sent your own subscription or one collected from a person
living in the prairie provinces.

5. Be sure the full amount of the subscription is sent direct
to the Contest Department of The Grain Growers' Guide.
Contestants, because of the large prize lists, are not entitled
to any premiums, nor can agents or postmasters deduct a
commission.

6. The contest will close January 31, but send in your
solution as soon as possible, as there are special prizes for
early solution senders. For full details see "Special Prizes."
7. Everyone has an equal opportunity. You can win the
First Prize and \$50 in cash on a one-dollar subscription,
but note that the value of the first six prizes increases if
you send in more money (see Prize List). Aim to win the
maximum value of the Grand Prize. Either new or renewal
subscriptions collected from friends or neighbors are accepted
and the amount will be applied to your answer. At the
amazingly low cost of \$1.00 for three years, you can easily
persuade a friend or neighbor to subscribe to our journal.
New readers may enter the contest providing they comply
with the rules.

8. You can submit as many answers as you like, providing
each answer is accompanied by a one-dollar subscription, but if
one of your answers is correct the money sent in with your
other answers will not increase the total value of the prize.

9. Readers who give their subscription to some other con-
testant and later on want to send in an answer themselves,
may do so, providing they write on the coupon the name of
the person they paid their subscription to, also the amount
paid. No further payment is necessary.

10. Contestants should remit by postal note, bank, postal or
express money order. These should be made payable to
The Grain Growers' Guide.

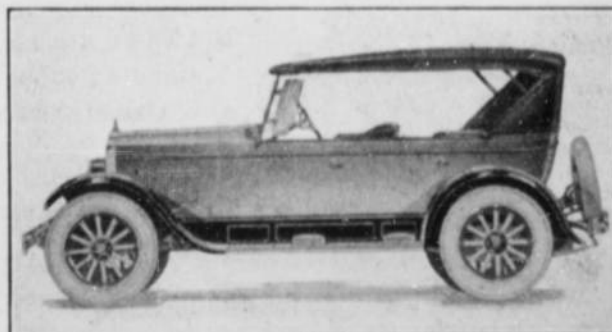
11. Only one person in any household can win a regular
prize. No solution can be changed after it is once registered.

12. In case of a tie for any prize, a second puzzle will be
presented, which will be as practicable and as solvable as
the first. Only those tied for a prize will be permitted to
solve puzzle No. 2. Should two or more persons be tied for
a prize, that prize and as many prizes following as there are
persons tied, will be reserved for them before any prizes
will be awarded for less correct solutions.

13. The Contest Department of The Grain Growers' Guide
reserves the right to alter the rules and regulations for the
protection of contestants or The Guide; to refund subscrip-
tions and disqualify any competitors whom they consider
undesirable, and to finally decide all questions which may
arise. Competitors are assured of the same fair and im-
partial treatment that has marked Guide contests in the past.

Hurry! Hurry!! Hurry!!!

The coupon on the left represents only a good opportunity
until it is filled out. It may easily mean the winning of a
wonderful prize when sent with
your solution to the puzzle to
The Grain Growers' Guide. The
winning of a prize depends en-
tirely upon the answer you send
in but since thirty "Special
Prizes" are offered for the first
nearest correct answers received,
we urge you to make a start
right away.



When Sending in Your Answer

1926
battle on the range, and if this is the winning answer, send the

P.O.	PROV.	New or Renewal	Amount
Address			\$
Address			\$
Address			\$
Address			\$
Address			\$

or remittance to this puzzle, please fill in
Amount \$

Subscription Rates:
\$1.00 for three years.
\$2.00 for seven years.
\$3.00 for eleven years.

to: The Contest Department, care of
Winnipeg, Manitoba
other contestant you must put his or her name and address below:
P.O. PROV.

CONTEST CLOSING
JANUARY 31, 1927

Important Announcement Back of this Page

30 "SPECIAL PRIZES" 30

For DECEMBER SOLUTIONS

10 for Manitoba

10 for Saskatchewan

10 for Alberta

Your Chance is Just as Good Today as the Day the Contest Opened

WHY?

This generous addition to the prize list was made for the benefit of those who did not have time to solve the puzzle in November. Thirty "Special Prizes" totalling \$150 will be awarded to contestants who send in the first correct or nearest correct solutions during the month of December. Solutions received during November cannot compete for this money. This gives you a splendid chance to win a special prize in addition to one of the regular prizes listed on the preceding page. Your chance of winning the \$2,400 Grand Award is as good today as the day the contest opened. Those who start now are at no disadvantage whatsoever.

30 Extra Special Prizes - Total Value \$150

	Manitoba	Saskatchewan	Alberta
First Prize	\$20.00	\$20.00	\$20.00
Second Prize. . .	10.00	10.00	10.00
Third Prize . . .	5.00	5.00	5.00
Fourth Prize . . .	3.00	3.00	3.00
Six Prizes each .	2.00	2.00	2.00
	<u>\$50.00</u>	<u>\$50.00</u>	<u>\$50.00</u>

The winning of a "Special Prize" does not interfere in any way with your winning one of the other prizes. It only takes a short time to solve the puzzle. Why not go after a "Special Prize" tonight.

How to Unlock the Treasure Chest

Anyone who can add can solve the puzzle, but your chance of success is increased if you work according to a method. Here are four different methods of getting at the solution:


1. Blot out each figure in the puzzle as you write it down on a sheet of paper. Keep a column for the 2's, another for the 3's and so on.

2. Count all the 2's, all the 3's and so on.

3. Take combinations of figures that make 10 and mark

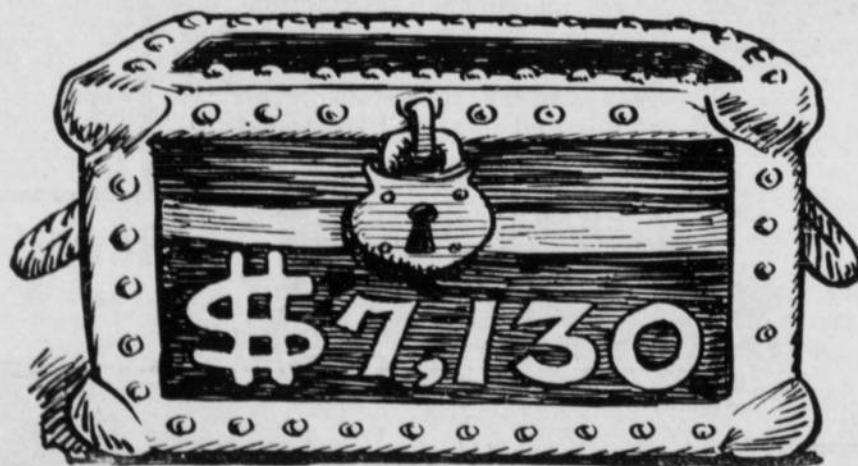
down in 10's on a sheet of paper. Tens are easy to add.

4. Cut or mark the puzzle into smaller pieces and add each piece separately. You can check your work by this method.

The  to the "**Treasure Chest**" is in your hands
See particulars above, "How to Unlock It"

Seize This
OPPORTUNITY

Start Today
Don't Delay



190 Prizes

First Prize
\$2,400

Win
\$2,400

Contest
Department,
THE GRAIN
GROWERS'
GUIDE,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me
copies of the Figure Puzzle, also
the complete prize list and details
of the contest.

NAME

ADDRESS

PROV.

This Thrilling Contest will soon be over---the Opportunity Gone

Never before have such valuable prizes been offered for something which required so little effort. You often spend hours solving puzzles just for the fun of it. Here is a puzzle that offers you a small fortune for solving it. There are no tricks—there is nothing to baffle you. All you have to do is to add the figures. You stand an equal chance with anyone else. A few hours of your spare time may easily win you the First Grand Award, worth \$2,400. Somebody is going to get it. Why not you?

Extra copies of the Figure Puzzle for yourself or your friends will be mailed free of charge. Simply send the coupon on the left. Obey that impulse—Do It Now!

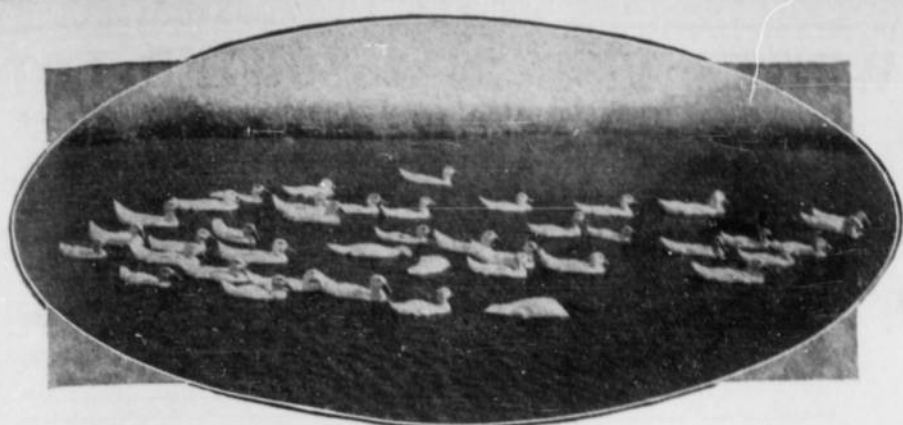
KEEP THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

Follow Instructions

Solve the Puzzle

The Prize is Yours

WIN
\$2,400



The admiral marshals his fleet for review.

Holiday Games

Some Suggestions for an Evening's Entertainment

IN the holiday season when the young folks are all home there is need of some good games, both for adults and children, some in which both can take part. In the Mary Dawson Game book can be found some novel Christmas games and contests which might well be tried out for either a house party or a school social.

Why not have an Illustrated Christmas Gift contest. For this partners are arranged by drawing folded slips of paper from a basket on which are printed numbers. Chairs are placed back to back down the room. One player of each pair is given a small tablet and a pencil with a rubber on the top. The players occupy the seats back to back. The fun consists in having one of them draw a Christmas gift from a description of it given by his or her partner, who describes the object without mentioning its name.

Simple objects only are chosen, such as a doll, a box of candy, a ring, a pair of gloves, etc. Under no circumstance is the person describing allowed to catch a glimpse of the sketch until this work of art is completed. The fun increases if the artist is not allowed to ask questions. When the sketch is finished chairs are reversed and the describing player reveals the true name of the object whose description has been given. This is then written below the picture drawn, with the initials of the artist. The sketches are then collected by a committee appointed to judge them and their merits are pronounced upon. Prizes may be awarded the winners.

A novel idea may be carried out by making a large imitation plum pudding from cardboard and brown paper. Numerous strings hang from the opening at the top. At a given signal each guest pulls his string. At the end of the string is his "plum," a roll of paper upon which may be written the part he is to play in the evening's fun or some character which he must represent for the next hour or so. This may easily be given a slant that will be greatly enjoyed by the children present. They will be told, for instance, that they are to represent Alice in Wonderland, the rabbit, the Queen of Hearts, Peter Pan, Tiny Tim, Lord Fauntleroy, or some Mother Goose character. They may move about the room, talking to the others, but they must not say what or who they are. From how they act and what they say the guests must guess and write their guesses down on the slip of paper which the person carries. The one who gets the greatest number of correct guesses wins the prize.

Monarchs of Revels

It may be well to appoint a king and queen of Christmas revels. They then command what the rest of the company shall play. If they are crowned with cardboard diadems and wear shawls or sheets for royal robes it will add much to the fun of the party, especially if the two chosen prove full of resourcefulness.

Choose two of the guests, give them lighted candles and have the king command them to approach each other, allowing no glimmer of a smile to light their countenances, while they go through the following dialogue. It must be recited in a slow, dismal manner, the dismalness increasing with each phrase:

First Speaker—"The King of Hunky Bunky is defunct and dead."

Second Speaker—"Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas! How died his majesty?"

First Speaker—"Just so. Just so. Just so."

Second Speaker—"How sad! How sad! How sad!"

All the players could be required to go

through with this rigmarole, and those who laugh, and they will be many, are condemned to pay forfeits.

Another amateur dramatic game is to have an exhibition of human mechanical toys, impersonated by the older young people, who perhaps could use one end of the living-room in a house for the stage. The characters may, if they wish, introduce a short and funny dialogue between a foreigner who is an inventor and manufacturer of mechanical toys and a merchant who thinks of buying some of his stock-in-trade. One by one the manufacturer takes out the toys from the boxes, which are on the stage when the curtain goes up.

Gift Hunting

Musical games are very popular. Hidden Gifts is one which a hostess may plan for her guests. A trifling gift for each member of the party is tucked away in a Christmas box, trimmed with garlands of green. The box is then hidden away in some chosen secret spot in one of the rooms. A leader is chosen by the guests, his or her eyes are blindfolded, the company then form in a long laughing procession and the music begins. If the blind leader is approaching the hiding place of the treasure box the music rings out loud and joyously, but if the wrong direction is being taken the strains are slow and doleful. Once the players chose their leader they have no choice but to follow where he goes until the box is reached, no matter what their private opinions regarding its location may be. Names on the wrappers tell for whom the gifts are intended.

Another hiding game which is sometimes played in smaller parties is: First the gifts are hidden. When the guests enter the room each one is given a note telling him or her to look in a certain place. When he does so he finds another note bidding him look in a second place, then a third and so on for five or perhaps seven or eight times. Of course, the tracks of the various hunters cross. No one touches any parcel not marked with his name. Peanuts, candy or any small favor will do just as well for hiding as a gift. There is usually plenty of merriment in a game of this kind. The hostess will find it a good "ice-breaker" to start everybody off in a merry mood for the evening.

Variety of Contests

An indoor snowball fight may be arranged by having plenty of little snowballs made out of raw cotton. Sides are chosen and each player given a palm leaf fan or a substitute for it. A chalk line is drawn down the centre of the room and the opponents stand facing one another across the line and about four feet apart. The game is to see which side can drop the most snowballs into the enemy's territory, using the fans to bat with.

The guests take sides and face each other in two lines of equal size. Each division has a leader who stands at the head of his band. Toss a penny to see which side shall have possession of the apple. The leader to whom it falls tosses the apple to the leader of the opposition, at the same time giving out any letter of the alphabet which he thinks of. The leader of the opposition is supposed to catch the apple and, before ten can be counted by the other leader, to name a word beginning with the letter given. It is the function of the band to assist their leader by calling out the required noun should he hesitate. In case of the failure of the leader the opposition has the privilege of drawing to it any player from the opposing ranks whom they desire. An orange can be substituted for the apple if more readily to hand.

Make the Most of Your Savings

The full benefit of thrift is received only when savings are utilized to best advantage.

Canadian Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds adequately safeguard the principal and provide an annual return of from 4½% to 6½%. Whether the amount for investment is small or large, suitable bonds are available.

Copy of our New Bond List, with suggestions to meet individual requirements, will be gladly furnished upon request.

Wood, Gundy Limited

Toronto
Winnipeg
London, Ont.

Lindsay Building
Winnipeg

Montreal
New York
London, Eng.

Usher in New Xmas Joys With a Federal Ortho-sonic



THE dear old white-haired grandmother . . . the blessed wife and kiddies . . . the long winter evenings ahead. And Christmas almost here! Make it a real Christmas for them—for yourself! Turn those evenings into extended joy-fests. Let the carols come swelling in with that beauty and life-like quality of tone that only the Ortho-sonic radio can produce. Give them a Federal, the most beautiful of all radio—the only Ortho-sonic radio.

D-10 Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Very selective and sensitive. Genuine mahogany cabinet. Mahogany lined. Finish, rich brown. Without accessories, \$135.



E-10 Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Single control without loss of efficiency. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. Rugged all-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful brown mahogany cabinet—rosewood inlay. Without accessories, \$202.50.



The sign of the Designated Federal Retailer.

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1926



1927

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Turn to pages 32-33 and solve our latest Figure Puzzle

Spoonerisms

THE word "spoonerism" which is now a standard English word and appears in the best dictionaries, is a comparatively recent acquisition of the language. It is derived from the name of the Reverend Doctor W. A. Spooner, a distinguished historian and warden of New College, Oxford, who had the habit of interchanging letters and syllables with amusing results.

One of the most famous Spoonerisms was born when the doctor was preaching one morning. "Ah, brethren!" he said, "Are you never conscious of a half-warmed fish within the breast?" Who would recognize in the sentence the phrase, "half formed wish?" On another occasion, after he had concluded a very impressive sermon and was announcing a well-known hymn he rather spoiled the effect of the sermon by inadvertently rendering one of the lines of the hymn as "Kinkering kongs, their titles take!"

At the conclusion of the celebrations at Oxford on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, he called for three cheers for "our queer old dean," a slip which might have amused, even if it did not do honor to, the dear old queen. In his day students were as prone to skip lectures as they are in these frivolous times. One delinquent was reproved by Dr. Spooner "for hissing all my mystery lectures." Another who had not been as assiduous as he might have been and had wasted two whole terms, was upbraided by the lecturer by being told that he had "tasted two whole worms." Still another claimed that he had been privately reproved for "fighting liars" in the quadrangle of the college.

Dr. Spooner was still vigorous when the bicycle craze swept the country and expressed his pleasure in the exercise by stating that there was nothing he liked better than riding into town on a well boiled icicle. On Sunday, on entering the church where, as was the custom, he had his own pew, he found it occupied by a stranger. "Excuse me," he said, "but you are occupying my pie."

Not all the Spoonerisms that have made their way into the humor of the language originated with the genial doctor, after whom they are named. One day an old lady stepped off the train in England and was immediately approached by the boy in uniform whose duty it was to help passengers with their luggage. "Any luggage?" he enquired. "Only a rag and a bug," she replied.

A student once rushed into the office of the dean of his college and put the question: "Is the bean dizzy?" to the dean's astonished secretary. The enquiry of the confused bridegroom who, at the rehearsal of his wedding, which was to take place next day, asked the preacher "If it was kistomary to cuss the bride," is one of the best known Spoonerisms.

Some sayings which are not exactly Spoonerisms but closely resemble them have gained currency. A noted divine once stopped at a hotel in a small country town. Needing some hot water he rang for the boy. The landlord, appreciating the dignity of his guest, hastily instructed the boy to the effect that, after knocking at the bishop's door and being asked who was there, he was to reply, "The boy, my lord." But when the nervous boy had knocked and received the expected question, "Who is there?" he rather startled the divine by replying, "The Lord, my boy."

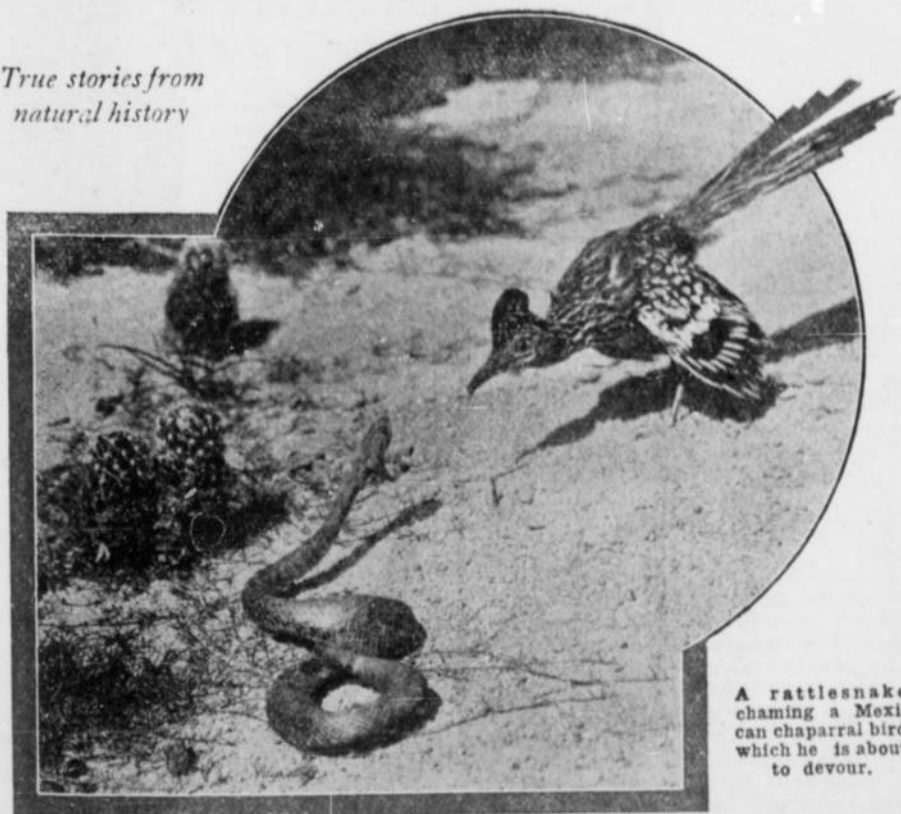
Recently Punch had a cartoon or illustrated incident which, according to the present style of English cartoonists, had beneath it, in dialogue form, the point which the cartoon illustrated. The dialogue, which was on the coal strike, ran something like this: "The trouble is that the owners are trying to put the onus on the miners."

"Yes, and the miners are trying to put the minus on the owners."

So recently as 1924 Dr. Spooner resigned from his position at Oxford. He was held in high regard in scholastic circles but the fame of Spoonerisms has eclipsed his fame as an historian and scholar.

Rattlesnake Tales

True stories from
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A rattlesnake charming a Mexican chaparral bird which he is about to devour.

Do you ever get a terrified start at the sudden discovery of a snake, be it ever so harmless? It is common knowledge that some people, who will face ordinary dangers with great courage, cannot control an instinctive dread of snakes.

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The worst enemy of the rattler is the domestic pig. Immune to poison, the pig is fond of snake meat. When he hears the deadly rattle he hunts the snake out and relentlessly tears it to pieces.

The rattle which gives the snake its name is caused by loose quills in the tail. It is not intended as a merciful warning to the victim, as some superstitious old-timers believe. It is the call to his kind. When one reptile gives his rattle, all other rattlers within hearing reply.

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Around the Empire Conference Table

Continued from Page 3

which are at present engaging the attention of different parts of the Commonwealth are: Human and animal tuberculosis in Canada; preservation of food stuffs in Australia; fruit pests in New Zealand; and diseases of animals in India.

The Nationality Committee took up the problem of the legal status of married women which varies enormously in different parts of the Commonwealth, but the problem presents many baffling complexities as the claims of other states upon the allegiance of their nationals are involved in it, and eventually a decision was reached that a proper solution could only be found by common international action, which would secure uniform laws and regulations on the subject.

Also considered were numerous questions relating to taxation, and in particular the dual burden which is often imposed upon people who reside in one unit of the Commonwealth but have investments in another. In many cases they find themselves liable for income tax in both countries and some concessions which will remove the worst features of this grievance were agreed to.

The problem of the domination which has been secured by the motion picture magnates of the United States in all British countries was brought before the conference and exhaustively discussed. Particular stress was laid upon the harm done in India and other tropical countries to the prestige of the white race by the continual showing of low-grade films of American origin which tend to convey a harmful impression of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and a number of the delegates were eager for measures to combat this evil. But the cold truth is that the film industry in the British Commonwealth, through lack of either enterprise or capital, has been quite unable to hold its own against American competition, and the delegates, although they admitted the menace of the American film, could suggest no immediate remedy.

The Irish Free State raised the question of the system of appeals from the courts of the overseas communities to the Judicature Committee of the Privy Council and pressed for its abolition. Canada did not support the idea of complete abolition, but Mr. Lapointe took a firm stand that the right of Canada by her own legislative act to bar criminal appeals from going to the Privy Council must be recognized; after being exercised for many years it was recently held invalid by the Privy Council, but as the result of Mr. Lapointe's representations the British Parliament will now be asked to pass legislation regularizing the right. About the general question of appeals an agreement was reached that any unit of the Commonwealth could have the right when it chose to exercise it of abolishing all appeals by concurrent legislation, but no immediate steps in this direction are likely to be taken.

Regularization of Dominion Status

Many Anomalies and Confusions Clarified

By far the most important question confronting the conference concerned the thorny issue of the status of the Dominions. In 1917 an Imperial conference, satisfied that a recognition of the political mechanism of the Commonwealth was necessary to meet new conditions, had passed a resolution recommending a special constitutional conference for the purpose, but the delegates who attended subsequent conferences had always conspired to shelve the project. Now, however, Premier Hertzog, of South Africa, raised the issue in acute form and insisted that the time was ripe for the regularization of the status of the Dominions in the eyes of the world. The question, bristling, as it was, with complications, was referred to a committee described as the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee, which was equipped with a very strong personnel, the veteran Earl Balfour, acting as chairman, and Mr. Lapointe serving as Canada's representative. Its deliberations were long and exhaustive and after a variety of problems had been threshed out it produced on November 20 a voluminous report embodied in a document of 6,000 words, which has since been the subject of diversified comment and keen criticism.

The report which was subsequently adopted by the main conference is a masterpiece of adroitness and is essentially a product of that spirit of compromise on which the British race prides. It steers a

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Read the Figure Puzzle contest
announcement, pages 32-33

middle course between the demands of extreme Nationalists who wanted drastic changes and the views of Conservative Imperialists who favored complete inaction and it skilfully evades some fundamental issues which will remain factors of disturbance and confusion unless they are boldly grappled with. The changes which it proposes are not of far-reaching importance and it is a wanton exaggeration to claim that the report is the Magna Charta of the Dominions' freedom. It does, however, accomplish a very useful measure of clarification of anomalies and confusions and makes some valuable suggestions for the improvement of the political machinery of the Commonwealth. It states in definite terms that Britain and the Dominions are "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs though united by common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Of course, this equality had been conceded in 1919 at the treaty of Versailles, but more formal sanction is now given to it and it is made clear that henceforth in mutual relations not the law nor the technicality will govern, but the condition of equality which has been given recognition.

Governor-General's Functions

The position of the governor-generals is dealt with and while they remain as before the representatives of the crown (this is expressly provided in the British North America Act as far as Canada is concerned), they are stripped of all functions as a medium of communication between the British and the Dominions' governments. The right of direct communication between the different governments was secured some years ago by Sir Robert Borden, but it had not been freely exercised and will probably as the result of the report become the established practice. A good deal of attention was paid to the problem of the treaty-making powers of the Dominions which have been in existence for many years, but the changes suggested are of minor character. Sir Robert Borden had already established the principle in connection with President Wilson's tripartite treaty about the Rhine frontier in 1919 and the Dominions should only be bound by treaties to which they gave their specific adherence, and on this occasion it was merely re-emphasized. Consideration was also paid to the competence of the Dominions to pass legislation which would have full extra territorial effect, and while it was agreed that such powers were desirable, it was decided to postpone any concrete recommendations and to set up a special committee to make more detailed examination of the problem. There is a slight change in the formal title of the Monarch and henceforth each of the governments of the Dominions will be styled "His Majesty's Government in Canada or in Australia," as the case may be.

Inter-Imperial Diplomatic Service

In the end it will probably be found that the most important change proposed relates to the machinery of communication.

The inadequacy of the present methods of communication by cable and letter has been repeatedly demonstrated and now that the governor-generals are to cease being mediums of communication, some reinforcement of the existing facilities is obviously necessary. Britain, indeed, has better means of communication with foreign powers than with the Dominions because she has trained diplomatic agents in every foreign country, and the committee, while it leaves the method to be worked at greater leisure, recommends the desirability of a closer personal touch between the partner states. This obviously foreshadows the establishment of an Inter-Imperial Diplomatic Service; Britain will have her representatives at all the Dominion capitals and the high commissioners will be exalted in status and given certain diplomatic functions. A number of minor recommendations dealing with such subjects as merchant shipping legislation, representation at international conference, etc., are included in the report.

A study of the document leads to the verdict that it deserves neither the extravagant eulogies showered upon it as a great landmark in the process of Dominion emancipation nor the criticisms levelled at it as being subversive of the solidarity of the Commonwealth. What it really does is to register and confirm with the seal of the Imperial Conference

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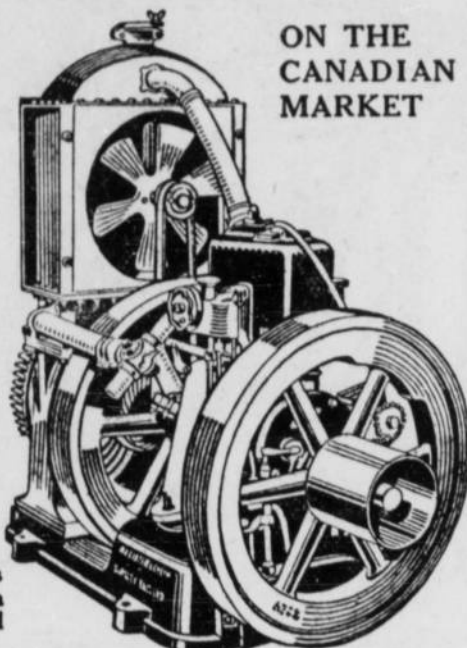
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a number of practices and arrangements which have been in actual operation for a varying number of years.

Its great flaw is that it completely ignores the basic problems involved in the responsibility of the Dominions for the foreign policies of Britain, especially such as generate issues of peace and war. The committee did discuss the problem created by the treaties of Locarno, but contented itself with a pious resolution approving the work of the British foreign secretary in negotiating them while none of the Dominions would commit themselves to ratification. It remains as a potential source of confusion and difficulty. Britain is obligated by its terms to go to war in certain eventualities, but the Dominions are free from any such formal obligation and it is a matter of controversy whether the Dominions, if war arose through such a treaty, could claim the privilege of neutrality. The best opinion of constitutional authorities is that they could only secure neutrality by a formal act of secession, because King George, who is the executive head of the Dominions as well as of Britain, could not be a belligerent in one capacity and a neutral in another.

The truth is that it has been found possible to subdivide the crown for domestic purposes because it is a family affair, but in international relations where foreign powers have to be dealt with no practical means of subdividing the powers of the crown has yet been devised. It was this point which General Hertzog wanted to be cleared up. He was supported by the Irish Free State, but apparently Canada joined with Australia and New Zealand in thwarting his desires. Another point deserves consideration. Heretofore the British government has been in the habit of acting as trustee manager for the Dominions on many questions, but henceforth it will be able to speak for nobody but itself. Foreign powers may find themselves in a quandary as to which of the British states they must deal with about certain matters, and it will be necessary for the Dominions to expand their diplomatic machinery with great rapidity. The sum of the matter is that some progress in clearing away constitutional debris has been made, but as far as Canada is concerned the work will be incomplete until some bold constitutional surgery with the B.N.A. Act is undertaken.—J.A.S.

War Secrets from the Sea

Continued from Page 30b

lash them to the hull to permit of free movement. After some search he found the prized box and started for the upper air.

But even the escape from this watery tomb had to be a succession of slow studied moves, for diving presents risks at every turn and attention to every detail is the condition of safety. Half-way up he caught a loop lowered for him to sit in while he swung his limbs to accustom himself to the lower pressure. Close to the keel of his tender he rested for another spell. And then the triumphant emergence from the waves to gloat over the prize in the box.

Lived Charmed Life

From that day on, Diver Miller entered every sunken submarine that could be located and returned with a priceless volume of information. No less than 60 U-boats were entered and their secret extracted. The Germans never guessed how their secret was leaking. Although the codes were being repeatedly changed, the British admiralty transposed all their wireless messages and knew their every movement. Mine fields, one after another, were swept clear by trawlers within a few hours after they were laid. Miller's courage provided the British fleet with understanding ears to match the eyes that kept vigil from its hydroplanes.

In the course of his adventures Miller collected a store of information about marine life. His electric torch attracted shoals of ghostly denizens of the deep. Little fishes blinked their phosphorescent eyes in the eternal gloom near the ocean's floor. Gigantic crabs and lobsters appropriated the sunken ships for homes. Conger eels seven feet long and five inches thick wound their slimy way through the tangled ocean weeds. Savage dogfish hung menacingly about him, never failing to snap at his boot when it was offered. "If they only knew how defenceless we are," he states. For the solitary man who explores in the cold night of ocean is not the diver of fiction who strikes quickly with the dagger. The great weight of his accoutrements and the crushing load of fathoms of water makes every move slow.

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-Great Western-
Santa Fe

to **California**

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first to warmer
weather—over
500 miles the first
day—then west
under cheerful,
sunny skies—
thru the colorful
Navajo country
of New Mexico
and Arizona—
You can stop at
the Grand Canyon.**

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Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in November; daily thereafter, except December 22-23.

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Manufacturers of Soil Pipes and Fittings, Tank Heaters, Feed Cookers, Etc.

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SEWAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM

Death of Thos. Sales

Thos. Sales, for many years a leading figure in the farmers' movement, and formerly Progressive member for the federal constituency of Saltcoats, died at Tantallon, Sask., on November 15. Mr. Sales had suffered from diabetes for some years, and during his last year at Ottawa spent some time in the hospital. At the time of his death, which was not unexpected, he was 59 years old.



The Late Thos. Sales

The late Mr. Sales was born in Nottingham, England, in 1868. He came to Canada in 1900 and engaged in the butcher business in Saskatoon.

He was a prominent member of the Anglican Church there, and was a member of the choir for a number of years. Later he took up farming at Langham, and while there became interested in the farmers' movement. Eight years ago he disposed of his farm and moved to Tantallon, where he resided up to the time of his death.

Mr. Sales served as director of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association and the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company. In 1921 he was elected to the House of Commons as a Progressive. While at Ottawa he was prominently identified as a member of the special committee appointed to deal with agriculture. On this committee, through his intimate knowledge of practical farming conditions, he was particularly well qualified to bring out the facts when witnesses were being examined. In 1925 he was unanimously nominated by the Progressives to contest the constituency of Melville, in which part of his old riding of Saltcoats had been merged in the redistribution. After starting his campaign, however, he suffered a collapse, and was compelled to retire from the contest.

The late Thos. Sales was widely known throughout Saskatchewan. His long residence in various parts of the province and his prominent place in various public capacities, brought him into contact with many people, and he made a large number of sincere friends, who sincerely regret the passing of a man of many sterling qualities. He was twice married—the second time to Elizabeth Ann Walsh, of Saskatoon, who, with two sons and four daughters, a step-son and two step-daughters, survive him. Burial was made in the Holar cemetery, Tantallon, near the grave of the late Senator Douglas.

Co-op. Board Grants Scholarship

The Co-operative Marketing Board, which was created by an act of the Manitoba legislature at their last session to administer the Canadian Wheat Board surplus, has announced the foundation of scholarships to encourage the study of rural economics among the students of the Agricultural College. Three scholarships will be open for competition each year. The first is valued at \$100 and is open to students of the fourth year in Agriculture and will be awarded to the student obtaining the highest marks in the work of the Department of Economics and Sociology in the third and fourth years. The second scholarship, valued at \$50, is open to students of home economics and will be awarded on a similar basis. The third scholarship of \$50 is open to students in second year diploma course in agriculture and will be based on the marks obtained in first and second year agricultural economics.

These scholarships will be open only to Manitoba students and the winners will be required to register at the Manitoba Agricultural College for further work in marketing and co-operation.

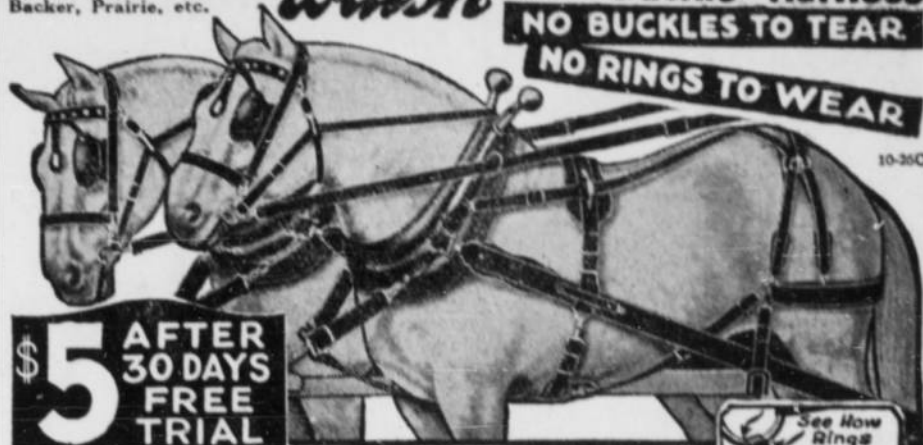
The Co-operative Marketing Board at present consists of: Hon. Albert Fontaine, chairman; R. D. Colquhoun, vice-chairman; W. A. Landreth, F. W. Ransom, G. W. Tovell, H. C. Grant, Geo. Brown, with P. H. Ferguson as secretary.

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Mr. Alfred McNeill, Chapel Rock, Alta., writes:



year, can work all day without any undue fatigue."

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35 cts. a box, at all Dealers, or
The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

"During the winter of 1920-21, I was greatly distressed with pains in my back and felt tired and depressed most of the time. Particularly during the night I was troubled with frequent urination, some nights having to rise almost every hour. I tried several different treatments without success, until finally I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they relieved my condition before I had finished the first box. I am feeling better this summer than I have for years, and although in my 67th



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No. 2498—Sports Frock. Cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting. No. 2553—Dress with Slenderizing Lines. Cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch bordered material with 2½ yards of 4-inch ribbon.

No. 2700—Chic Model. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36 or 40-inch black material with 1½ yards of 36-inch figured material.

No. 2704—Youthful Model. Cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2657—Junior Flared Frock. Cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of ribbon.

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No. 2051—One-Piece Apron. The pattern cuts in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2798—Child's One-Piece Dress with Bloomers. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

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Be sure to state number and size and write your name and address plainly.

All patterns 15 cents each, stamps or money order.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflicting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gum! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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No. 2812—Slenderizing Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

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No. 2690—Frock With Puffed-in Plaits at Sides. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2830—Straight Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2903—Junior Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2900—For Classroom Wear. The pattern cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2888—Plaits and Jabot. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2884—Surplice Closing. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2870—One-Piece Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with 2 yards of 1½-inch ribbon.

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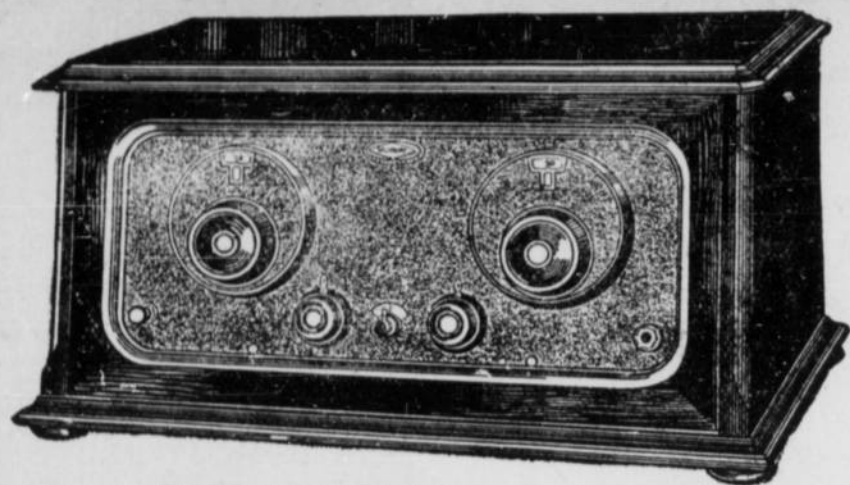
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Illustrated—The Aristocrat of Radio Receivers: Splitdorf Duo-Six six tube, two dial, inherently neutralized \$130

ADVANCED design has established Splitdorf leadership in the World of Radio. You must hear a Splitdorf set to realize how fine Radio Reception can be. Remember! Splitdorf is the only Radio Set with the Super-Power Switch which gives equal volume on all stations in the broadcast wavelengths.

Splitdorf Five and Six Tube Sets \$85 to \$280

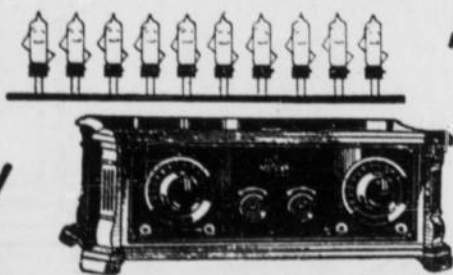
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Ten tubes - count them!

Ready for Duty Every Night! Every Day!



Just as a six cylinder car out-performs a four, and an eight excels a six, so does this Canadian-designed—Canadian-built ten-tube set surpass in tonal quality, distance and selectivity any set you have ever heard.

The unquestioned superiority of the MERCURY SUPER-TEN over all others was conclusively demonstrated in the recent Dominion wide reception test when it was awarded the Grand Silver Trophy for Highest Radio Efficiency.

Yet the Mercury is not expensive to buy. It is still less expensive to own. The Ten Northern Electric Peanut Tubes which operate it consume less battery current than Two standard six volt tubes.

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- - R-a-d-i-o - -

Edited by D. R. P. COATS, Director CKY



DAVE STEELE'S ORCHESTRA

This party of musicians frequently performs on the Stewart Warner programs broadcast from CKY.

How We Cured the Trouble

Alvin Edwards, of Elkdale, Man., wins five dollars for best letter

FIVE dollars isn't a fortune, but it will add some new part to Alvin Edwards' radio set or maybe contribute to his good cheer this Christmas. At any rate, Alvin should feel that his letter, which follows, was worth writing. The information it contains may help some other radio fan who gets his music mingled with "tut-tut-tuts" from a nearby lighting plant. Here is the letter:

"A number of people are having trouble through interference caused by lighting plants, so I will describe a few methods of eliminating this nuisance. It is usually due to the generator having a defective circuit or to excessive sparking at the brushes on the generator.

Condensers Help

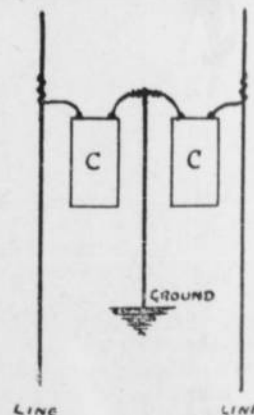
"When the lighting plant became an interrupter of our radio entertainment, we investigated the wiring. Then we used fine sandpaper on the commutator and cleared up any tendency for sparking at the brushes. In our case this was sufficient to eliminate the interference with radio reception. In other cases this method may not suffice, so I will give further information for the benefit of Guide readers. Try grounding the frame of the light plant generator. This will ground all static charges built up on the frame of the machine itself. Then place a one-microfarad or two-microfarad condenser across the armature terminals or main line of the plant. This condenser will bypass the interfering currents produced by the machine, but will not allow the direct current of the machine to leak through. It therefore places no load upon the plant. I have found that such a condenser connected across the terminals of a direct current machine will often eliminate interference with the radio. Condensers can be purchased at radio supply stores. Ask for a one or two-microfarad by-pass condenser. Connect the terminals of the condenser directly across the main line of the generator.

Shielding the Plant

"Another thing which can be done, if the interference persists, is to build a metal cage around the generator or light plant and ground the cage so that all interferences will be caught by the metal shield and sent directly to ground before they can get away and be picked up by radio receivers in the vicinity. Such a cage may be made up of fine mesh wire or sheet iron or tin, and connected directly to the ground, either to a water pipe or to a metal plate buried in the earth. I strongly recommend Guide readers to try the metal cage method. Of course, there are likely to be different causes of trouble in different cases. Where one method will work, another will have to be tried elsewhere."—Alvin Edwards.

Note by Radio Ed.—Mr. Edwards' experiences with metal cages built around lighting generators help to show the

advantage of shielding radio receiving sets. The owner of a lighting plant who will go to the trouble of constructing such a cage so that his plant shall not interfere with near-by radio sets is to be commended. There may be lighting plant owners who, not being radio fans, cannot be persuaded to undertake anything of the kind. In such an event, there is some satisfaction in knowing that if he will not build a cage around his generator, you can achieve practically the same success by shielding your set. Better still, if you are buying a new radio this Christmas, get one which is adequately shielded, not only by metal sheeting on the inside of the cabinet, but by having its transformer units, etc., individually enclosed in metal boxes. In connecting condensers across the line of a lighting plant it is better to join two condensers in series and ground the middle point, thus:



If this is found to reduce the interference but not to clear it entirely, try using condensers of larger capacity.

Looking Backward

As each Christmas-time comes round we think of other Christmases we have known. There they lie, like stepping stones in our memories, stretching away back into the past, to the childhood days when we tried to keep awake in the hope of catching Santa as he stuffed the stockings which hung at the foot of our beds. My earliest recollection of Christmas Eve is of being lifted from my cosy cot at the age of something under four years and at goodness knows what hour of the night, and being shown a long, black stocking of remarkable shape and with a trumpet protruding from the top, which instrument was placed to my lips and very feebly and dismally blown. Following this, I must have fallen asleep again, for I remember no more. The incident is mentioned because it was the first occasion I can recall of producing sound from anything in the least resembling a loud speaker. I might write a volume of reminiscences of Christmas in Dickensland, where I spent my boyhood, but my present purpose is to

mention only two or three seasons which I will call radio Christmases.

Radio in 1913

Back in the "palmy" days when wireless operators were scarce and shipping companies used to keep a man in port doing nothing for weeks rather than run the risk of having difficulty in securing another, I spent nearly three months in dock at Brooklyn, N.Y. This included Christmas, 1913. My salary cheque was small, but I had nothing to do but cash it, and my meals were found whenever I stayed aboard for them. The purser had little more to do than I, so we took a map of Manhattan Island, divided it into sections, allotted one section to each day of our expected stay and started to explore, visiting everything of interest we could find, including museums, libraries, art galleries, theatres, parks and even cemeteries. Altogether I think we learned a great deal more about Manhattan Island than is known to the average old inhabitant of that corner of the globe. From beyond the Bronx, to the famous Bowery and Chinatown, we worked our way through the sections of that map, and then we took ferries and explored Staten Island, Jersey City, and finally, Brooklyn itself and Flatbush. Just a few days before Christmas I visited the Electro Importing Company's store, and was surprised at the modest premises of this pioneer and extensively advertised radio supply house. It was here, however, in an upper room at the back of the store, that I listened in for the first time with a De Forest audion tube. I knew the Fleming two-element tube which had been used in ships operated by the Marconi Company and abandoned in favor of carborundum crystal detectors, but this was my introduction to the vacuum tube with the vital little grid without which radio would probably never have amounted to anything as we know it today. The price of the crude outfit, minus the tube, I believe, was \$15. Having a long stay in New York ahead of me, I bought a less expensive tuning coil and crystal instead for use as an auxiliary to the magnetic detector in my wireless cabin. It was just as well, anyway, for the ship was lost on the rocks off Halifax a few months later and the mermaids got most of my worldly goods. To resume, however, the crystal set was duly installed in my cabin on the City of Sydney, and used many a night for listening-in, in preference to the Maggie, whose strong point was reliability rather than range. One night, very close to Christmas, I heard for the first time in my life a human voice in my earphones. It was weak, though clear, and all it said was: "A—B—C—D—One—Two—Three—A—B—C—D—" and so on, slowly repeated. When listeners complain that we broadcast too much jazz or too little, or that some of the lectures are dry, I often wonder if they remember their joy on hearing music or speech by radio for the first time, and if humans are not sometimes very selfish and forgetful of the days when the voice of a man reciting the alphabet would have thrilled them as it did me that night in Brooklyn! I remember jumping up from my chair and telephoning Captain Dan MacDonald, who came, with others, to share the wonder. Who the speaker was, I cannot be certain, but we were afterwards informed that Dr. De Forest was conducting some radiophone experiments, so it was doubtless one of these we heard.

A Lucky Collision

A year later, the old Thompson liner, *Jacona*, was plugging her way up the North Sea on an inky black night, with no shore lights to guide her and not a glimmer showing on any ship in those mine-infested waters. We were not invisible to the cat-like eyes of a British torpedo boat commander, however, for suddenly we became aware that a low-lying craft was running beside us and from the blackness came a cultured voice instructing us to stop. The order being obeyed, we were told that German mines had been laid off Scarborough and that merchant vessels should not go north of the Humber. Accordingly, we changed our course and found ourselves next morning off Spurn Head, in company with a miscellaneous assortment of tramp steamers which had been similarly shepherded. Later in the day we were signalled that we might proceed on our various journeys. We were no sooner moving down the river, however, than the order was countermanded and we all returned to our moorings. These changes of Admiralty plans were made several

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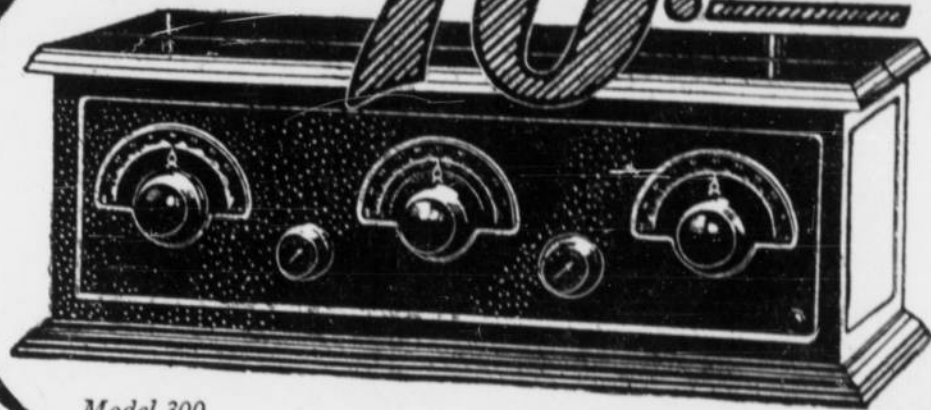
Fail shows up the weak spots in a person's health. Head colds develop. Noses and heads feel stuffed up. Breaths acquire a bad smelling odor. Sticky Catarrhal mucus has to be hawked up from the throat. Ringing sounds come in the ears and you feel a little Deaf.

Now is the time to start to treat that Catarrh. Don't let it run on another day.—Write at once and let us send you helpful

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It shall not cost you a cent and it may be just the aid for which you have hoped. We have been established for over 40 years with an ever growing record of success in Catarrhal troubles of the Nose, Throat and Ears. Write and see if you can't be freed from Catarrh. Simply put your name and address on the dotted lines—cut out the FREE ADVICE COUPON and mail it without delay. Address CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, 446 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass. Don't waste any time—Do it NOW

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A New Low Price

HERE is the answer to the question "What radio shall I buy?" Here is a five-tube, three-dial model of wide range and wonderful selectivity that is an ornament to any home.

Every unit is matched, assuring clearness of tone and ample volume. This model is a great favorite with radio enthusiasts. It is a big seller and we want you to get one while stocks are still complete.

Do not wait for the holiday rush. 'Phone your nearest Stewart-Warner Representative or call at his place of business and let him show you what is undoubtedly the greatest value in radio today.

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The
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If you do not know the name of the nearest Stewart-Warner Representative, 'phone or write the nearest Stewart-Warner Products Service Station.

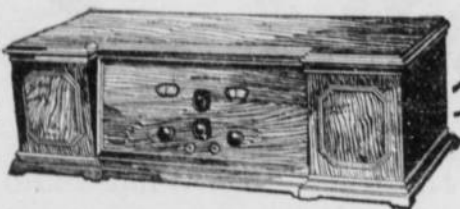
MARCONI RADIO

Made in
Canada

From Solo
to
Symphony
Orchestra-

Marconi Radio Receivers embody the latest refinements in radio. Their superiority is demonstrated by the fidelity with which they reproduce all types of entertainment, from soft lullaby to symphony orchestra. If you are puzzled as to which set to select, let the name Marconi be your guarantee of satisfaction.

Ask for a demonstration



CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY
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Marconi Distributors for Saskatchewan:
INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC CO.
1706 SCARTH ST., REGINA, SASK.

Electrical Supplies Limited, Winnipeg, Manitoba
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AC12 . . . \$37

The ideal gift for radio enthusiasts—

—the new Amplion Cone is some mechanically perfect that it reproduces the beautiful Yuletide music—as played and sung by the greatest artists—with all its original sweetness and clarity of intonation. Graceful in appearance—charmingly encased in a two-tone mahogany cabinet, 14" x 14" x 9". Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

AMPLION Reproducers, \$12 to \$53



THE AMPLION CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD.

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Distributed by
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171 Cordova West, Vancouver, B.C.

times, until it looked as if joy-rides past Spurn Head and back were to be daily features for some time to come. Meanwhile, more tramps were being rounded up and brought in and we began to look like another edition of the first Canadian contingent. The performance of our daily dozen continued and brought us to the day before Christmas, 1914. Bets were being made as to whether the festive day would be spent in the Humber or in the North Sea. In the little dining saloon of the Jacona there was an open fireplace, and at four o'clock on December 24, I found myself sipping tea and gazing at the glowing coals. The ship's black cat was beside me and the cabin boy had just arrived with a plate of toast when there came a heavy bump, a crash of china in the pantry, and the boy, the cat and I were thrown violently into one corner of the saloon. The floor reared up at an angle of 45 degrees; we rolled through the doorway and clambered upstairs—or rather, along-stairs, for they were almost horizontal, and reached the deck. In a moment the Jacona came back on an even keel and we saw the cause of the commotion. Another steamer, the Glen-shiel overtaking us in our umteenth trip up the river, had tried to cross our bow too soon and had given us a friendly push. It was a friendly push, for it sent us to dry dock in Hull for a week or two and enabled me to jump on a train and arrive home in time for the turkey and plum pudding. There was a little intermission during the meal by the way, owing to the arrival of a lone German aeroplane, and an interesting machine gun attack by a Britisher who chased him off. It was the first time an aerial invader had come so far inland, and we simply couldn't enjoy our Christmas dinner while the fun was going on.

CKY Christmasses

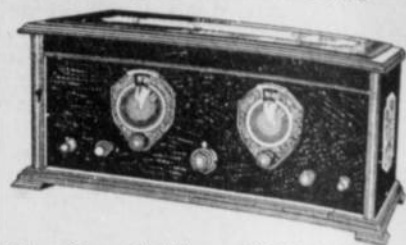
Less exciting, though more agreeable generally, have been my radio Christmasses at CKY. For three years past there has been the annual visit to Government House, where the microphone is installed in the large drawing-room. Early on Christmas Eve, I am ushered into the visitor's waiting room, which I find almost filled already with Salvation Army bandsmen. At the appointed time we all enter the drawing-room. The Lieutenant-Governor and his lady greet us in their own gracious way, making us feel perfectly at home. The band arranges itself in a semi-circle. Sir James joins his guests at the end of the room; I announce the usual opening formula at the microphone; Bandmaster Merrit raises his baton and O Canada is flung to the far corners of the continent, followed by the old sweet Christmas hymns. Then Sir James steps up to the "mike" and, with head erect, delivers his message of greeting to the people of Manitoba. The Salvationists dismiss and are given refreshment. Then the Princess Pats Band arrives and does it all over again. We sign off. The Pats take their coffee and cake now. Everybody is very happy and agrees, sotto voce, that Sir James is a good scout if ever there was one. By and by we depart. I go down to St. Mary's Cathedral and broadcast midnight Mass. Perched up on a rickety choir gallery which I am always afraid will collapse and let us down on the heads of the congregation below, I sit at my switch listening to the singing, the organ and the orchestra and watching the gorgeous ceremony. There is a microphone at the foot of the throne, where the Archbishop preaches, and another in the choir gallery. I sit there throwing the switch back and forth as required. The clock creeps around towards two a.m. The long line of choristers files out, singing sweetly and with incense swinging. Down the stairs and into the street I go, exchanging greetings with people whom I have met thus on three occasions only and a year apart. The little Ford coughs and finally starts, and I make for home and bed and, later today, for it is today, a merry Christmas with the wife and kiddies. May all Guide readers be as happy as I have been these last three Christmasses and may we say with Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

Correspondence

* G.M., Drake, Sask., and others: Write F. E. Rutland, 450 Main Street, Winnipeg, for "Q.S.T." or Radio Amateurs' Handbook. Mr. Rutland is in charge of Manitoba Division A.R.R.L.

THE NORTHLAND

"Baby Grand" 6-Tube



Size of set, 23½" long, 10½" high, 11" deep

\$90.00

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Less Accessories

Complete

The latest Northland product. A six-tube, two-dial set, that has tremendous volume on the most distant stations. Extremely selective—cuts out local stations within two degrees on the dial. Operates on either five or six tubes by only turning a switch. This Northland Baby Grand 6 is far superior to any radio set that has previously been offered at anywhere near this price. Wired so power tube may be used if desired.

Complete with six Cleartron CTX 201A tubes, two large 45-volt "B" Batteries, 100 Amp-hour Storage "A" Battery, \$15 Loud Speaker and Complete Aerial Kit. Only \$150 all complete. Sold on an absolute money-back guarantee.

Write for new catalogue showing this wonderful bargain, as well as all other Northland models.

Order direct from us if your dealer cannot supply.

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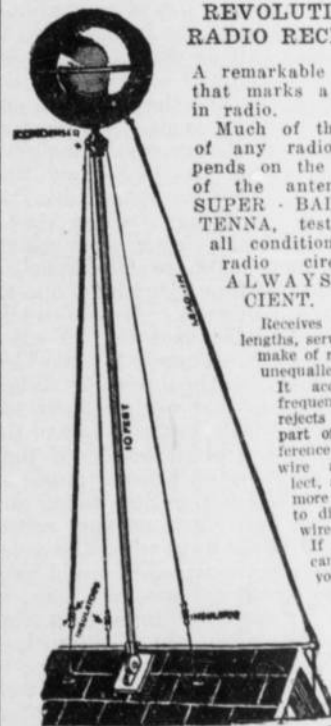
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REVOLUTIONIZES
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A remarkable invention that marks a new era in radio.

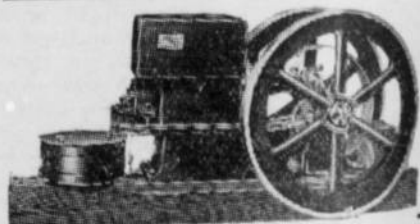
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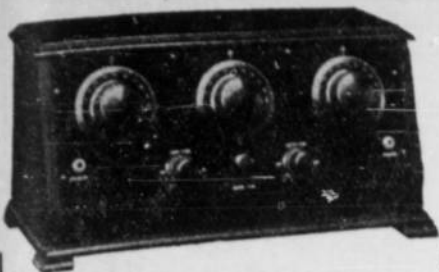
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A sturdy engine built for reliable service
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SUPER FIVE RADIO SET

COAST TO COAST RANGE

Here is a 5-tube set that reaches the apex in radio for distance and selectivity. We challenge anyone anywhere to find a receiver, regardless of price, that will give you better service, more satisfaction than the Melody Super Five.

Order at once if you want a set for Christmas. If you wish the set to come by Express, add \$4.00 to delivered price. Price, set without accessories, \$49 f.o.b. Toronto. Price complete with all accessories, 5-201A Tubes, Standard Loud Speaker or Cone Speaker (please state which you want), 6-volt wet A Battery, 2-45 volt B Batteries, and complete antenna equipment, \$ 9.75 f.o.b. Toronto.

Freight paid to any station in Manitoba.
Manitoba\$84.00 Alberta\$87.00
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Returnable within 30 days if set not satisfactory.

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The Universal Feed Grinder

A Stone Grinder. The stones do not need sharpening.

It will grind any feed as fine or as coarse as desired.

The only machine that will grind western screenings to a powder in one operation.

Special Prices for 30 days only

Diam. of Size Stones	Power	Output lbs.	Price
2 10-in.	2½ H.P.	350-600	\$45.00
3 12-in.	3½ H.P.	450-800	65.00
4 16-in.	5 H.P.	550-1000	120.00
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Then vision the extra bonus of 20 per cent. of our profits that you will get in addition at the end of the year!

We handle poultry only and all our time and efforts are concentrated towards handling and distributing our receipts in a way that will result in better returns to our shippers.

We offer for No. 1 stock, dressed weight f.o.b. Winnipeg, the following prices GUARANTEED until Dec. 15:
Young Turkeys, over 14 lbs.36-37c
Young Turkeys, 12 to 14 lbs.34-35c
Young Turkeys, 10 to 12 lbs.32-33c
Hens and Toms, 8 to 10 lbs.30-31c
Chickens, over 5 lbs.28-29c
Chickens, 4 to 5 lbs.26-27c
Chickens, under 4 lbs.24c
Fowl, over 6 lbs.25c
Fowl, 5 to 6 lbs.23-24c
Fowl, 4 to 5 lbs.22c
Ducks18c
Geese16c

REMEMBER these prices are GUARANTEED TO YOU by way of CASH RETURNS, IMMEDIATELY. An ADDITIONAL return embracing 20 per cent. of our PROFITS will be DISTRIBUTED TO ALL SHIPPERS at the end of the year as SPECIAL BONUS.

Share to the full extent on what your turkeys bring by shipping to

The Dominion Poultry Sales

60 MCGREGOR STREET, WINNIPEG

When the Patrons Swept Ontario

Continued from Page 6

was the usual thing to read in obituary notices of the near-great that "deceased was a life-long Liberal" or "life-long Tory" as the case might be. One seldom sees such doubtful tributes paid to the memory of departed today.

The whole U.F.O. movement has grown up on soil prepared by the Patron leaders of a passing generation. Moreover, the U.F.O. has learned from the mistakes of its predecessors and from its own mistakes as well. The commercial activities of the United Farmers Co-operative Co., do not now extend to small things but are limited to large ones, hogs and cattle in car lots, grain, seeds and feeds in like measure and so on. The political slogan of the U.F.O. today is "the responsibility of the individual elector," and due emphasis is laid on the duty of each voter to think out problems for himself and then vote accordingly.

The influence of the good work done by the Patrons of yesterday has, too, extended far beyond the limits of the dear old province fronting on the great lakes. E. A. Partridge, the value of whose missionary work in the early days of the grain growers' movement cannot be over-estimated, is a graduate of the Patron school. So, too, I believe, was that splendid man, lately gone to his reward, Scallion, of Virden. In fact, the whole farm movement in the West may, I believe, fairly be styled the joint progeny of the Patron movement of Ontario and that like movement which swept across the border from the Western States.

Tribute to Caleb Mallory

This sketch may be fittingly concluded with a special tribute to one man, Caleb Mallory, now well on in the nineties, and still living, I believe, on the Northumberland county farm on which his father and grandfather lived before him. Caleb had not the eloquence of a Currie or the humor of a Haycock, but he was a man of sound education, solid character and one whose sincerity of purpose impressed itself on all hearers. No man connected with any farm movement, anywhere in Canada, gave so unselfishly and whole-heartedly of himself to the cause espoused as did Caleb Mallory. I heard, many years ago, and by accident, something of his giving. It was a hot July day in Ontario, and I had wheeled a good many miles in a blazing sun on my way to the Mallory home. Lockie Wilson happened to be there at the same time and the three of us adjourned after dinner to the hay mow in the barn. Either the dinner, or the hot day, or both combined, produced the usual effect in my case and I dozed off. As I woke up Lockie and Caleb were speaking frankly and confidentially, not knowing that my mental faculties were once more functioning. What was said was not intended for publication, but there can be no harm in repeating it now. Caleb said that for six years, as head of the Patrons, he had given practically his whole time to the work of the organization. For months at a time he was out five days a week and his week-ends at home were spent in answering by hand—typewriters and stenographers did not grow on every bush in those days—letters that had accumulated on his desk during his absence. There were no salaries for farm leaders then, either, not even full expenses, and Caleb said his own out-of-pocket outlay, aside from neglect of his own farm, amounted in all to fully \$3,000, and \$3,000 meant three thousand real dollars in the early nineties on an Ontario farm. Still, when it was all over, there was no repining on Caleb's part. His work on the platform and at his desk accomplished he went back to his own farm; and years afterwards I saw him when, well past three-score years and ten, he was milking ten cows every day with his own hands; and as his farm was at that time the first on a milk route for a local cheese factory, this meant getting up at a fairly early hour in the morning.

Farmers' movements have produced many men imbued with the spirit of service. In Ontario we have had the Wilsons, Giffords, Curries, Drury's, Morrisons, Goods and others. In the West we have had our Mackenzies, Crerar's, Kennedys, Scallions, Partridges, and others whose names spring readily to mind; but lo, as with Ben Adhem of old, that of Caleb Mallory leads all the rest.

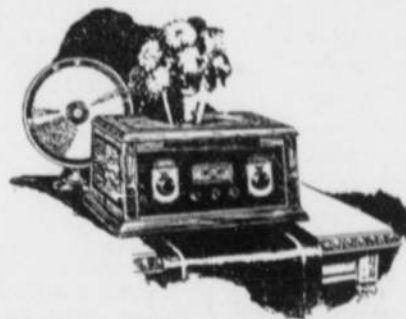
You're never alone if you have a phone



P1

Northern Electric Telephone

MONTREAL QUEBEC TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG CALGARY
HALIFAX OTTAWA HAMILTON WINDSOR REGINA VANCOUVER



DEALERS
write for
attractive proposition

No DULL evenings now

The thrill of "distance" . . . that's what you wanted, but failed to get on old-fashioned receivers . . . unless you had an expert's skill. Thanks to a new discovery . . . everyone now commands the air. At the turning of two easy dials . . . new stations appear . . . the air is everyone's to enjoy. No dull evenings for anyone now. And mind you . . . no squeals or howls! . . . Clean-cutting selectivity . . . gone. This is the radio sensation . . . acclaimed by experts a year ahead . . . you'll want to know all about.

Scientists Discover New Principle

Scientists made a discovery. Erla engineers, collaborating with the

distinguished staff of the Radio Frequency Laboratories, have done what they term "erasing regeneration" . . . the cause of squeals, howls and distortion.

Manufacturers have often sought to eliminate it. But never succeeded except by sacrificing distance and volume—too great a penalty. Now regeneration is banished . . . but without loss. There is an actual gain in reception.

No wonder the new Erla (RFL) is considered a year ahead. Few now will be satisfied with old-fashioned receivers—especially when the improved Erla (RFL) may be purchased so very reasonably. Let us arrange a demonstration in your own home.

Price range of \$49.00 to \$405.00.

L. J. HAUG, Winnipeg, Man.

Western Distributor

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NEW MO-NOD-IC **ERLA** RECEIVER

You Always Knew There Would Be Such a Boot!



Make Yourself a Christmas Present

It's made by Goodrich by the famous Hi-Press method, a development resulting from 55 years in the rubber business.

Because it's better looking, dryer, more flexible, and less cumbersome, because it's the last word in rubber boot efficiency for farm wear, the Canadian farmer has adopted the "Pontiac" as his own.

When you're in town drop into the store of the Goodrich dealer and see this "better" boot.

Then make yourself a Christmas present that will take half the hardship out of Winter.

The Pontiac is made from rich brown rubber and has a pure white foxing. If you prefer a black shoe ask to see the Cheyenne.

Look for the red band around the top.

Goodrich
HI-PRESS
Rubber
Footwear

Canadian Goodrich Co. Ltd
Kitchener Canada

Safe Harbor

Continued from Page 10

"After mama's seen the purser, she'll come here herself to thank you, Mr. —. What is your name?"

"Why, it's—Williams," was the uneasy answer. "No; she needn't come and thank me—that's all right—I don't want no thanks. You just hustle her off as fast as you can. Keep her out of here!" He was so alarmed that Isabella had to promise.

"Though I'd like you to see how pretty she is," she said disappointedly.

"I'll take it for granted," was the grim answer. "Now you better go and tell her."

"I'll be back, every day," Isabella chanted as she skipped off.

Mr. Williams watched her going until the street swallowed her up. Then he took a knife and some turpentine and carefully scraped off a name that had long been submerged in the grime of the window.

Mrs. Briggs received the good news with inexplicable distress. Isabella had to labor half the night before she would even consent to go and see the purser. She looked very lovely and mournful as they set out, all the sorrows of a proud race darkening her beautiful eyes, and the purser was most kind.

"You won't find it hard. We haven't a big list this trip," he told her. "We'll land you at Gibraltar and you'll have money enough to take you anywhere you want to go."

Mrs. Briggs' voice was rich with secret tears. "My people are very proud and grand," she said. "I do not want to take this trip. My daughter is driving me. They will never consent to receive me—"

"Then we'll pick you up on the return trip," was the hearty reassurance. "And the voyage will do you no end of good. Daughter's right; you try it. I'll see that you aren't put upon." He was so kind and sincere that Mrs. Briggs was presently quite cheered and added her distinguished name to the sailing-list with a willing hand. She longed to thank Mr. Williams in a beautiful speech, but Isabella would only let her walk slowly past Bill's Place, that he might come out if he had changed his mind. But he was incurably shy. Glancing through the door, she distinctly saw him duck behind the counter.

"Well, you're off anyway," she consoled herself. "You'll get there too early, but you can lie low till Christmas day. That's the time to strike!"

So Mrs. Briggs, newly courageous, sailed for the ancestral home of the Peraltas in the finest quarter of the city, and Isabella went faithfully every day to Bill's Place. The name, Bill Williams, stood out boldly now in new letters on a clean window. The stock was sorted and arranged until a canvas bucket or a rope ladder could be produced on demand instead of after a half-hour's search and business was responding. Mr. Williams ought to have been very happy, but he was given to fits of solemn staring, and when Isabella talked of her mother and of the glories awaiting her, he squirmed and sighed.

"Them big Spanish families, they got a way of running down-hill," he warned her. "Maybe she'll find old Ignace ain't got nothing but a corner drug-store and some dirty rooms up over it. I've seen 'em like that."

"Not the Peraltas," said Isabella proudly. "Now, if you'll get me some brass-polish, I bet we sell that binnacle in a week."

Mr. Williams produced the brass-polish in troubled silence, and though they sold the binnacle the next day, he could not seem to enjoy anything. But he liked having her there, liked it so much that he gave her a dollar a week, and he was always watching in the doorway when she came swinging down the street. Every night at six he took her round the corner to a rough little eating-joint that would have made her mother faint with horror and ordered her to "fill herself to the gunn'ls—expense no object." Isabella ate philosophically, without comment, and lured him into tales of his sailor days and of his experiences in the war, where he had lost his leg. Something warm and steady, like friendship, only nicer, was growing up between them. She often commented on this.

"We get the same kind of a good time, you and I," she told him, seated on the capstan, scraping the grease of ages off a lantern. "Now, when that man came in for a rope and we sold him the slop-chest, that was more fun than a goat for you and

me; but mama'd have been so mad at him for not taking off his hat or something that he'd have gone off without even buying the rope. I guess I take after my father."

Bill sighed fearfully. "What was your father?" he asked presently, his head dropped on his hand.

"I don't remember him." Isabella was not much interested. "He was captain of a big ship that went down in a hurricane. That's all mama has ever told me."

Mr. Williams whistled through his teeth, a shrill sound that made her look up.

"Cap'n, was he?" he muttered. "My gosh! Cap'n!"

"I guess his people weren't so grand as mama's," Isabella observed.

"No. Most likely they washed in a tin basin at the kitchen door and smoked a good pipe in their socks after supper." He spoke bitterly. "No Spanish grandees in the Briggs family, I bet!"

"J'ever know'm?" Isabella demanded.

"I knew my folks and they were like that," Bill explained, rising. "And darn good folks they were! I got a sister living up on the old farm now—her husband bought it. I'd like to take you up there."

Isabella seized on the suggestion, but he had made it impulsively and hastened to back down. He hadn't seen his sister for years. She wrote him every Christmas and he sent some junk to the kids, but that was all there was to it.

"I could work her to ask us up over Christmas," Isabella offered.

"Not this year—not this year," Bill said with a decision that closed the topic, or at least deferred it. Isabella privately decided that they would spend next Christmas at the farm—then remembered the palatial residence in Spain with a pang that was very like dismay.

Something had to be done about Christmas, the Christmas day that was to land her little mother in the bosom of a proud race—and Isabella conceived a plan that might have sounded ambitious for a youngster living in one room with a two-hole gas-stove under the bed and practically no money, but that was almost boringly easy for her. She had dishes and cutlery, all the foundation she needed for a Christmas feast with an invited guest.

The first step was mere technique; landing a Christmas basket—turkey, celery and all. The second was equally simple; a neighbor was happy to cook the dinner for a 50 per cent. share. The only real difficulty was getting the guest to come. Mr. Williams seemed to have a physical fear of that room in the East Forties. Isabella had to go down and get him, and even then he would have backed out if she had not dwelt on the trouble she had gone to and the loneliness of one girl sitting down to 50 per cent. of a turkey. She already knew well how to work Bill Williams. He sighed a good deal but went off to change his collar, and Isabella perched on the capstan in great content, casting a housekeeper's eye over the neat shop. A torn envelope was on the floor and she swooped on it, having put a ban on rubbish. When Bill came back, much polished as to face and hair, she held it up to him.

"Look here—this letter was addressed to Mr. William Briggs. That was my father's name."

"Common enough name," Mr. Williams sounded crusty. "Come, now—let's be off."

"But how did it get here?" she persisted.

"Customer might of dropped it."

"But the shop's been closed today and it wasn't there—"

"Isabella, do we go to this feed or do we not?" Bill shouted. She had never seen him so near wrath.

"All right, come ahead," she said, and tried all the way home to cheer him, but he was in a bad state of nerves. Crossing her threshold he sweated visibly, and his leg gave him so much trouble that she urged him to slip it off. When she brought the half turkey smoking on a tray and the vegetables sending up savory odors—the wind happily was west—she found him staring at her mother's old red shawl, spread for its color on the bed, as though it might conceal a snake. He was full of sighs at dinner.

"Isabella," he said suddenly, "I guess I've been a bad lot, but there's things a man can't stand up against. He's just got to get out. I ain't run away very often, but there was one time I ran like hell."

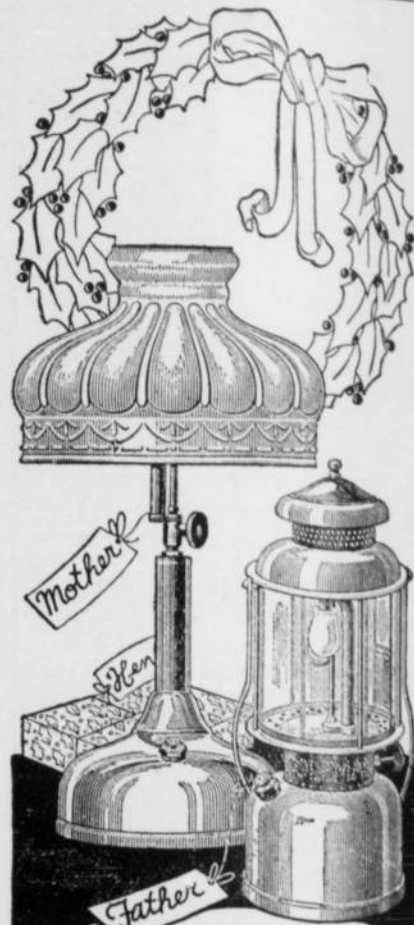
"Tell me about it," she begged.

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He would say no more, but having said so much cheered and relieved him. He became companionable, marvelled that food and drink could be like that.

"Ho! I could have done it better myself," Isabella boasted. "Give me a real stove and you'd see."

"I bet you could," said Mr. Williams. "Your mother's no cook—didn't you say?" he added hastily.

"She's too swell," Isabella admitted. "You see, she's like a princess in her own country. Think of her, over there, waited on by 50 servants—no, it's 50 rooms. Gee, I bet she's having some dinner!"

Mr. Williams again sank into gloom. "I don't know that we'd ought to let her go off like that," he said. "It kind of haunts me. You say she didn't want to go?"

"She kicked and cried at first, but the purser fixed her," Isabella said comfortably. "And it's all right now. They couldn't hold out against mama, no matter how grand they were."

Mr. Williams took a long breath, let it out, tried again and suddenly spoke: "I was in Spain once—knew some Peraltas."

"You did?"

"H'm. But they weren't any grander'n I was." He speared a potato with a vicious jab. "My mother's cellar was kept cleaner than their parlor. Old woman sloppin' around in a greasy Mother Hubbard—and then they putting on airs, finding me a low feller. Gosh!"

"I guess they weren't any relation to my Peraltas," Isabella said.

He spoke from behind his coffee cup: "Well, if they should turn out to be cousins or something, you mustn't be too disappointed."

"Mama wouldn't associate with'm," Isabella declared.

"She might have to. Say—" He pondered what was coming so long that she prodded him with a "Well?" "Say—suppose your mama stayed there and you kind of changed your mind about going. How about it?"

Isabella considered. "I'm not so crazy about Spanish lords and dukes," she admitted. "If they sat on me, I'd be likely to hand'm something back. And yet I'd like to be rich."

"You'd get rich all right if I took you in for a partner."

"Partner! In Bill's Place!" Isabella's whole being responded as it never had to the vision of the palatial residence. Here was a field for all her native powers—putting over, putting through, landing customers! Her hands literally tingled for the job, and her desire burst from her in a tense, "Oh!" Then her joy collapsed. "There's no one for me to live with," she lamented. "I don't need any one, but mama'd never see it."

Bill started to say something, then gave it up, and nodded dejectedly. "I forgot that," he apologized.

"Yes, I'll have to go to mama," Isabella sighed, too. "But I'd like to see that farm first. Where is it?"

"Fairfield, Vermont."

"Why, that was the postmark on the

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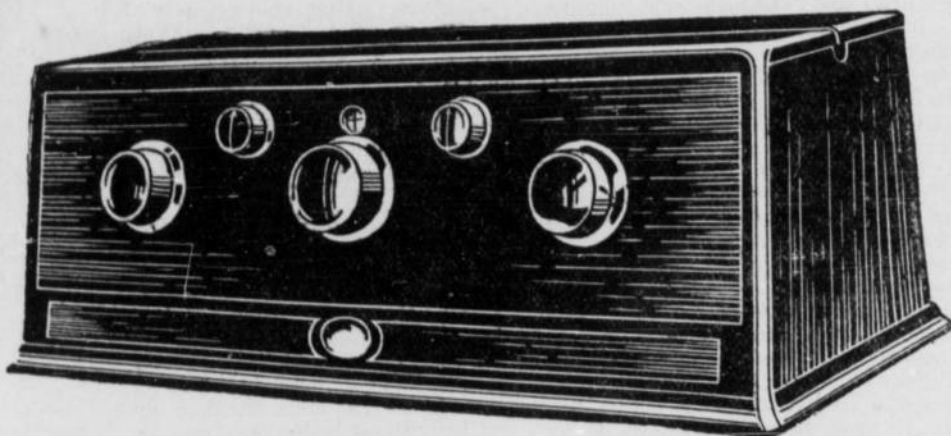
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"I'll do the square thing by you, Isabella," the purser offered. "I want the little lady to keep on travelling—good for her eyes; but I'll stand anything you'd like to do. How about boarding-school?"

The palatial home in Spain had gone up in smoke, and suddenly Isabella knew that she was glad. She was glad, too, that there was some one to pet the little mother and give her soft furs. She straightened up with a sense of being set free, stripped for action.

"Oh, I'll be all right," she was beginning, when a thump swung back the door and a Yankee voice called:

"Ahoy there, matey! Ready?"

"It's my Mr. Williams and I'd clean forgotten him," she exclaimed, and ran to draw him into the room. It was fortunate she did, for Bill gave a mighty tug under her hand, as though he would have bolted.

"It's only mama and her new husband," she scolded him. "Come on in—don't be such a perfect goat! She's always wanted to thank you."

Bill, under her pulling, advanced a shaky step, while Isabella chattered explanations and introductions. Mrs. Clark had risen and stood clinging to the table for a long minute. Then she melted into a heap on the floor.

Mr. Clark had her on the bed in an instant, with cold water on her forehead.

"It has all been too much for the little lady," he said.

Isabella, as white as her mother, stood staring into Bill's face until he jerked his arm free and fled. When her mother's eyes struggled open, their first look was one of rolling fright.

"He's gone," said Isabella.

Mrs. Clark, slowly pulling herself together, spoke with the proud impassivity of all the Peraltas.

"I am sorry. I wished to thank him."

"I'm grateful to Bill, you bet," Mr. Clark said, sitting beside her and patting the camellia-petal cheek. Mrs. Clark put out a tender arm to her child, but Isabella sat remotely on a hard chair, scowling.

"My little one is unhappy?" her mother pleaded.

"No; I'm thinking," she muttered.

Bill's Place was dark that evening but for a red spark that glowed and dimmed and that shot downward like a falling star when Isabella opened the door.

"It's a lot safer dropping your pipe than it used to be," she commented, and took her usual place on the capstan.

Bill came up from behind the counter in silence.

"We missed our movie," Isabella went on. "Well, we can go all we like if I come down here to live."

The spark shot sideways and hung suspended.

"You'll burn you hand," she warned him. "Mr. Williams, you said you wanted me for a partner—how would you like to sort of adopt me? We get along pretty well. What do you say?"

His voice croaked and creaked. "I'd like it all right, Isabella."

"Sure?"

The spark went slowly to the counter, where it was knocked into tiny stars on a saucer.

"Sure." The voice steadied. "I'd do for you—as if you'd been my own. I'd see you had school regular. I'd be careful of you like a father. You can tell your mother that. It's all yours, here, if you'll come."

In the darkness she felt rather than saw his outstretched hand. She put her own into it with a brisk whack that tried to deny the tears on her cheeks.

"Gee, some Christmas!" she said shakily. "I got two fathers!"



Mischief Makers

The Heart of Richard Verrell

Continued from Page 12

of them. You will take one, Sir Allen?"

"Not for me, thank you, McTavish," replied Sir Allen coldly. "I don't feel inclined to shoot anyone, even Black-shirt."

McTavish shrugged his shoulders. "You will, Sir Austin?"

"Speaking as ex-Assistant-Commissioner of the C.I. Department, the sooner this man is inside brick walls the better off Society will be. Yes, I will take one, McTavish, even if it is just to act as a deterrent."

Blackshirt pursed his lips in a silent whistle. This was a little more than he had bargained for. He had calculated that his sudden appearance would confuse the men, enabling him to make his escape; but to surprise three people with loaded revolvers was a different proposition. For the first time that evening he began to think he had bitten off more than he could chew, and he visioned the brick walls of which Lavers had spoken.

He knew, too, that, even if Lavers and the detective hesitated to fire on an unarmed man, McTavish would have no such scruples.

His eyes narrowed. The harder the obstacle the greater his pleasure would be in surmounting it.

One o'clock struck, and nothing had happened. The men had carried on a desultory conversation, but there had been no movement whatsoever, except at eleven-thirty, when Marshall had suggested to McTavish that it would be better if he turned out all lights. His opinion was that the less knowledge Blackshirt had of their movements the more opportunity there would be for his capture. This pleased Blackshirt, for there would obviously be less chance of his being hit in the flickering light of the fire, more particularly dressed as he was.

The time was drawing near when he intended to begin his operations. He calculated that they might be just tired enough for him to win out, whereas later they might, so to speak, secure their second wind. Added to this, every minute that passed narrowed down the time in which he was supposed to enter the house, thus putting them still more on their guard.

Noiselessly he moved towards the edge of the table, and inserted his hand underneath the tablecloth. The next moment he would have lifted it, but just at that second something happened which electrified everyone in that room, not excluding Blackshirt himself, for from the electric detective there came the sound of a buzz. Someone was approaching the house.

For perhaps half a minute no one moved; then in a hoarse, trembling whisper McTavish cried: "Here comes Blackshirt!"

There was a silent suspense. No one moved. Suddenly the buzzing ceased, and there was a light from the board.

"The drawing-room window!" announced McTavish in a hushed tone. "A few more seconds and Blackshirt will be inside this house, and then—" He did not need to complete his sentence.

Presently the first lamp flickered out, and a second one glowed, which in turn gave way to a third and fourth.

"See! He has crossed the drawing-room, and is approaching the cabinet in which there is some valuable china. He is moving away. Now he is crossing to the other end of the drawing-room; but, see, he doesn't stop there. Now he is opening the door. Now he has gone into the dining-room. What will he do there, I wonder. . . Ah, that light burns steadily. He is before the desk at the end of the room. Doubtless he will attempt to open it."

The second light shone. "Ah! he is. But it will take him a good ten minutes, at least."

"Humph!" It was Marshall who had grunted. "I may be an old fool, but it seems to me rather a dirty trick, trapping a man in this way. Doesn't seem to give him a sporting chance."

"It doesn't," echoed Jean; and

Blackshirt could distinguish the tears in her voice. "It's cruel—it's inhuman!"

"Stuff and nonsense! Don't be a little fool, Jean. Inhuman, indeed! Just because I'm going to arrest a man who has come here to burgle my goods. I suppose if he were an ordinary Bill Sikes, instead of being a mysterious, romantic Blackshirt, you would only be too glad to get rid of him."

There was no answer to this taunt, and somehow Blackshirt, beneath the table, felt that there could not be one, for it was undoubtedly the truth.

In the meantime, however, his feelings were chaotic. Only just in time had that buzz come. Just in time to prevent him revealing himself; but the mystery was, who in the world was the man down below? Was it a man?

... Suddenly his body thrilled. Suppose . . . suppose it were his Lady of the 'Phone! The next moment, however, he called himself a ridiculous fool and chased the idea from his mind. Then who was the person below? There was only one possible answer, and at the thought of it Blackshirt could have screamed with laughter. Madame Fate, the holder of men's destinies, had sent her most hard-working daughter to his assistance—Miss Coincidence. The man below could only be the Bill Sikes of whom McTavish had just spoken.

All unknowing of the surprise he was to receive, McTavish appealed to his visitors. "Are you ready, gentlemen?"

The men nodded affirmatively, and McTavish depressed one of the switches on the board. "Blackshirt is trapped. You have your revolvers ready? This man may be a dangerous customer to tackle."

Marshall grunted. "Don't you worry about that, Mr. McTavish. It is supposed that Blackshirt never carries any weapon with him."

McTavish sneered. "Probably a fairy tale. You come with us, Jean. Perhaps when you set eyes on this hero of yours you may have a little more sympathy for the owners of the houses whose cribs he cracks, which I believe is the correct thieves' parlance."

Silently the five of them crept down the heavily carpeted stairs and approached the dining-room. The door was half open, and although there was no gleam of light within, so far as they could see, they heard the faintest click as the man attempted to force open the desk.

The next moment McTavish, who despite his bullying ways was possessed of plenty of courage, switched on the light and stepped inside the door.

Practically simultaneously there was the dull roar of an explosion, and McTavish crumpled into a heap, his revolver falling from his grasp.

With the pungent smell of burnt gun-powder in his nose, Marshall, like the old war-horse that he was, plunged inside the room, determined to take revenge for the unexpected shooting, and beheld the burglar wrinking up in agony, his revolver at his feet. He had fallen foul of McTavish's network of live wires.

"Stick 'em up!" the detective ordered curtly, and with a snarl the other did so, whilst a stream of blasphemy left his lips.

"Shut up!" ordered Marshall, and, catching the dangerous glint in the detective's eye, the man subsided.

In the meantime McTavish was shakily arising, helped up by the other men; for, to the relief of them all, he was unhurt, the burglar's bullet striking his own revolver, the force of the impact flinging him to the floor.

"I'm all right," he growled, his eyes glittering evilly as he glanced at the prisoner. "So much for your optimistic remarks, Marshall. Never carries a revolver! Bah! It's only by the grace of God that I'm alive now. A good thing I carried my revolver."

Marshall glanced at the man with a puzzled look in his eyes. Somehow or other, he had never pictured Black-shirt quite like this man. He had had the impression that Blackshirt was



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more or less of a gentleman, and by no stretch of imagination could his prisoner be classed as such; moreover, he seemed to recognize his features, and wrinkled his forehead in an attempt to remember more clearly where he had seen this man before.

Sir Allen could have smiled at Jean's face had the situation not been quite so serious, for she looked as though the world were lost to her. She, too, had expected someone quite different. She had pictured a modern Beau Brummell, to find only a low-class crackman, whose vile language had shocked her to the last degree.

Meanwhile McTavish was once again taking command of the situation.

"Well, Mr. Blackshirt, you can consider yourself caught."

"Yus, curse yer!"

"So you are not so clever as you thought. H'm! I don't think very much of you, either, now I look at you. Still, you might have got away with it if you hadn't sent me a letter, Mr. Clever Blackshirt."

The prisoner eyed him with disgust. "Wot yer talkin' abart?"

McTavish shrugged his shoulders. "Who should know better than yourself?"

"Wot d'yer mean?"

"Why pretend, Mr. Blackshirt?"

"Pretend, curse yer, I ain't pretending nothink. Wot's more, my name ain't Blackshirt."

McTavish smiled. "I am afraid that won't wash, Mr. Blackshirt."

"I tell yer my name ain't Blackshirt, yer blamed fool! My name's—Well, find it out yerself!"

"I will find it out all right, my man, and you keep your tongue quiet."

"Just a minute, Mr. McTavish," interrupted Marshall. "I thought I knew this man's face; now I know who he is. He is Sniffy Tompkins, and, if I remember rightly, he's not long out of jail."

"Yus, yer're right, mate. Why, if it ain't ol' Marshall! Wot're you doin' with all these 'ere gents, Marshall? You ain't left the Yard, 'ave yer, to come into a fortune?"

"Retired, Sniffy, merely retired. Working on my own."

"Oh, are yer? And I suppose yer think yer're clever, do yer, fram'in' me up like this?"

"No frame-up, Sniffy; it's your own fault. You shouldn't have sent us a letter telling us you were coming."

Sniffy was gradually working himself up into a temper.

"I didn't send no letter!"

"Yes, you did, Sniffy; you sent us a letter, signed 'Blackshirt,' saying you were coming."

"I tell yer I didn't; and if I catch this 'ere Blackshirt, wot did send the letter, 'e'll go through it for a dirty squealer, as sure as my name's Tompkins."

"You are a liar!" McTavish shot the words across the room at Sniffy in his harsh voice.

"Oh, no, he isn't, gentlemen."

There was an astounding quietness, than a sudden whirl of movement, as,

The Grain Growers' Guide

with the exception of Marshall, who kept his eyes glued on the prisoner, they all swung round towards the door, from which a fresh voice had just spoken.

"Don't move, any one, please," continued the voice. "Especially you, Marshall, for I have here a loaded revolver, which might accidentally go off. Please note that it is not my own, but I borrowed it from Mr. McTavish, pro tem."

There was silence, whilst his audience gazed at him in speechless bewilderment, broken at length by Jean.

"Blackshirt!" she gasped; it almost seemed joyously.

"At your service, Miss McTavish," Blackshirt bowed slightly, taking care not to take his eyes off the men in front.

For once McTavish was caught off his guard. "Blackshirt! Blackshirt!" he gasped weakly. "Then who on earth is this man?"

"I am sorry I cannot answer that question; perhaps Mr. Marshall can give you some assistance. The main point is, however, that he is not I. It was I who sent you that letter—er—that is to say, it was signed with the name by which I understand I am known to Scotland Yard, namely, 'Blackshirt.'"

McTavish made a slight movement.

No, don't move, please, Mr. McTavish," said Blackshirt, sharply, and the other man saw the mouth of the revolver wavering round into his direction. "I am sorry if I must keep you waiting for a short time, but I have a few words to say. In the meantime, Marshall, perhaps it would be best if you kept that revolver covering our friend against the wall, who seems to be sniffing rather loudly. So long as you keep him covered I shall make no movement; but if I should suspect that you might turn your glance towards myself, I might find it necessary to act differently. Now, Mr. McTavish, my next few remarks will be directed mostly to yourself, though I am quite pleased to have witnesses present. I always knew you as a bounder and a cad. Oh, yes, I have heard of you; don't look quite so surprised; but I never knew that you were quite such a downright rotter as I found out to be a few minutes back."

"Whilst you were having your pleasant little argument with that—er—gentleman, I took advantage to look through your safe upstairs, with a view to helping myself to something of value. Yes, I see you are turning pale already."

"What I found there, gentlemen, will cost Mr. McTavish more than one thousand pounds, for, on going through his papers, I discovered the last will and testament of Mr. McTavish, senior, leaving his world-famous electrical works co-jointly to his son and his daughter, Miss Jean McTavish. Under these circumstances, therefore, I would suggest to Miss McTavish that she make enquiries as to why this fact has not been known to her before. I am, therefore, helping myself to this will, and shall have pleasure in forwarding it on to Sir Allen Dunn in the morning. I think you will agree, gentlemen, that this document is worth more than ten pounds to Mr. McTavish, and I trust you will see that his cheque for one thousand pounds goes to a London hospital tomorrow."



Skijoring—A Canadian winter sport which rivals surf board riding for thrills

A new winter sport was invented in winter of 1923-24 at St. Jovite, on Lake Tremblant, in the Laurentian Mountains, near Montreal, Quebec. It consists of an aeroplane mounted on toboggan runners, which flies low over snow-covered lakes towing men and women on skis or toboggans. A speed up to 70 miles an hour is reached, making it a rival to surf-board riding in thrills. It proved a tremendous attraction on its try-out at St. Jovite, and as the place is near Montreal and large American cities, large numbers of people went by rail.

—From Francis Dickie.

"I am now going. . . Good-night, gentlemen. My thanks are due to Mr. Bill Sikes for his very timely arrival, and were it not for the fact that I am not at all amiable to my—fellow workers carrying weapons, I should be very glad to release him from your clutches; but, under the circumstances, another term in prison for him for attempted murder will not, I am sure, be harming to the general community at large. Good-night, Mr. Sikes, and many thanks; good-night, gentlemen."

"Curse yer!" raved Sniffy. "I'll get yer for this one o' these days!"

"You possess an unpleasant temperament," remonstrated Blackshirt smoothly. He backed towards the window, still holding the revolver in his hand. As he neared the curtain of live wire he saw McTavish's eyes light up, and guessed what was passing through his mind.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. McTavish, I took the liberty of switching off the current."

The next second he was past the wire, had unclasped the window, thrown the revolver into the centre of the room, and disappeared into the night.

There was little movement. Marshall continued to cover Sniffy, McTavish was too mad with rage to do anything else but curse at the man who had just got the better of him, Jean was thunder-struck by the revelation she had just heard, whilst Sir Allen was delighted with the humor of the scene which had just been enacted before him.

Only Lavers moved, and he to pick up the revolver which Blackshirt had just thrown on the floor.

"Unloaded!" he gasped explosively. "Hang!"

The telephone bell was ringing when Blackshirt returned to his apartments again. Guessing who it was, he blithely stepped towards the instrument.

"Hallo! Hallo!" he answered. It was his Lady of the 'Phone.

"Hallo, Mr. Verrell. You are back, then."

"Rather," he answered gaily. "I've had a jolly fine time, one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent. I have been successful in getting the better of a downright rotter, and in being a knight errant to one of the nicest girls I have ever met."

"Indeed! Well, I'm so glad to hear that," she answered coldly, and with that his Lady of the 'Phone rang off.

In his delight he picked up a cushion and kicked it across the room. "She was jealous," he chuckled. "Gad! actually jealous!"

EPISODE III

"His Lady" To The Rescue

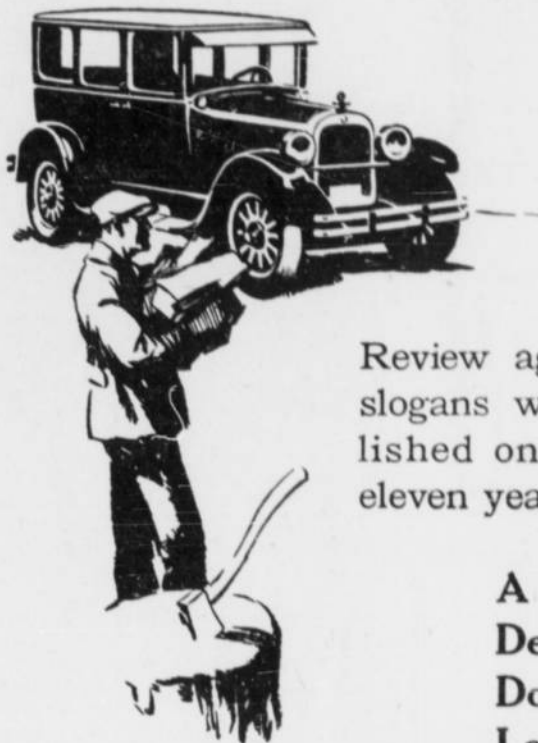
Richard Verrell, the author, suddenly realized that although at least two hours had elapsed since he had lain his head upon the pillow, he had not yet fallen asleep. He referred to his watch, and found that his imaginary two hours was in reality only a matter of 40 to 45 minutes. Nevertheless, this was unusual, because as a general rule he automatically dropped asleep as soon as he switched off the light of his reading-lamp. Up to the present time the fact that he, a well-known novelist, was at the same time Blackshirt, now of a sudden as equally notorious, had given him no undue qualms of conscience; but tonight he felt strangely stirred, moved by some new emotion which he found impossible to define.

Restless, sleepless, he lit a cigarette and gave his chaotic thoughts full play; analyzed his individuality, dissected his personality. In this turmoil there comes to him flashes of his boyhood, memories of dismal surroundings, of cruel and hated foster-parents. He lives again the night when he became lost in a maze of streets, parted from parents of whom now he had no memory. He dares not ask the people who pass, who, to his terrified imagination, assume the stature of giants, whilst he runs helter-skelter from the one man who would have been his salvation—the man in blue, the policeman at the corner. This man to the childish imagination, instilled into it by a stupid seventeen-year-old nursemaid, is an ogre from whom all good boys who say their prayers properly every night should shrink, for is he not the punisher of sins?

He glimpses himself shrinking into the shadows, sick with fear; a hairy hand gripping his shoulder till he shrieks with pain, and a beery voice mumbling incoherently; then a whirlwind of motion, clattering horses, jostling people, yells and shouts, and countless ogres, from whom, too, the man of the hairy hand also shrinks.

Next, a broken-down hovel, a slatternly

A Story in Nutshells



Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the billboards during the past eleven years—

**A Good Name
Dependable
Dollar for Dollar
Long Life
World-Wide Good Will
Better Than Ever**

To build a product of which these things can truthfully be said, is a record of which any great organization might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that millions everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

Sedan \$1210—Special Sedan \$1275—De Luxe
Sedan \$1385—f. o. b. Toronto, taxes to be added

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA



Maxwell H and P Washer

Operates by hand or power. A high speed, noiseless and easy-running machine with cut gears. Will do the family wash with the least effort when operated by hand, or easier still if power available. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Maxwell H and P Washer.

Maxwell's Limited
ST. MARY'S, ONT., CANADA

Girls! Have Clean Beautiful Hair

To-night—give your hair and scalp a thorough washing with a pure, stimulating shampoo like that made by Seven Sutherland Sisters. Then when the hair is dry apply a little Hair Fertilizer, supplied with Scalp Cleaner. It nourishes the hair roots.

Follow this plan and the menace of thin, dry, dead hair will never worry you. If your druggist cannot supply you, write direct for this new package.

Seven Sutherland Sisters
Hair and Scalp Cleaner
with Hair Fertilizer—50c

Write for Free Sample
195 Spadina Ave., Toronto

See pages 32-3 for the big announcement of the \$7,130.00 Puzzle Contest



Experienced travellers in all countries always take a bottle of ENO in their grip to offset changes of water and diet. It is a commendable custom and prevents much sickness and discomfort.

190 prizes worth \$7,130.00 will be awarded to the winners in our third Figure Puzzle contest.
Start today. Complete details pages 32-33

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To practice economy in the buying of rubbers and overshoes always specify the brand "DOMINION".

Dominion Rubbers and Overshoes are not only stylish and fit well—but as the result of seventy years manufacturing experience they are built with the ruggedness and sturdiness so necessary to withstand hard usage.

Rutty roads, icy waters, snow, sleet and rain merely show how well built Dominion Brand Rubbers and Overshoes really are.

Ask the Dominion dealer in your town for



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woman, high words, and, if he could only have understood it then, a dawning look of comprehension and admiration on the woman's face as she whispers: "You aren't 'alf a slick 'un, Alf, after all."

Then a pseudo word of comfort to the trembling boy.

Follows then a faint, misty remembrance of brutal blows, of lessons in the art of picking pockets. With frequent practice his arms become quick and his fingers nimble. A turned back, a hasty dig from his tormentor, and the next moment an apple, a cake, a cheap piece of jewellery—anything upon which he can lay his hands—is transferred into his small pocket.

Through a hazy recollection of lessons and more lessons, of scaling walls, of slipping window-catches, he pictures himself growing taller and stronger. He remembers the pride with which he discovered one day that his head was actually level with the mantel-piece.

Then follows the period when his soul awakens from the emancipation of a shivering, nervous boy to a youth with a growing intuition of virile manliness, conscious also that his recent hatred of his unlawful escapades has turned to a joyful eagerness to embark more and more upon these nocturnal adventures, which inclination becomes emphasized as he grows older.

Even then, however, it was not for what he secured that he carried on, but for the thrill, the excitement, the risk in the obtaining thereof. Then the day that he is free of his tyrants, no more to witness with disgust the drunken orgies, to listen to their fights, their vile language. His finer feelings are urging him to escape his environment, to leave behind the sordid slums. He does so, and his finely keyed intelligence becomes aware that he is ignorant, uneducated, and uncouth.

Then years of study, with interludes of more thrills and more excitements, for which his soul craves, during which he becomes possessed of the wherewithal to live and carry on.

So the years pass until the transition is complete, and the slum-bred grub emerges into the polished, educated gentleman of the West End, perhaps, for all he knew, the ultimate position to which he had been predestined by virtue of his birth.

He stirred uneasily in his bed. Had he, however, achieved that ultimate end? Was he the man his birth demanded? As Richard Verrell, well-known author, decidedly yes; but as Blackshirt—Blackshirt, the mysterious man upon whom the detectives of Scotland Yard had long wished to lay hands; the man who robbed how, when, and where he could, matching his perfect solo-play against the teamwork of the myrmidons of the law, and winning by the superiority of his wits, his subtlety, and his counter-play—Verrell shook his head. If he had been the natural-born son of the man and woman who were so long his foster-parents, and who were not even married, then, indeed, even as Blackshirt, he had raised himself in life; for, though a criminal, he was at least better than the drunken, cringing sycophants that were his foster-parents.

He smiled sarcastically, and wondered why these twinges of conscience were suddenly inflicting themselves upon him, but his smile softened as he remembered a telephone conversation of a night or two before.

"Why do you do it?" had asked his Lady of the 'Phone.

He had thought and turned the matter over in his mind, but in the end he shrugged his shoulders, to confess weakly that he knew not why, which had been no more than the truth.

Why was he what he was? How was it that he lived a double life—on the one hand a gentleman, a respected member of society; and on the other an outlaw, a thief of the night?

He did not attempt to mince his language. He could not, for, whatever his faults, his sins of commission and omission, he abhorred hypocrisy—he that lived a life of hypocrisy, his one life a living lie to the other. He himself knew not why, why he was this, a man of dual personality; but one who could have known him well would have instantly laid his finger on the root of the trouble. His hidden life was nothing more or less than his excessive craving for excitement, an outlet of his dynamic forces, an opportunity to play a living game of chess. As a thief he was superb; as a detective he would have been prominent; but Fate had cast him on the wrong side of the

The Grain Growers' Guide

law, and if any one person other than himself was to be blamed for his misdeeds it was the seventeen-year-old nursemaid who had one day neglected her charge for the more amusing, if less onerous, distraction of a passing Grenadier Guardsman.

The throbbing boom of an adjacent church clock echoed twice through the quiet, still air, and still Verrell had not yet succeeded in sleeping; in fact, he was more wide awake than ever.

He switched on the reading-lamp, lit another cigarette, and picked up the book which he had been reading earlier in the evening; but, after having read two or three pages, and discovering that he had not consciously assimilated a single word, he threw the book away from him in disgust.

His nerves were tingling with a throbbing sensation, which he was too well aware was usually a prelude to one of his night excursions. The pounding of his heart seemed almost to call continually to him: "Come, come, come!"

Resolutely he attempted to ignore the call, and picked up an evening paper which lay folded and so far unread on the table next his bed. He opened it out, and as he did so his gaze was arrested by startling headlines, in which stood out one word—"Blackshirt."

With a feeling of amusement, not unmixed with a tinge of anxiety, for the first time he commenced to read about himself in print; that is to say, his secret self:

"BLACKSHIRT"

"MYSTERIOUS MASTER CRIMINAL AT LARGE
"SCOTLAND YARD ADMITS FAILURE

"Through sources which it can command, and which have been the means more than once in the past of the Evening Star achieving some of the world's greatest newspaper scoops, we have recently learned that there is at large, and has been for many years, a mysterious criminal, known to members of the C. I. Department at Scotland Yard as 'Blackshirt,' a sobriquet well chosen by reason of the fact that this criminal invariably wears a black shirt when engaged on his nefarious enterprises.

"Blackshirt has been engaged on a series of remarkable crimes, all of which have so far been of a burglarious nature, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Metropolitan Police, and the recognized efficiency of our detective force, has so far successfully evaded all attempts at his capture. It speaks well of our police force that up to the present moment no whisper of this fact has been allowed to reach the general public, who are prone, in their anxiety to be of assistance to the police, to be the means of blocking their very worthy efforts and thus helping the criminal to escape his well-earned deserts.

"On the first rumors of Blackshirt reaching the sensitive pulses of the Evening Star office our crime expert immediately got into touch with officials at Scotland Yard, who can, however, add little information to that contained above.

"Amongst the recent robberies of which no trace has been found of the perpetrator, and which are assumed to be the work of Blackshirt, are the theft of Lady Carrington's diamond pendant, Mrs. Sylvester-Foulkes' 'Study of the Infant Christ,' by Michael Angelo; Sir George Hayes' valuable stamp collection, and Lord Walker's famous statue of Appollo, in malachite. It will be seen, therefore, that Blackshirt is extremely versatile in his choice of booty, but he is even more so in his method of attack. In one instance he was successful in his coup by impersonating a policeman, whilst in another case he made his appearance disguised as a Frenchman."

There was much more to this effect and by the time he had finished reading he was shaking in silent merriment. The Evening Star was the yellowest of the yellow journals, and the writer had not hesitated to draw upon his imagination.

For instance, it was the first time that Blackshirt became aware he had ever impersonated a policeman, though it was the truth that he had once taken the part of a foreigner—an Italian.

He flung the paper away in disgust. The Yellow Press could always be depended upon to make out the worst of a man and ignore the best.

An insidious, insistent voice was calling and with a gesture of impotence he flung the bedclothes from him. He knew it was useless to struggle further.

A few minutes later Richard Verrell disappeared, and in his place stood Blackshirt. Outwardly he was dressed as a man about town, with the regulation silk hat, dress overcoat, and scarf, but this last-named article did more than keep his collar clean, for it hid his blackshirt underneath, just as his shirt covered a broad elastic belt containing a complete outfit for opening any kind of door, window, or safe.

The next question which he had to consider was where to go, and as he stood hesitatingly at the window of his apartment the church clock struck the half-hour.

He grinned suddenly. He was still boyish enough to appreciate a joke, and he determined that he would walk aimlessly about until his wrist watch showed three o'clock. Whichever house he should be nearest at that time he would enter. He was about to leave

when he caught sight of the crumpled newspaper. Once again he smiled. He would tear out the columns about Black-shirt and leave it in place of whatever goods he should purloin, as a mute and poignant reminder that Blackshirt was still at large.

A clock near by struck the hour of three, and Blackshirt halted. He had wandered aimlessly up this road and down the next, caring not whether he went north, south, east or west.

Relegating the fact that when three o'clock struck he had other work to do to the background, he had spent a happy half-hour in dreaming of his Lady of the Phone.

To him she was just a voice which was beginning to mean all the world to him; even now he hung upon every word she spoke, memorizing every syllable, every intonation of the sweet music of her conversation.

For a full half-hour he had dreamed dreams in which appeared but two people, himself and his Lady of the Voice, as he imagined her to be—an unknown, mystical figure.

As the last stroke of the clock echoed away in the distance his dreams were banished, and he became once more his alert self, keen in his work, happy in its dangers.

He found himself in a short road, evidently an avenue, judging by the fact that plane trees lined it. There were but few houses, each one detached, standing in its own grounds. Obviously a rich neighborhood.

Blackshirt chuckled to himself. He would have more pleasure in helping himself to a rich man's goods.

He gave a quick, searching glance up and down the road, and noted with satisfaction that there was not a soul to be seen. With a quick athletic spring he vaulted the low brick wall, and emerged into the shadows of the other side.

He covered his face with a black silk mask, and encased his hands in a pair of black silk gloves, thus making himself more invisible than ever, so that he appeared merely a black blur which crept noiselessly across the small lawn.

At the edge of the lawn he paused a moment, memorizing the geography of the front of the house, and then proceeded to the back, where he hoped he would be more secluded and less likely to be seen.

In this he was not disappointed, for the back of the house was hidden from the adjacent households by a ring of trees.

He noted several points of similarity between the back and front of the house, and concluded from this that the lower rooms stretched the whole length of the house; one, which he surmised to be a reception-room, opened out on to a small balcony through long, handsome French windows.

He judged the balcony to be undoubtedly his best means of entry into the house, and before another 20 seconds had elapsed he was standing in front of one of the windows.

There was a slight click as the latch was forced back by an instrument which he pulled from his elastic waist-belt, but he was disappointed, for the window did not give way immediately. It was evident that it was bolted as well as latched.

Another tool came into play, and presently the windows opened noiselessly inwards, and the black shadow that was Blackshirt entered and closed them behind him.

For a time he stood there, his ears alert for the slightest sound, but the house seemed absolutely silent.

Next a tiny pin-prick of light from his pocket-torch travelled round the room, moving on from one object to another.

He was surprised to note that, notwithstanding the fact that the house was built apparently in the early Victorian era, it was scarcely typical of this country, and the furnishing seemed to Blackshirt to hint somewhat of the Continent; nothing tangible, nothing which he could positively say belonged to any other country than his own, yet, nevertheless, he was distinctly of the impression that he was in the residence of a foreigner.

His light came to rest eventually on a handsome ornate secretaire, and the artist within him gazed with delight at its graceful lines, its exquisite inlaid pattern. Obviously an objet d'art, the possession of a connoisseur.

Blackshirt wished that he could have taken the desk away with him. He would cheerfully have left everything else could he have done this.

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We ship in boxes containing 100 pounds or 50 pounds of fish. You can order either one variety or an assortment as desired. If only 50 pounds are ordered add ½ cent per pound to the price quoted.

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Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified honey, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and palatable guaiaicol, known the world over for its healing effect on membranes.

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KEROSENE (COAL-OIL) MANTLE LAMP

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You get sunlight every night with an Aladdin, and not only that, it will pay for itself many times in oil saved. Unbiased tests have proved it over four times as efficient as the best open-flame oil lamp, and it must be remembered that Aladdin light is a modern white light of the very highest quality, while the light from other lamps is yellow and unsatisfactory.

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The Aladdin is simple in construction, feeds the oil through a wick, with no pressure and burns any grade of kerosene [coal-oil]. It is as easy to operate as the ordinary

lamp—so simple in fact that any child can operate it. It is absolutely free from any danger of explosion. Years of use and exhaustive tests prove this fact conclusively. The Aladdin requires no pumping-up, no generating torch, and burns without odor, noise, smell or smoke; is clean and sanitary.

Make Your Home Bright and Happy

The Aladdin offers you an opportunity to make your home the whitest, cheeriest and most attractive place in which to live summer and winter. Several millions of people are now enjoying it, and will gladly attest to its desirability.

The Whole Family Will Enjoy It

Every member of the family can enjoy the Aladdin at the same time. Mother will enjoy it for her mending; father for his reading; brother and sister for study, and the children for their lessons—all free from any danger of eyestrain. Live in bright, cheerful surroundings instead of semi-darkness—save and have, by supplying yourself with this most remarkable of all modern white lights, the Aladdin.

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The Ennis Piano, style "Apartment," finished in either mahogany or oak, with free stool, and freight prepaid to your nearest station at a special Christmas selling price that means a saving of over \$50 to \$75 on similar values which might be secured elsewhere, is one of the greatest bargain offers we have ever made. Pay \$25 now—have your piano shipped now or for Christmas, whichever you prefer, and pay off the balance at the rate of \$10 monthly—half-yearly, or full payments arranged on one-quarter cash payments if you prefer them. This piano has a rich resonant tone, is exquisitely beautiful in design and finish and guaranteed by both the manufacturers and ourselves even at \$395 this special price of.....

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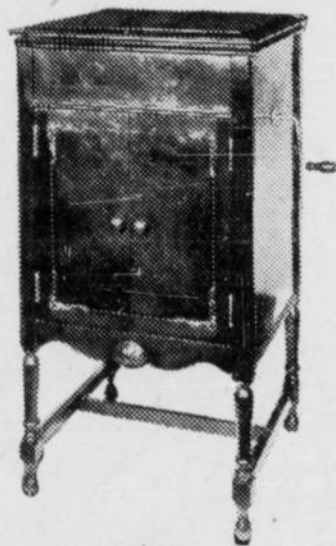
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The Grain Growers' Guide

He tried to draw his attention away from the desk, but each time his eyes wandered glitteringly back to it, and at length he determined that he would at least glance within, not so much in search of anything that might be there—for he did not believe that it contained anything of any value—but more to taste of the splendid work which he knew would be carried out inside as well as externally.

He found it locked, but anticipated no difficulty in opening it, suspecting that it was kept closed by the usual type of lock.

To his surprise he discovered that the lock was of an unusually intricate pattern, and it was only after great difficulty that he was successful in forcing it, but he did not regret the waste of time. Undoubtedly the desk was one of the most beautiful he had seen.

Within were scattered papers and letters. With a smile he picked up one, as he thought to himself he might just as well know exactly where he was. The envelope was addressed to:

"Count de Rogeri,
Versailles House,
Maddox Gardens."

Blackshirt raised his eyebrows. Maddox Gardens! Why, he had heard of this neighborhood often, but, although he knew whereabouts it was, this was the first time he had actually set foot here.

He had indeed come to an affluent district.

What was wealth compared to the desk. If ever Blackshirt regretted having to leave anything behind he did so this time. His supple hands wandered lovingly over the carving, whilst his flashlight revealed its extravagant design.

His sensitive finger-tips came in contact with a slack panel, and he frowned. Evidently its owner was careless. He wondered how loose it was, and moved it slightly.

The next moment there was a click, and Blackshirt spun around, his light disappearing as he did so. He stood there, tense with nervous excitement, but could hear nothing; no voice was challenging him, no revolver threatening him, all was dark, still, and silent.

Uneasily he turned again towards the desk. He did not like mysterious sounds; but as he resumed his examination of the bureau the cause of the noise was revealed to him as, where before had been a plain piece of panelling, there was now an open drawer.

By the merest coincidence Blackshirt had discovered a secret recess.

With sparkling eyes, which were synonymic of the happy excitement he felt in this discovery, he noted that there were papers within.

Curiosity urged him to glance through them, but on opening the first one he was annoyed to find the contents in German. Of this language he knew a little, though not much, so he was about to thrust them back into the drawer when two or three stray words which he recognized caught his eye and arrested his attention.

For the next few minutes his puzzled brain was gradually translating the manuscript. When he had finished he remained motionless, unable to connect his thoughts together coherently, his discovery numbing his senses.

To be continued



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A Reluctant Santa

Continued from Page 11

with his kind offers of help, in his spitefulness my man refused his invitation. It was too much. Was I, I asked him, to be penned up for ever, like a sow that must be fattened? And was it right that that courteous young man should be turned from the door like a dog, to satisfy his wicked ill-temper? Oh, but I accused him well! Throughout our luncheon he had not a word to answer me. In the afternoon he appeared humble and repentant. Ah, what duplicity! No sooner was my back turned than little Miguel came running with a cry that turned my heart cold—"Mamma! Mamma! Daddy is driving away over the hill!"

By jove, it did seem tough luck. One couldn't help feeling sorry for her, as she poured it all out with an abandonment that would have been impossible to a Canadian-bred girl, leaning forward past Sarah to gesticulate with her hands; careless that the light fell full on her desolate face, that three of her audience were strangers, and two of them men.

"Mrs. McKellan will stay with us until tomorrow night," Sarah announced firmly. "By that time—" She left the sentence unfinished, but Bill nodded at her with an air of complete understanding.

I guessed what she had meant when Bill followed me to the barn, and dipped a can of oats for each of the ponies, from our precious hoard.

"We are going to bring him back?" I asked.

"If we have to hog-tie the brute!" Bill asserted, savagely. "He wouldn't travel very far before dark; and, if we start early, we should overtake him long before he has covered the 30 miles to town with his oxen."

Sarah had evidently informed her of our intention, during the night; for she came out to the cutter to thank us, as we hitched up the ponies in the grey morning light. Sarah's fur coat was flung about her shoulders like a cape, and she stood there looking very dignified, with her tall slim figure and dark hair and eyes, dusky with the mystery of early dawn.

"I shall pray all the time that you bring him back for my forgiveness," she said, holding a mittened hand of each of us in her own slim fingers. "I think that you will be successful, you are so kind and brave, but whether you are or not, my heart will always hold you in grateful remembrance. Thank you very much, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Wiltshire."

There was something very piquant in the slight buzzing of her esses, and the pretty manner in which she occasionally fumbled a "th". Bill had commenced to reply, and I also would have liked to make some suitable response, but Sarah opened the shack door and called to Mrs. McKellan to come in.

"Those men are so thoughtless they would allow you to stand out there until you froze to death," she scolded. "Besides, they can't return before dark, if they don't drive away at once."

I felt very low-spirited, as we sped away in the growing light. For one thing I had put in a wretched night. My bed had been given up to the lady visitor, and I and the two youngsters had occupied Bill's combination lounge. Miguel and Pat were apparently football enthusiasts who found the waking hours all too short for their favorite sport, and my body, at the moment, was experiencing all the sensations of the pigskin after a hard-fought scrum. Added to which, Bill's invention had twice exhibited its stunt in automatic reverse! So that it was perhaps not very wonderful that I should view with pessimism our efforts to return an errant husband to his spouse. It was all very well for Bill to talk of using force; but, even supposing that we brought the man home, was it in the least reasonable to believe that we could keep him there? A vision of Bill and I standing alternately four hours on guard duty, with a pitchfork shouldered as bayonet, rose in my mind distastefully. But presently we came to the end of our soft deep track, and were out on the hard main trail.

A fresh team, and a frosty morning; the cutter flying with slack tugs, hauled by the impatient mouths at the bits; the brightening dawn tinting the snow with a rosy flush, and a clean cold wind springing to meet us, setting our very blood dancing to the jingle of the bells! It was irresistible; and as the last trace of depression was swept away, my thoughts turned again to the lady who had watched us depart.

I turned to Bill, who was humming "Christians Awake," meaningly, behind his high fur collar.

"When she said 'Good-bye' to us, there, I felt like bending the knee and addressing her as 'Ma belle Reine.'"

"You wouldn't have been far out. She's French-Canadian, from what she told Sarah. McKellan himself is an Irishman."

"A French mother and an Irish dad! No wonder my ribs are black and blue! But say, did you get any instructions as to how he could be recognized? I saw only one eye and the top of his head, and I'll be darned if I could recognize him in a big fur coat!"

"We shall know him by his oxen—one black and one red, and he drives the black one on the right-hand side. We'd better enquire, too, at any shack that stands beside the road."

It was that last suggestion that was almost our undoing, for at nearly every shack preparations were in evidence to spend the day as it should be spent, and each hospitable soul required just two more to complete the circle round the festal board. We resisted every temptation, however, with a fortitude that Saint Anthony himself might have envied, although from one cozy shack, heavy with the rich aroma of coffee, where the host opened the oven door with a flourish to display a brown and shining bird, we staggered away with tears in our eyes, and the moisture welling to our lips. But the time required in convincing each person that we were in a hurry delayed us so that it was one o'clock when we pulled up at the Dunn stopping-place, ten miles from the town.

Had she seen anything of an Irishman driving a red ox and a black one? echoed stout and motherly Mrs. Dunn, as she watched us munch cold turkey, and loaded our plates with hot cakes fresh from the stove. Well, we had better ask the men about the oxen, but there had been a big fine-looking man in for dinner, who spoke with an Irish brogue. She opened the door and allowed a rush of cold air to enter the super-heated room.

"He's just driving out of the yard now!" she exclaimed. "Yes, and he has a red ox and a black one. Shall I call him back?"

"Don't trouble," said Bill, quickly. "We'll overtake him in a very short time with the ponies."

Leaning over to me, he muttered: "I've been thinking, Geoff. We don't want to have a fuss around a stopping-place, and I don't imagine for a moment that he'll come of his own free will. I'll tell you what we had better do. We'll take the bells off the ponies, and drive quietly up behind him. Then you can climb into the sleigh with a horse-blanket, creep up on him without a sound and throw it over his head. I'll be right after you with the halter-shanks, and we'll have him hog-tied and back in the cutter before he can utter a yelp!"

"Suppose he lets fly at us, or we damage him," I objected. "And what about his oxen left to wander over the prairie?"

"He can't hurt us, if you get the blanket well over him; and we don't need to worry about hurting him. Think of the way he has treated his wife! As for the oxen—Mrs. Dunn," he said, swinging in his chair, "our Irish friend may need to drive back with us. Would it be possible to leave his oxen here?"

"If you pay for their feed—certainly," she replied.

She had seated herself behind us, and was sewing a rent in a thick woolly coat of bright red hue. I saw Bill's eye brighten as he looked at it.

"Surely that's a Santa outfit?" he asked. "It's the one the school used for the concert," Mrs. Dunn told him. "The Santa they used was too big and he burst all the seams."

"Do you sell toys among your goods in the store, there?" Bill asked, his eye gleaming still brighter.

"We have a few. Would you like to see them?"

"Not just now, we must be on our way. But if you will fill me Santa's pack and sell me his outfit, I'll call for them when we bring the Irishman's oxen in."

"I couldn't sell you the Santa outfit, but I could loan it to you for a few days, if you have some kiddies out there that you wish to please."

"Suits me fine," said Bill. "Come on, Geoff. Let's go!"

In spite of my misgivings it proved unbelievably easy. We trailed the red

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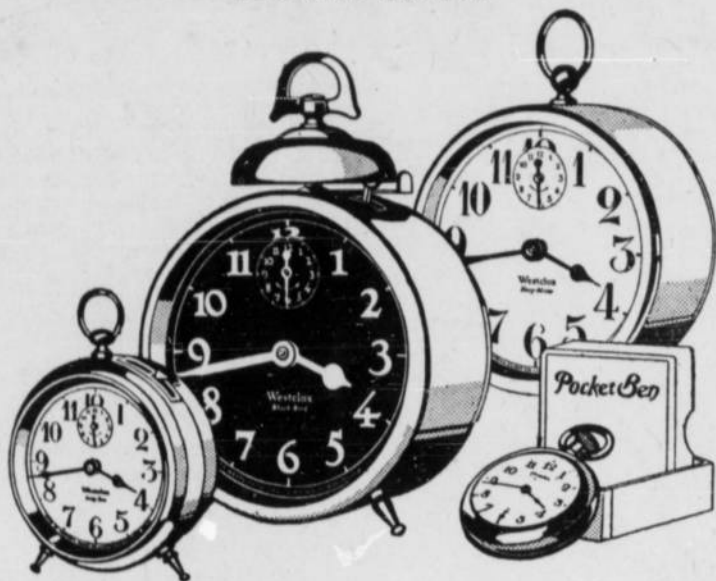
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See Pages 32-33

ox and the black one till a slight dip hid us from the stopping-place, then I seized the blanket and climbed up on the sleigh. McKellan was sitting half-dozing on the bottom of the box, and I threw the blanket over him and had him backwards in a trice. A frantic flurry, while the blanket bucked like a mule, then Bill slid over the side on top of him, and in a moment we had him in the cutter, trussed and bound, and—urged on by an appalling necessity—firmly gagged.

"Wrap the blanket round him and sit on the ends," Bill ordered. "That will make it seem as though he were sitting in the bottom of the cutter—if anyone happens to be looking, while I take the oxen in."

No one appeared during his absence, however, and presently we were on our way, with the Santa Claus outfit and the toys packed beneath the seat, and the apparently resigned prisoner between our feet. Occasionally he became convulsed, and stifled sounds issued from the folds of the blanket, but although the tones were sufficiently abrasive, the gag rendered them inarticulate, and we continued on our journey undisturbed.

The festivities which had hindered us in the morning aided us now by keeping the people in their homes. Dusk had already fallen, and we had almost reached the side trail to our shack, before we perceived the dark shape of a sleigh in front of us.

"We'll keep back till he is beyond our turnoff," said Bill, reining in the team. "There is no sense in running useless risks."

We reached our trail and swung off. Looking back, I imagined that the dark outline of the sleigh had narrowed, as though it now was headed towards us, but the ponies had scented their stable, and night soon hid it from my view.

As we had not replaced the sleigh bells we were able to arrive unobserved. We lit the lantern in the barn and stabled the ponies in growing excitement.

"Doesn't it thrill you, Geoff?" Bill almost whispered. "Think of that poor woman in there, believing herself deserted, and us with the husband here waiting to deliver him to her arms. We've gone to a lot of trouble," he continued, "and I mean to finish this thing properly. Bring in the Santa outfit and the toys. I'll fetch McKellan."

He appeared presently, supporting McKellan, whose legs he had unbound. Then he unhooked a heavy neckyoke which hung upon the wall, and, swinging it clublike in his hands, turned to face our prisoner.

"Listen, you!" he said, sternly. "You are going to put on that red suit and that mask and beard, and you are going to carry that sack of toys into the shack and hand them to the kids. When the lady runs to you, you are to place your arms about her and say 'I'm sorry,' just that and nothing more. If there's any of the language you came out with on the trail, back there, remember I'll be just behind you with the neckyoke, and I won't fail to use it. Now take the gag out, Geoff, and see what he says."

"Ye—ye blithering monkey-faced young lunatics!" McKellan spluttered. "Ye—"

With a quick movement Bill raised the neckyoke, and our prisoner stopped short.

"All right, all right, I'll do it!" he gasped. "Ye're both stark staring mad, the pair of ye, and I'd give ten years of me life to have either of ye alone and a fair and equal chance, but the stiffness is in me limbs an' I must do what ye say, though the saints have mercy on ye when we meet again."

A rapid transformation took place beneath the light of our stable lantern, and presently we escorted to the shack a white-bearded old man, red-coated and pack-laden, above whose benevolent rosy cheeks small grey eyes snapped wickedly.

"Remember!" Bill muttered, urgently. "Take her in your arms and say 'I'm sorry.'" Then he flung the door open, called, "Here we are!" and pushed McKellan in before us.

As the strange figure entered the shack the occupants rose to their feet with

The Grain Growers' Guide

startled exclamations. Then suddenly the youngsters broke into wild yells:

"Sandy Claws! Sandy Claws!"
There was no need to distribute the toys. A well-directed raid removed them immediately, and the youngsters retired to the background to con over their spoils. McKellan seemed to have fallen into a state of contemplation before the loaded supper-table, but a nudge from Bill swung him toward his wife. Awkwardly he opened wide his arms.

"Say it!" Bill muttered.
But McKellan's wife was before him.

"Oh, cruel that I was to drive you away," she sobbed, flinging herself upon him, and throwing her arms about his neck. "Oh, how could I have such a hard heart!"

McKellan supported her manfully. His lines were forgotten, but he improvised almost as well, patting her back and stroking her hair.

"There, there, darlint," he murmured, in his soft Irish brogue "Whisht yer weepin' now, whisht yer weepin'!"

His eyes met mine over the bowed head, and one of the mask-slits closed in a long delighted wink.

Sarah stood beside the stove, her habitually somewhat critical expression changed to one of whole-hearted admiration. All was as it should be. Turning to Bill, I discovered him moved by a similar impulse, and our hands met in a warm clasp.

At the sound of her husband's voice the woman had thrown her head back, and I saw that she was looking at him with dilated eyes.

"Wha—who—" she began, but was interrupted by the door slamming open with a loud crash, and a large fur-coated man stamping uninvited into the room.

"What kind of divilment is this?" he shouted.

With a loud shriek, Mrs. McKellan tore herself from Santa's arms and hurled herself upon the newcomer.

"Tim, my Tim!" she cried.

She was swept aside like a leaf, and with a bound the newcomer had seized our Santa by the collar and ripped off his mask.

"Patrick Doherty, by the powers!" he exclaimed. "And will ye explain the meaning of this before I wring the neck of ye."

"Meaning!" shouted the unmasked Santa, pointing at Bill and me. "Ask them two young devils that pounced on an unsuspecting man and forced him to do their bidding at the point of a club."

"There seems to have been a slight mistake," Bill explained, hurriedly. "We thought—everybody thought that you had deserted your wife, and we went after you to bring you back."

"Well," said the newcomer, sternly, "what then?"

"Why—er—" stammered Bill, "we seem to have brought the wrong man."

For a moment McKellan stared at him, then a sudden twinkle awoke in his blue eyes and, throwing back his head, he let out a roar that shook the very dishes on the table.

"Pick up the colleens and let's hasten away home, movourneen," he called to his wife. "And ye, Pat Doherty, let you be coming along, too, where I can keep me eye on yer. I dinna feel safe to leave ye in such company. A man drives night and day to bring his wife a pretty comb as a Christmas present, and maybe as a bit of a peace-offering, too, and sure he finds another husband providing for her in the meantime, and two young spalpeens egging him on with a club. Never mind, bhoys, I'll forgive ye for the laugh I'll have on Patrick Doherty this many a long year!"

Sweeping them before him like a flock of chickens, he went out through the door, and we heard his loud laughter booming over the snow. Glancing at Sarah, I saw that her lips were twitching, and her fingers were slightly closed, as though an unexpected weapon had come within their grasp. Staggering weakly, I collapsed upon the lounge, and immediately, with scarcely a creaking of its complicated machinery, the blame thing went into reverse!



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Humor from Homestead Days

Continued from Page 9

do know was when I began to collect my thoughts about an hour and a half later it was quite dark in the shack. Then my mind, like a flash, turned to the fellow down the well. I got to my feet, feeling somewhat shaky. Straightened things around a bit and started for the well.

As I neared it I could hear wee David talking to himself, but as I started to lower the bucket, he began talking to me and in such a tone and manner that I cannot relate here what he said, for "he was a bad young man." It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention," but she would not come to my aid in this case sufficiently for me to invent a story that would hold water, and David, being in a bad turn of mind, I thought it best to tell the truth and, giving him the satisfaction of knowing, after all, the joke had been on me. This lifted the cloud from his brow, and smiling, he said, "Bill, it takes a real man to handle that stuff." I then made a vow, as David had done a few hours before, that I would never try chewing tobacco again, and I haven't. —W. E. Bobier, Moosomin, Sask.

Discomfited Bucks

In the late summer of '85, a few young bucks from Piapot's Reserve, who had so far taken no part in the Rebellion, got excited and left the reserve, camping wherever they chose. They stole a number of cattle from ranches along Qu'Appelle Valley, then moved toward Regina. One morning we went to milk the two cows, which we tethered a short distance from the buildings, and they were gone, ropes cut close to the stakes. We thought at once of these Indians, and mother talked of sending for the Mounted Police. Father said, "wait." Next morning cows and ropes were back at the stakes unharmed.

After the Rebellion was over, father met an old Indian in Regina. After much hand-shaking and laughing the Indian asked father if he lost his cows? Father said, "yes, but they came back." So the old man told father that the young men thought they were big Indians, go steal beef, but when they brought our cows into camp, the older ones knew them for the same cows that gave the papooses milk, and they did not let the boys kill them, but milked them and sent them back the next night.—Mrs. L. M. Purdy, Balcarres, Sask.

Transported to Erin

One little incident I remember in particular, happened one winter, in January. When on going out one Sunday morning to do the chores, we found five of our two month's old pigs, to all appearances, chilled to death, as it was 40 below zero. We brought them in the house and put them on a blanket beside the stove. They were there about an hour. There wasn't a move or sound until a rap sounded on the door. On opening the door, it was the minister, while on his way to preach in another settlement, had come in to get warm. The pigs jumped up and scampered about the house. The minister was a Scotchman but thought he was in Ireland when he saw the pigs. He was glad to get near the stove, however, and to have a cup of hot tea and something to eat.—Mrs. Thos. Murray, sr., Yellow Grass, Sask.

Above the Clouds

Continued from Page 5

being dashed against the vertical cliffs of Mount Evans before it started up again.

Our achievement was the discovery of this vast new mountain district; the definite locating of its 13,000-foot peak; and the photographing at close range of it and its 20 or more sister peaks above 10,000 feet; the discovery of the arctic-like glacial systems which surround them, and the mapping of this whole new district. For our own selves we have the substantial reward which comes to those who battle against nature's worst, and all but win; the remembrance of good comradeship on river, rock and snow; memories, too, of these high places of the earth with their indescribable splendor; and of the satisfying days we spent among them, enduring hardship. For all that, the prairies looked good to me as the train rolled down out of the foothills, and Manitoba better yet, and home best of all.

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E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
Toronto, Canada

Makers of
ROYAL YEAST CAKES



**MAKES HENS LAY!
MAKES POULTRY PAY!**



Winter Driving

This is the season of social activities which entail much driving. What joy there is in the cold, brilliant moonlight nights—the crack of the whip—the sharp jingle of the sleigh bells in the still, frosty air—the horses' breath steaming from their nostrils as they whirl you along through the snow! You enjoy it; so do they! But—your horses must be in tip-top condition.

Sliding and slipping may cause strains, cut knees, inflamed tendons.

There is nothing better to keep horses in the pink of condition than

ABSORBINE

which will strengthen and invigorate tired, lame muscles and tendons, and will heal calk cuts and bruises.

Absorbine is a perfectly safe herbal preparation which will not blister under bandages, remove the hair, or even leave a mark after use.

Horses can be worked all the time while being treated.

As a liniment it has been successfully used for over 32 years in cases of Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Shoe Boil, Curb, Thoroughpin, Enlargement of the Joints, Swollen Tendons, Sprung Knees, and all Lameness and Swellings.

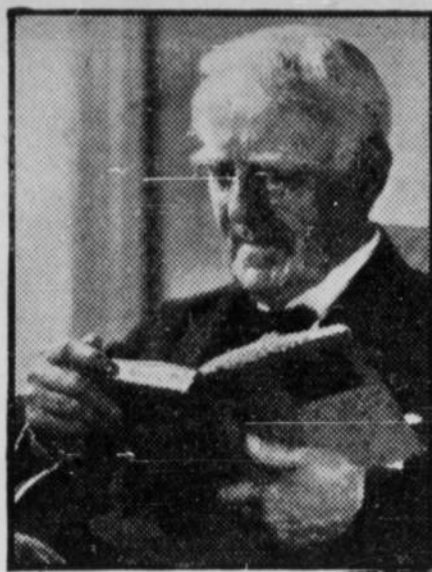
It is an excellent antiseptic and germicide too, for use on bruises, sores, scratches, lacerations and other irritated surfaces.

You cannot afford to be without this valuable remedy.

Get a bottle to-day from your Druggist or
General Merchant, or send \$2.50 direct to us.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.,

195 Lyman Building, Montreal.



Elderly people rarely escape

HAD RHEUMATISM FOR MANY YEARS

Got relief at last with
simple home treatment

A martyr to rheumatism for almost a lifetime, a man from Wyocena, Wis., writes that he can always get relief with a simple home treatment.

"As a man of seventy, for years a sufferer from rheumatism, I want to give my recommendation for Sloan's Liniment," he says. "It is a fine remedy and will do all that is claimed for it."

Sloan's has been the standby of rheumatic sufferers for years because it doesn't just deaden the nerves. It helps the body to throw off the germs and poisons that cause the trouble by speeding up the circulation right in the affected spots.

Apply a little lightly, without rubbing. Immediately you feel a warm glow of comfort. Stiff joints and muscles limber up. The aching stops and soon you are completely free from pain. Get a bottle today. All druggists—35 cents.

Why Operate?

For Appendicitis, Gallstones, Stomach and Liver Troubles, when HEPATOLA does the work without pain and no risk of your life nor loss of time. Contains no poison. Not sold by druggists.

Mrs. Geo. S. Almas

Sole Manufacturer

230 Fourth Ave. S., Dept. G.,
SASKATOON

Price \$6.50.—Parcel Post 25c Extra

ASTHMA

The attack is relieved at once and comfortable rest assured simply by vaporizing Cresolene near the bed at night.

Introduced in 1879

Vapo-Cresolene

'Used while you sleep'

It is the drugless treatment for bronchial ailments, coughs, colds, influenza, whooping cough, bronchitis.

Sold by Druggists

Send for descriptive Booklet A

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

EARN MONEY AT HOME AFTER SCHOOL

Send \$2.10 in cash and we will mail you \$3.00 worth of beautiful Christmas and New Year cards or Excelsior perfume, which you can sell and make 90c cash for yourself.

BEST PREMIUM CO.

Dept. A, 75 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto

THE DOO DADS & THE MAGIC APPLES



The Doo Dads

Christmas day dawned glum and cold for Tiny. No Santa Claus, no presents, nothing. He was just going down the street grumbling about it when he came across Doc Sawbones dressed up like Santa. Doc has a sly twinkle in his eye and seems to be enjoying a secret. Nicky has played a lot of pranks on Doc in times gone past, and if Nicky wasn't filled with so much grumbling he'd suspect that Doc was trying to get one back on him.

Doc tells him that he has a job for him. Doc knows very well that Nicky never worked at one job for five minutes at a time in his whole life. Nicky is to give one apple to every Doo Dad who passes by the barrel. But Doc gives him fair warning. These are magic apples and if he eats more than one something will happen to him.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, NICKY! HERE'S A NICE BIG JUICY APPLE FOR YOU—AN' A NICE EASY JOB TOO!

JOB? FOR ME?

YES! YOUR JOB IS TO HAND OUT ONE APPLE TO EVERYBODY. TELL 'EM IT'S DOC'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

O-O-OH

BUT MIND THAT YOU GIVE 'EM ONE APPLE ONLY AND DON'T EAT MORE THAN ONE YOURSELF OR SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU—THEY'RE MAGIC APPLES!

DOC'S FOOLIN'—I'LL EAT AS MANY APPLES AS I WANT TO. HERE'S TINY, I'LL GIVE HIM SOME, TOO

HA! HA! I KNEW DOC WAS ONLY FOOLIN'! AIN'T THESE APPLES GOOD TINY?

FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

HAR! HAR! TINY HAS SHRUNK TO A LITTLE TEENY WEENY!

OH DEAR! I'M SHRUNK TOO! DOC WASN'T FOOLIN'!

HA, HA! POOR NICKY AND TINY! I'LL KEEP THEM LIKE THIS FOR AWHILE—IT WILL TEACH THEM NOT TO BE SELFISH!

MY STARS! WHAT'S HAPPENED YOU?

THEY WERE GREEDY AND ATE UP ALL DOC'S APPLES!

YEAH—AN' THEY WERE MAGIC APPLES

HAR! HAR!

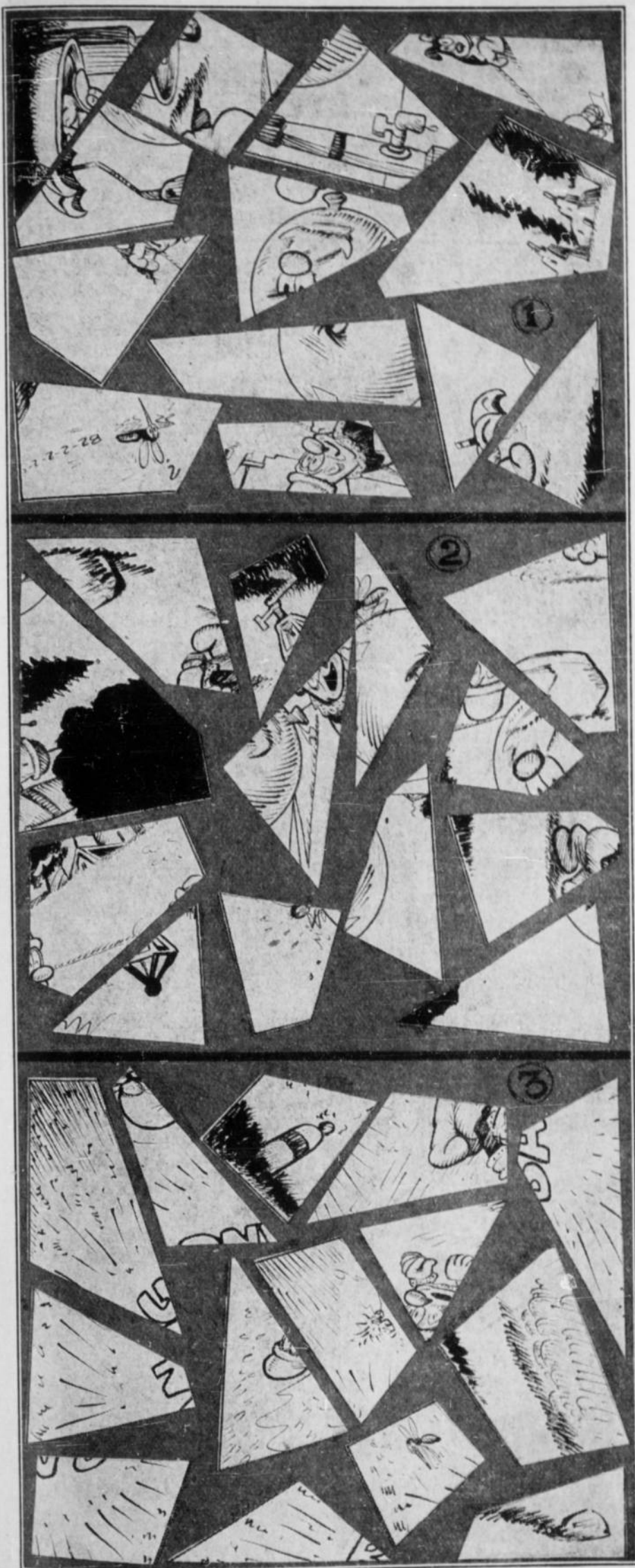
Well, you know what a lazy, greedy boy will do when he is given a job and told not to eat too much. Sure! He and Tiny, his pet elephant, will try to eat the whole barrelful between them. Magic apples? How silly! Does Doc think they are going to believe a lot of bunk like that?

They didn't have very long to wait. Tiny, having the biggest mouth, ate fastest and the magic in the apples worked on him first. He felt a queer twitching all over his skin and then he could feel himself shrinking. Smaller and smaller he grew till he wasn't any larger than a fox terrier! For a minute Nicky forgot all about what Doc said about the apples being magic, and he has a good laugh at Tiny without realizing that his turn is coming soon.

His eyebrows began to bristle like a

scared cat's. His skin grew tight like Tiny's. Great beads of sweat collected on his forehead when he realized what was happening. But the magic was powerful and kept on working. It was so powerful that it poured out through his perspiring skin and shrank his clothes, even to the buttons on his pants.

Now that it's too late he is sorry he disbelieved Doc. See him going up the main street of Dooville after it has happened. He is so ashamed of himself that he can't find words to answer Flannelfeet, the cop. Tiny is scared plumb. He knows that a shrivelled-up elephant hasn't got a ghost of a chance with cats and dogs and things. I guess they'll have some pretty narrow escapes now they can't fight for themselves.



Make a Comic Strip

Here is a Doo Dad strip of three pictures. All you have to do is cut out the pieces carefully, fit them together in their proper places and paste them down on a piece of paper, and you will see what happened to Nicky. Of course you know he is always getting into trouble whether he has Tiny with him or not, and he has managed to do it this time too. You will find it much easier if you keep the pieces of each picture in a separate pile, or better still, just cut out one picture at a time and

paste it down before cutting out the next one. Do them as neatly as you possibly can and be sure and get all the pieces in their proper place. To the boy or girl who sends in the neatest set of pictures correctly put together The Guide will give a prize of \$1.00, and to the four next best a prize of 50 cents each. All pictures should be in The Guide office before December 31. Address them to Doc Sawbones, The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA



MOTHER:-

Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

*ti yasp ot hops teh
lantanio yaw*

SOLVE THIS MYSTERY MESSAGE

Win These Magnificent Prizes

1ST — PONTIAC
SEDAN, VALUE
\$1170.00.
2nd — \$100 in Gold.
3rd — \$50 in Gold.
4th — \$25 in Gold.
5th — \$10 in Gold.
6th to 15th Prizes—\$5.00
worth each of Hosiery and
Underwear.
16th to 25th Prizes—\$3.00
worth each of Hosiery and
Underwear.
50.00 in Gold—

Mystery Prizel FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Every Contestant must be 15 or over.
2. Write answers in pen and ink on one side of paper only. Put name and address and name of this paper, in upper right hand corner, stating whether, Mrs., Mr., or Miss. Do not send typewritten entries.
3. Prizes will be awarded according to skill displayed in correctly solving this Picture-puzzle, as well as in the neatness, hand-writing and general appearance of entry. Contest closes Dec. 31st, 1926. Judges' decision is final.
4. No employees of this Company, their friends or relatives may compete.
5. You will be notified immediately if your answer is correct and will be requested to fulfill a simple condition of the contest that need not cost you any money. Mail answer at once. You have much to gain and nothing to lose.

Do Not
Miss This
Opportunity

What's all the excitement? An aviator has just sky-written an advertisement for the National Hosiery Company. This mysterious message contains seven words which are in their correct order. Each word contains only the letters as shown. Now, place the letters of each word in their proper position and write down the sentence they make. To give you a clue, the second word is "PAYS". Test your skill and mail your solution immediately to compete for this

**Wonderful, New 6 Cylinder, 5 Passenger
Pontiac Sedan, Value, \$1170.00.**
and these 25 other Valuable Prizes.

Everyone has an equal opportunity of winning. Read the rules and follow them carefully to be sure of a prize.

WE HOLD THIS CONTEST

to acquaint still more people with the money-saving values in National Hosiery and Underwear now sold Direct-by-Mail from the World's Leading Mills. It is not necessary to become our Agent in order to compete, but, if you wish to do so, we agree to reward you handsomely for your co-operation, in addition to any prizes you may win.

Every entry will be judged according to the skill displayed in correctly solving the message and submitting the answer. The following well-known gentlemen will act as Judges: GEO. E. ANSLEY, General Sales Manager, Pontiac Division, General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa. A. H. MACLAUGHLIN, Manager, Ontario Branch, Desbarats Advt. Agency, Toronto. R. W. COWAN, Sec.-Treasurer, Print Craft, Ltd., Toronto.

MAIL YOUR ANSWER AT ONCE

and you will immediately be given an opportunity to WIN AN EXTRA \$50.00 IN GOLD, and there's still another pleasant surprise in store for you. Full particulars will be mailed the same day your answer is received. Address

NATIONAL HOSEIERY CO.
Dept. 108 156 Yonge St., Toronto.

**WIN
THIS HANDSOME
PONTIAC
SEDAN**



**FIRST PRIZE
VALUE \$1170 00**

POULTRY

Alex. Taylor's Hatchery

BRED-TO-LAY Chickens for 1927. Barred Rocks, Leghorns, Reds, Wyandottes, Orpingtons. Hatching Eggs. Custom Hatching. 15 per cent. discount on 50 or 100 chick orders received by January 1. Western Canada's Largest and Oldest Hatchery. We sell Buckeye and Wisconsin Incubators. Free Catalogue. **ALEX. TAYLOR'S HATCHERY, WINNIPEG, MAN.**

Various

"GLASSCO" LETS THE VIOLET RAYS IN. Quarter the cost of glass. For poultry houses, etc., 65 cents square yard delivered. G. Wood Mfg. Co., Dept. O, Rebecca Street, Toronto. 29-2

TOM BARRON SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, bred-to-lay, \$2.00 each; also large bronze gobblers, \$5.00 each. W. R. Mickleborough, R.R. 1, Regina, Sask. 29-3

CHAMPIONS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT—Barred Rock and Leghorn cockerels, \$5.00 upwards. Write for circular. Winter Egg Farm, Lethbridge, Alta. 29-5

LIVE POULTRY WANTED—HIGHEST PRICES paid. Quick returns. Write for crates. The Consolidated Packers, Winnipeg. 29-6

SELLING—PEARL GUINEAS, \$1.00 EACH; pure-bred Rose Comb Brown Leghorn cockerels, \$1.50. Harry Browning, Ogilvie, Man. 29-2

FOR SALE—JERSEY BLACK GIANT PULLETS, largest, hardest domestic fowl known; cockerels weigh up to 12 pounds; extra good layers; \$2.50 each. Rose, Vernon, B.C. 27-3

BUFF ORPINGTON DUCKS, \$1.75; **DRACKS**, \$2.25; White Holland turkeys, toms, \$5.00; hens, \$3.50; Barred Rock cockerels, \$1.50. All pure-bred. Mrs. T. A. Glencross, Kandahar, Sask. 28-3

HUSKY BARRED ROCK, WHITE WYANDOTTE COCKERELS, \$3.00 and \$5.00 each, reduction on three. Guy Power, Virden, Man. 28-3

SELLING—PURE-BRED CHANTICLEER COCKERELS, from prize stock, good laying strain. Price \$5.00. Mrs. P. T. Sims, Strasburg, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED COCKERELS, BLACK Minorcas and Barred Plymouth Rocks, \$2.00. J. W. Cornelson, Cabri, Sask. 28-2

Anconas

ROSE COMB ANCONA COCKERELS, CHOICE birds, \$2.00 each. Mrs. Templeton, Baldur, Man. 27-3

Leghorns

MY PURITAS LARGE WHITE Leghorns, 326 egg strain, Single Comb Pure-Bred, bred-to-lay, lay and pay winter and summer. Cockerels, \$2.00 each; three for \$5.00. Hens, Pullets, Special Prices.—H. B. TOEWS, HORN-DEAN, MAN.

SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, April hatched, from high-record, pedigreed males and females, Laywell strain, \$5.00 each, two for \$9.00. Mrs. Steve Williams, Milo, Alta. 28-2

SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, \$1.25 each. Mrs. J. Dunkerley, Ponoka R.R. 1, Alta. 28-2

PURE-BRED S.C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, roosters, Hollywood Farm, Wash., strain, \$2.50 each. W. Bell, Rockyford, Alta. 27-3

SELLING—PURE-BRED WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, May hatch, \$1.25 each. C. R. Stevens, Blackie, Alta. 28-2

PURE-BRED S.C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, good laying strain, \$1.25. W. L. Scott, Birnie, Man. 28-2

BROWN LEGHORN COCKERELS, SINGLE and double combs, \$1.00 each. W. Woods, Hazel Dell, Sask. 28-2

PURE-BRED SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, M.A.C. strain, \$1.55 each. Frank Roberts, Nipawin, Sask. 28-2

WANTED—50 LEGHORN PULLETS. P. H. Fraser, Pilot Mound, Man. 29-2

BEAUTIFUL ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, \$1.50. Jas. Currie, Viking, Alta. 29-2

Minorcas

SELLING—PURE-BRED ROSE COMB BLACK Minorca cockerels, \$2.25; two, \$4.00. H. Robson, Melfort, Sask. 27-6

Orpingtons

PURE-BRED BUFF ORPINGTON COCKERELS, \$3.50 and \$2.00 each; trios, \$9.00 and \$5.00. Flock bred up for years. Head of flock, 1925, \$12 prize bird. Wm. Coleman, Vanguard, Sask. 28-2

PURE-BRED BUFF ORPINGTON YEARLING hens, \$2.00 each; six, \$11. F. Coates, Comper, Alta. 28-3

Plymouth Rocks

ASPENRIDGE BARRED ROCKS—FLOCK average 184. April cockerels, \$3.00, two for \$5.00. Choice August Yorkshires, prolific. Purdy, Balcarres, Sask. 28-5

SELLING—BARRED ROCK COCKERELS, approved flock, Dominion government selected, fine, vigorous birds, \$5.00, 1925 pullets averaged 172 eggs. E. G. Flavell, Miami, Man. 28-3

FOR SALE—SELECTED BARRED ROCK COCKERELS, pedigreed birds, \$5.00 and \$7.50 each; non-pedigreed birds, \$2.50. Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man. 28-3

SELLING—CHOICE PURE-BRED BARRED Rock cockerels and pullets, heavy-laying strain, early April hatch, \$2.00 each. Mrs. Hesla, Grand Coulee, Sask. 29-2

EXHIBITION QUALITY COCKERELS OF OUR noted bred-to-lay strain of Barred Plymouth Rocks, only \$3.00 to \$5.00. Arthur Ray, Creelman, Sask. 29-6

CHOICE PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK COCKERELS, quality and utility combined, \$3.00 each. Ira G. Norris, Eyebrow, Sask. 29-3

SELLING—PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK cockerels, from the best laying strain. Price \$3.00. Apply Reuben Gibbs, Briarcrest, Sask. 28-2

BARRED ROCK COCKERELS—200-EGG strain. Full information and prices from Stewart and Williams, Forestburg, Alta. 29-3

BRED-TO-LAY BARRED ROCK COCKERELS, Barker's strain, \$2.50 each. Daniel Boak, Edwin, Man. 29-3

BARGAIN—BARRED ROCK PULLETS, Highbottom's famous egg-laying strains, at \$2.00 while they last. Mrs. Buck, Preeceville, Sask. 29-3

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK COCKERELS, from bred-to-lay strain, \$2.50 each till 1st December. Mrs. T. Touse, Duchesne, Alta. 28-2

PURE-BRED BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK cockerels, bred-to-lay. For quick sale, \$2.50 each. C. L. Ausmus, Eston, Sask. 28-3

SELLING—BARRED ROCKS, BRED-TO-LAY, fine birds, cockerels, \$2.00 each while they last. Mrs. W. Howden, Goodlands, Man. 28-2

PURE-BRED WHITE ROCK COCKERELS, \$2.00 each. Miss Clark, Box 390, Pense, Sask. 29-3

WHITE ROCK COCKERELS, \$2.50. Jesse Bowker, Verna, Sask. 28-4

Poultry Supplies

EGGS, EGGS, EGGS AND MORE EGGS. HENS make splendid records as layers with Pratt's Poultry Regulator. A little in the mash daily brings results.

POULTRY

Rhode Islands

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND Red cockerels, from Guild's and government inspected prize-winning flocks. Winter-laying strain, full sisters laying at 5½ months. Well marked, dark birds, the makings of nine-ten pound cockerels, \$2.50 each, three or more, \$2.25 each. Absolutely healthy. Arthur Frampton, Carnduff, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED BRED-TO-LAY ROSE and Single Comb Rhode Island Red cockerels, University strain, April and May hatched, \$3.00 each, two for \$5.00. Pullets from same hatch laying. W. Harvey, Antler, Sask. 28-2

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND Red cockerels, April hatch, University strain, \$1.50 each; three for \$4.00. James Davidson, Kinistino, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED ROSE COMB RHODE Island Red cockerels, \$2.00 each till January 1, after \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. John Koenig, Engelfeld, Sask. 29-4

PURE-BRED SINGLE COMB RHODE ISLAND Red cockerels, laying strain, \$2.00 each to Dec. 15. Wm. J. Chambers, Minto, Man. 28-4

Turkeys, Ducks and Geese

PRIZE-WINNING TOULOUSE GEES largest in Manitoba, bred from imported stock, and three of the best strains in Canada and the United States. Two pens strictly unrelated. For quick sale. Prices \$5.00 to \$10 each. Mrs. J. H. Crowe, Gilbert Plains, Man. 28-2

SELLING—BRONZE TOMS, FIRST HATCH, \$12; others, \$10; pullets, \$6.00; three, \$15. Sired by provincial first prize, 35-pound cockerel, from prize hens. Flock headed by first prize toms, eight years. No old or unrelated stock. Mrs. Jas. Wellman, Box 29, Regina. 28-2

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEY TOMS, FROM Toronto Royal and Calgary prize-winning stock, large, healthy, heavy-bodied beauties, May hatched, raised outside, \$10 each. Mrs. Steve Williams, Milo, Alta. 28-2

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS OF PRIZE- winning stock and sired by a tom of 40-pound stock, \$9.00-\$10; large Toulouse geese, \$5.00; Pearl Guinea, \$1.00. Nellie Cameron, Baswood, Man. 29-2

SELLING—EXCELLENT THOROUGHBREDS Bourbon red turkeys, toms, \$6.00; hens, \$5.00. Sales good until December 10. Mrs. John Congdon, Duhamel, Alta. 28-2

SELLING—EXHIBITION MAMMOTH BRONZE turkeys. Sire, Son Maddington Square gobbler. Gobblers, \$8.00; hens, \$6.00. Raised outside; healthy. Cocks, Birch Hills, Sask. 28-2

BOURBON RED TURKEYS, HEALTHY STOCK, toms, \$6.00; hens, \$4.00. T. R. Evans, Claresholm, Alta. 28-2

MAY HATCHED MAMMOTH BRONZE TUR- keys, \$3.00; toms, \$5.00. Mrs. Groger, Govan, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED TOULOUSE ganders, \$4.00; geese, \$3.00. Mrs. E. Shuttleworth, Bracken, Sask. 28-2

PURE MAMMOTH TOULOUSE GANDERS, \$4.50; geese, \$3.50; from extra good laying strain. Mrs. Clay, Griffin, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED WHITE HOLLAND toms, \$5.00; hens, \$3.50. Mrs. A. J. White, Hartney, Man. 28-2

LARGE TOULOUSE GANDERS, \$4.00; GEES, \$3.00; Bronze gobblers, 18 months, \$8.00; young \$5.00, hens, \$3.00. Mrs. Budden, Kincaid, Sask. 28-2

PURE-BRED MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS, May hatched, large, healthy toms, \$10, \$8.00; hens, \$6.00. Mrs. Kidger, Cartwright, Man. 29-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED MAMMOTH BRONZE turkeys. Toms, \$6.00, \$8.00; hens, \$4.00. Mrs. J. Bell, Willows, Sask. Address: Mrs. F. Greensides, Readlyn, Sask. 28-2

PURE MAMMOTH BRONZE TOMS, 20 POUNDS up, \$8.00; pullets three for \$12. Sire from prize winner. Craig, Dilke, Sask. 28-2

FOR SALE—PURE HOLLAND TURKEY TOMS, \$5.00; hens, \$3.00. W. R. Tindall, Kindersley, Sask. 29-2

FOR SALE—GIANT BRONZE TURKEYS, extra large birds. Write your wants. R. H. Stapleton, St. Louis, Sask. 27-4

SELLING—PURE-BRED TOULOUSE GEES, either sex, \$3.50 each. Mrs. Russell Wood, Gilbert Plains, Man. 28-2

BOURBON RED TURKEYS, SIRE BY AN imported pedigreed tom. Write for prices. Mrs. R. L. Lough, Coaldale, Alta. 29-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED MAMMOTH BRONZE gobblers, weight 20 pounds, price \$8.00. Mrs. H. W. Smith, Kelfield, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—MAMMOTH TOULOUSE GANDERS, \$3.50; geese, \$3.00. P. Hatten, Reaburn, Man. 28-2

1926 BRONZE GOBBLETS, \$4.00; HENS, \$3.00. Fred Waterer, Meota, Sask. 28-3

SELLING—PURE-BRED DUCKS AND DRACKS, \$1.50 each. Milton McGhan, Bremner, Alta. 29-4

POULTRY

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS—EARLY MAY hatched, toms, \$4.00; hens, \$2.50. Mrs. Stanley Bale, Lloydminster, Sask. 28-2

LARGE BRONZE GOBBLETS, \$4.00. WM. Cassel, Onward, Sask. 29-2

Wyandottes

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE, APPROVED White Wyandotte cockerels, from dams with records from 200 to 260, from \$10 to \$15 each, according to pedigree also yearling hens, \$1.50 each. Fred Finch, Lanigan, Sask. 29-6

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB WHITE WYANDOTTE cockerels, Martin strain, April hatched, splendid birds, \$2.25 each. T. L. Gaffney, Tessier, Sask. 29-2

WHITE WYANDOTTE COCKERELS, MARTIN'S strain, rose comb, prize mature birds. Pairs, \$7.00; single birds, \$4.00. Alfred Wells, 1230 Saskatoon, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED ROSE COMB WHITE Wyandotte cockerels, \$2.00 each. Mrs. A. W. Hutton, Salvador, Sask. 28-2

SELLING—PURE-BRED ROSE COMB WHITE Wyandotte cockerels, University strain, large, vigorous birds, April hatched, sure to please, \$3.00 each. Mrs. D. Johnson, Conquest, Sask. 29-6

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB WHITE WYAN- dotte cockerels, Martin strain, \$2.75 each, two for \$5.00. Mrs. Packer, Innes, Sask. 28-2

PURE-BRED WHITE WYANDOTTE COCK- erels, Rose Comb, University strain, good weight, \$2.00 each. Harold Wiedrick, Kinley, Sask. 29-2

CHOICE WHITE WYANDOTTE COCKERELS from selected winter layers, \$2.50. Mrs. Percy Smith, Tate, Sask. 28-3

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB WHITE WYAN- dotte cockerels, Martin strain, \$2.00 each. Mrs. H. Larson, Nanton, Alta. 28-2

FARM LANDS

STOP! LOOK!

NO. 1

We have a number of small improved farms that we can sell on easy payments. Possession at once.

NO. 2

We have a number of real good farms that can be sold with small cash payments and easy terms.

NO. 3

If you care to sell your farm we are in a position to sell it for you. Write us or call and see us and we will come and look over your farm.

BOYLE REALTY CO. LTD.

405 FASHION CRAFT BUILDING

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Sale or Rent

NO CROP FAILURES

In the Rio Grande Valley, Texas. Irrigation, a healthy, even climate and a soil 100 per cent. richer than the Nile. Assures abundant crops, sweet grapefruit, oranges and winter vegetables, and big U.S.A. markets assure big prices always.

Dr. J. Halpenny, formerly of Winnipeg, who moved to the Rio Grande Valley, says: "The climate of South Texas makes one feel good in one's spirits. The nights are simply magnificent. I never get tired here."

COME DOWN FOR THE WINTER

Excursions every week, \$125, Winnipeg, return, berth and meals included.

ARGUE BROS. LTD.

202 LOMBARD BUILDING

WINNIPEG, MAN.

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FIVE FARM BARGAINS. 320 ACRES, 14 MILES from town, 160 cultivated. Good frame buildings, good water, 8 Horses, 12 Cattle. All implements. Fine soil, \$35 per acre. \$2,000 cash.—Also elegant 800 acre grain and stock farm, 1 mile to town, 480 cultivated. Fine 9-room house, large new barn, other good buildings. Good water. A sacrifice, \$27 per acre. Only \$2,600 cash.—Also 640 acres, all cultivated. Fine black loam. Good frame buildings. Well located. A fence enclosure, \$30 per acre. Only \$1,250 cash.—Also 320 acres, 160 summerfallow, \$18 per acre. Only \$800 cash.—And 900 acres, one of finest in Manitoba. Highly improved. Elegant buildings, 25 Horses, 35 Cattle; all implements. \$45 per acre. Only \$5,000 cash. Write or apply Neely-Rodgers Land Co., 315 Somerset Block, Winnipeg.

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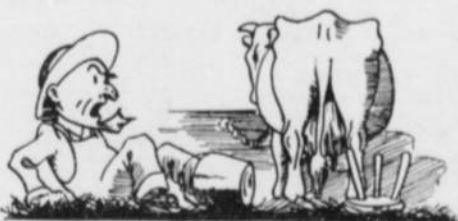
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HOW TO SNARE WOLVES—DOLLAR BOOK free with one dozen Surkech Invisible, Selflock, Swivelled Snare. Three for \$1.00; 25, \$7.50; 50, \$13. Bill Hoffman, Harrowby, Man. 27-5

TOBACCO

GUARANTEED TOBACCO—REGALIA BRAND, postpaid five pounds: Rouge or Havana, Connecticut, \$2.00; In Spread Leaf, \$3.15; Haubourg of Rouget-Quenel, \$3.40; Quenel or Perfum d'Italie, \$3.65; In Spread Leaf, \$3.90; Valgo Brand, \$2.00. Richard and Bellevue Co. Ltd., Winnipeg. 27-5

TYPEWRITERS

Market News and Notes

Dominion Bureau of Statistics' Crop Estimate for the Three Prairie Provinces

	Manitoba	Saskatchewan	Alberta	Total
Wheat, 1925	39,453,000	240,551,000	102,955,000	382,959,000
" 1926	53,717,000	215,101,000	112,466,000	381,274,000
Oats, 1925	71,770,000	174,967,000	75,517,000	322,254,000
" 1926	52,482,000	109,655,000	45,452,000	207,589,000
Barley, 1925	52,156,000	27,061,000	14,924,000	94,114,000
" 1926	52,808,000	25,554,000	9,287,000	87,649,000
Rye, 1925	5,152,000	4,512,000	1,881,000	11,545,000
" 1926	3,713,000	4,924,000	1,478,000	10,115,000
Flax, 1925	1,664,000	7,439,000	35,000	9,138,000
" 1926	2,090,000	4,425,000	87,000	6,602,000

The Wheat Position

During the week ending November 20, the wheat market was weak in tone, following a three cent drop on November 12. On Saturday, November 20, there was a slight recovery.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics' estimate of around 382,000,000 bushels of wheat from the three prairie provinces is believed by the trade to be too conservative and this feeling has been strengthened by the estimate of the C.P.R. Agricultural Department, which places the yield at 405,000,000 bushels. The Australian and Argentine crops are being harvested and will soon be on the market. Fair crops are expected in both countries, and will be considerably larger than last year. Farmers' deliveries on the prairies up to November 18 were 218,000,000 bushels and are larger than for the corresponding time last year, while exports have been lower, due to the late threshing and the scarcity of ocean tonnage, due to the coal strike. The visible is, therefore, larger than last year. Against this must be considered the fact that the disappearance of supplies in the United States has been greater than was expected.

On November 16 the Saskatchewan statistics branch reported that threshing had been halted by snowfall, but that not more than 5 per cent. of all grains and less than 5 per cent. of the wheat remained unthreshed in the province.

A dispatch from Washington states that the European wheat crop this year is deficient in strength, is light in weight and of poor quality. This is making it necessary to provide a liberal admixture of strong wheat to make good flour. The sources from which Europe must draw are primarily Canada, the Northwestern States and Russia. American hard winter wheat and Australian white winter are only fair in strength, while the Argentine and India wheat can be classified as only of medium strength. The primary need is for spring wheat of strong quality. While the world's wheat supply will be sufficient in volume there will be a shortage of the particular kinds of wheat most needed in Europe.

Liverpool Prices

The Liverpool closing wheat prices on Saturday, November 20, were: December, 1.61½; March, 1.53; May, 1.48½.

The Potato Crop

The estimated potato crop this year in Canada is estimated at about 84,400,000 bushels, compared with 70,633,000 last year. The value is placed at \$74,104,000, compared with \$83,614,900 for the 1925 crop.

Canadian Apple Orchards

The Dominion Fruit Commissioner states that the apple orchards of Canada today are worth \$120,000,000 and that the annual value of production has been increased from \$13,000,000 to

\$27,000,000 in the past 15 years, in spite of a reduction of 99,000 acres in apple orchards.

Winnipeg Grain Market

Cash quotations at close of market, Nov. 20.

Wheat	Flax
1 Nor. 139	1 N.W.C. 190
2 Nor. 133	2 C.W. 186
3 Nor. 128	3 C.W. 165
4 " 119	Rejected 160
5 " 107	
6 " 92	2 C.W. 91
Feed 79	
1 Red Durum 122	Nov. wheat 136
2 Red Durum 120	Dec. wheat 132
	May wheat 135
	Nov. oats 60
	Dec. oats 58
	May oats 57
	Nov. barley 63
	Dec. barley 64
	May barley 66
	Nov. flax 190
	Dec. flax 191
	May flax 200
	Nov. rye 91
	Dec. rye 90
	May rye 95

Livestock Quotations

	Winnipeg Nov. 19	Calgary Nov. 19
Steers		
Choice	\$5.50-\$5.75	\$5.25-\$5.50
Fair to good	4.75-5.25	4.50-5.00
Medium	4.25-4.50	
Common	3.50-4.00	
Choice feeders	4.75-5.00	5.00-5.00
Fair to good	3.75-4.50	4.00-4.75
Choice stockers	4.25-4.50	4.75
Fair to good	3.00-4.00	3.50-4.50
Heifers		
Choice butcher	5.00-5.25	4.50-5.00
Fair to good	4.00-4.75	4.00-4.35
Choice stockers	3.25-3.50	3.50-4.00
Fair to good	2.75-3.00	2.50-3.00
Cows		
Choice butcher	4.00-4.25	3.75
Fair to good	3.25-3.75	3.25-3.50
Canners and cutters	1.75-2.50	2.00-2.25
Calves		
Choice	6.00-7.00	5.00
Good	4.00-5.00	4.50-4.75
Common	2.50-3.50	2.00-4.00
Sheep		
Fair to good	6.00-7.00	6.00
Lambs		
Spring	8.50-9.50	9.00
Hogs		
Selects	\$11.00	\$11.27
Thick smooths	10.00	10.25
Heavies	9.00	9.25
Lights	10.25	

CANADA'S WHEAT SUPPLIES AND EXPORTS, 1925-26 CROP

W. Sanford Evans' Statistical Service, Winnipeg

	Supplies	Bushels
Carry-over, August 1, 1925		26,482,696
Crop all Canada		428,416,700

Total supplies	454,899,396
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	Distribution	Bushels
Exports, wheat and flour		324,592,021
Domestic disappearance		94,706,181
Carry-over, August 1, 1926		35,601,194

Total	454,899,396
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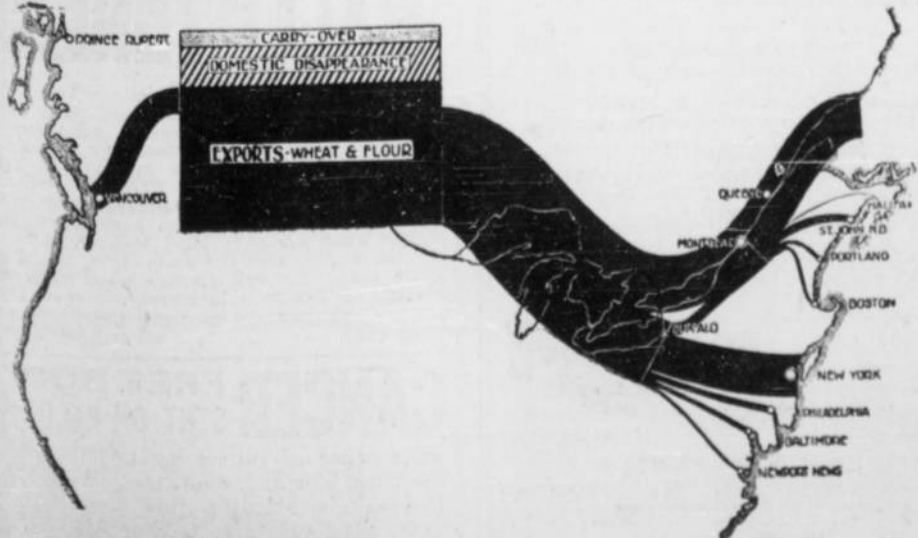
Wheat and Flour Exports by Ocean Ports

	Wheat Bus.	Flour Bbls.	Total Bus.
Vancouver	52,954,762	1,284,913	58,736,871
Montreal	75,377,565	3,563,297	91,412,401
Quebec	3,095,334	149,758	3,769,245
Halifax	834,339	531,275	3,225,076
St. John, N.B.	10,963,458	1,092,786	15,880,995
Portland	5,592,270	233,718	6,044,001
Boston	3,146,690	363,491	4,782,400
New York	75,424,890	3,558,811	91,439,530
Philadelphia	16,931,010	179,064	17,736,798
Baltimore	12,516,907	13,426	12,577,324
Norfolk and Newport News	335,874		335,874
Others	111	15,078	67,963

Total Ocean Ports	257,173,210	10,985,617	306,608,487
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Add exports to United States (wheat and flour) for consumption, milling in bond, etc.			17,983,534
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Total			324,592,021
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MALDEN ELEVATOR CO. LTD., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

LIVE AND DRESSED POULTRY WANTED

	Live	Dressed		Live	Dressed
Hens, over 6 lbs.	21-22c	24-25c	Turkeys, No. 1, over 12 lbs.	27c	33-35c
Hens, 5 to 6 lbs.	18-19c	21-22c	Turkeys, No. 1, 10 to 12 lbs.	25c	31c
Hens, 4 to 5 lbs.	16-17c	19-20c	Ducks	14-15c	18c
Chickens, over 5 lbs.	21-22c	26c	Geese	13-14c	16c
Chickens, 4 to 5 lbs.	19-20c	24c			

Prices f.o.b. Winnipeg. Crates on request. For guaranteed service tag your crates.

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Live TURKEYS Dressed

	Live	Dressed
Turkeys, 14 lbs. and over	28-30c	35-36c
Turkeys, 11 to 14 lbs.	26-27c	31-33c
Turkeys, 9 to 11 lbs.	24-25c	28-29c
Chickens, 5½ lbs. and over	20-21c	27-28c
Chickens, 4 to 5½ lbs.	18-19c	22-24c
Fowl, 6 lbs. and over	20c	25c
Fowl, 4 to 6 lbs.	17-18c	22c
Ducks, 5 lbs. and over	16c	20c
Geese, 10 lbs. and over	13c	17-18c

ROYAL PRODUCE CO., 97 Aikins Street, Winnipeg, Man.

TURKEY PRICES

Prices quoted below are market prices the day this paper goes to press. If the market advances you will receive the full value for your poultry the day it is received.

	Live		Live
Young Toms, over 12 lbs.	26c	Hens, over 6 lbs.	20c
Turkeys, 10 to 12 lbs.	24c	Hens, 5 to 6 lbs.	18c
Turkeys, 8 to 10 lbs.	22c	Hens, 4 to 5 lbs.	15c
We will pay 5c to 6c per lb. more for Dressed		Hens, under 4 lbs.	12c
Turkeys.		Ducks	15c
Chickens, over 5 lbs.	21c	Geese	13c
Chickens, over 4 to 5 lbs.	18c	5c more per lb. for Dressed Hens, Ducks and	
Chickens, under 4 lbs.	16c	Geese.	
4c more per lb. for Dressed Chickens.		All Prices f.o.b. Winnipeg, for birds in good	
		condition.	

3c more per lb. for Dressed Hens, Ducks and Geese.

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Price of Wheat! —too high or too low now?

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Lasted About a Year.
Healed by Cuticura.

"My scalp started to get red and itchy and had a burning feeling. Later eczema broke out in the form of a rash and spread to my face and body. It was itchy all the time, and my woolen clothing made it worse. My face was disfigured, and my hair fell out and got dry. The trouble lasted about a year.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Alice Bickell, R. R. 5, Woodville, Ont.

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Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

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Model 25 Jr. for children. Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. TRILETY, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist, Dept. 2703 Binghamton, N.Y.

Healed His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of recovery was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely healed my rupture. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may have a complete recovery without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 72 N. Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N.J. Letter cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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Don't be cut! And don't waste time and money on old-fashioned salves, ointments, etc. The new Page Method is the correct way to rid yourself of Piles.

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Knowitall Introduces the Practice of Winterfallowing with the Aid of the Snow Plow

Why, asks Mr. Knowitall, should a great industry like agriculture be held up by frost when they go right ahead putting up reinforced concrete buildings in the city in zero weather. He has given the matter due consideration with the result that a solution of the problem has been found. The skimmer of the plow is removed and a snow plow attached to the beam in its place. This removes the snow and makes the soil accessible. It is then merely a matter of increasing the motive power and the plowing can be proceeded with. Mr. Knowitall also claims that winterfallowing will prove far more effective than summer-fallowing in weed eradication. As the weeds are dormant at this time of year they will be unconscious of the fact that their position has been reversed. In the spring they will therefore start to grow in the direction originally intended and will exhaust their well-known vitality in pushing down into the subsoil, while their roots will be pushed up into the air and vitiated by the hot winds. Mr. Knowitall intended using his domesticated bears to haul the device, but found that by the time he had it ready the animals had unfortunately gone to sleep for the winter.

SCREENINGS

"I know a fellow who can't see his hand in front of his face."
She—"I know; he's blind—isn't he?"
He—"No; he hasn't any arms."

Gus had just arrived in Minnesota from Sweden, but had heard of the wonders of Minnehaha Falls, so decided to see for himself. He went to the ticket office, and said: "Ay want a coom-back ticket to Minnie falls, ha, ha."

As a farmer was leaving for the city with a load of produce he asked his wife if there was anything she wanted, and she replied, "I believe not." When about a hundred feet from the house the wife called to him, "Henry, I was just thinking while in the city you might drop into one of those stores and get me a jar of that 'Traffic Jam' I see advertised."

A young nurse, inexperienced in reading the clinical thermometer, was horrified when, taking the temperature of a patient, that instrument apparently registered 120. She sent a note to the doctor. "Please come at once. Mr. Jones' temperature is 120."

The doctor sent back this message: "You had better send for the fire engine. I can do no good."

"What are you crying for, my lad?"
"Cause father's invented a new soap substitute, an' every time a customer comes in, I get washed as an advertisement."

"Every evening before I go to bed I write my thoughts down in a little book. I have been doing this for a year."

"Indeed! You must have a page full by now."

Chick—"Say, Pop, why are we the most profitable property on the farm?"

Dad—"I don't know, son. Why?"

Chick—"Because for every grain we give a peck."

An Irishwoman said to her husband: "You told me your work kept you late."

"Yes, my dear."

"Then how is it Mr. Murphy saw you at the ball game?"

"Oh, that wasn't me, my dear. I saw that fellow there myself, and I'll admit he looked a lot like me."

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battle-field and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story took well till a dried-up-looking voter came to the front.

"I'll say you've done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

Full Details

The superintendent of a certain railway is very officious in insisting that station masters send word immediately—no delays tolerated—of all accidents in their neighborhood.

Recently, he received a wire:

"Man fell from platform in front of moving train. Will wire details later."

Five minutes ticked by, then came another telegram:

"Everything O.K. Nobody hurt. Engine was going backwards."

The Come-Back

The teacher had been giving a lesson on creation when John interrupted with the remark: "My father says we are descended from apes."

Teacher—"Your private family matters have no interest for the class."

The Diplomat

"Did you make these biscuits, my dear?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, I would prefer that you wouldn't make any more."

"Why not, dear?"

"Because, angel, you're too light for such heavy work."

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Bladder Weakness Remedied by Gin Pills

Buffalo man recommends them for kidney and bladder trouble

Gin Pills bring you quick relief from urinary and bladder troubles. They soothe the kidneys and bladder and get rid of that burning sensation; the frequent desire to urinate is overcome; brick dust deposits disappear. You can again enjoy comfort by day and sound sleep by night. Thousands of people are relieved of bladder and kidney troubles every year. Read what George F. Doetterl, Buffalo, N.Y., says of Gin Pills:

"I suffered from bladder weakness and frequent urination. I had tried other kidney remedies, but got no relief. Advised to take Gin Pills, I did so, and after taking half a box noticed much improvement. I can sincerely recommend these pills to anyone suffering from kidney and bladder derangement."

If you have headaches, backache, uric acid, pain in the kidneys, dizziness, frequent urination or swollen joints, Gin Pills will correct them. 50c a box at all druggists. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada. 125

Why Thin Folks Take McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets

Gain 5 Pounds in 30 Days and Gain Strength also or Get Your Money Back

Cod Liver Extract is richer in vitamins than any other food in the world. Doctors prescribe it for rickets and anaemia in children and for weakness, malnutrition and convalescence in grown-up people.

As a producer of weight—good healthy flesh—there is nothing in the world so good.

You've got to take on weight when McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets are taken regularly—you simply can't help it.

They are so good that if they don't put on five pounds of good healthy flesh on any skinny man or woman in thirty days the McCoy Laboratories authorize all druggists to return the price you paid for them.

Be sure to ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—sixty tablets—60 cents. One woman put on fifteen pounds in five weeks, and they are especially valuable for weak, thin children and to help elderly, feeble people to feel spry and younger.

GALLSTONES

Stomach and Liver trouble easily relieved by "Hexophen Capsules" and all symptoms banished, such as bowel trouble, colic, pains in sides or back, indigestion, gas, jaundice, dyspepsia, heartburn, piles or signs of appendicitis. "Hexophen Capsules" have stood the test and have relieved many sufferers after all other means have failed. No matter what you have tried without success, if you really wish to end these troubles, write today for full particulars and testimonials of this reliable remedy.

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